America's Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

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Janet Gaynor

ARE
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TARS
y again
or
APPINESS?

MIRACLES of MAKE-UP

twice the "IT"

A wonder screen—Technicolor. *Everything* is alive with color—*natural* color! The blue in blue eyes. The ruddy glow in youthful cheeks. Sky, sea, greensward—an orchid frock—or *gingham!* "Twice the 'it'," you'll say, when Technicolor brings your favorite star to life. Beauty, charm, personality—nothing escapes the subtle, bewitching touch of *Technicolor!*

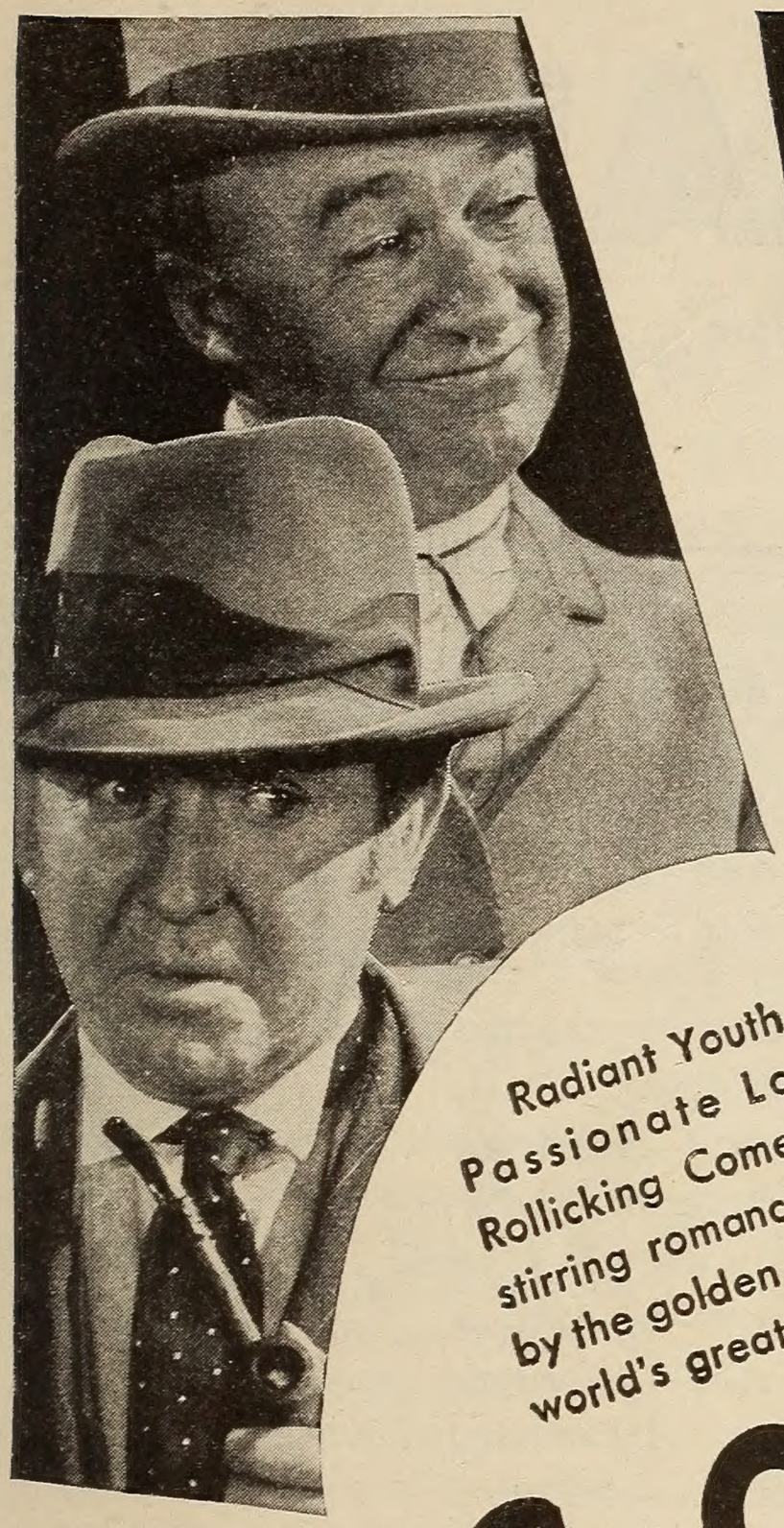
WINNIE LIGHTNER, champion laugh girl of the talkies, adds one more triumph to her list in Warner Bros. latest all-Technicolor comedy wow, "Hold Everything."

in Technicolor

Lovely LORETTA YOUNG takes her color bow in First National's all-Technicolor outdoor romance, "Heart of the North."

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); **GOLDEN DAWN,** with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **KING OF JAZZ,** starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); **THE TOAST OF THE LEGION,** with Bernice Claire (First National); **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE,** all-star cast (Paramount), Technicolor Sequences; **SALLY,** starring Marilyn Miller (First National); **SONG OF THE FLAME,** with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **THE CUCKOOS,** with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee (Radio), Technicolor Sequences; **THE MARCH OF TIME,** all-star cast (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); **UNDER A TEXAS MOON,** with Frank Fay, Noah Beery, Myrna Loy and Armida (Warner Bros.); **WOMAN HUNGRY,** with Sidney Blackmer and Lila Lee (First National); **VIENNESE NIGHTS,** all-star cast (Warner Bros.).



Radiant Youth . . .
Passionate Love and
Rollicking Comedy . . . A
stirring romance glorified
by the golden voice of the
world's greatest tenor . . .

SONG O' MY HEART

A PICTURE THAT WILL BRING HAPPINESS TO MILLIONS

with

JOHN McCORMACK

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN • ALICE JOYCE
JOHN GARRICK • J. FARRELL MacDONALD
JOSEPH KERRIGAN • TOMMY CLIFFORD

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

FOX

SEP -4 1930

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SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

OCTOBER, 1930 VOL. XXI, No. 6

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TODAY THE WORLD'S GREATEST ENTERTAINMENT IS FOUND ON THE TALKING SCREEN!

At popular prices for the whole family!

The biggest *value* your money buys today is entertainment on the talking, singing screen! You see and hear sparkling musical hits, great plays, the work of the most famous writers, foremost music composers. Varied, colorful, stimulating entertainment that pleases all tastes and every member of the family!

The cost is so low you shouldn't miss a single opportunity to see every Paramount Picture that comes your way. Today, as for 18 years, Paramount is the greatest name in entertainment. The better theatres play Paramount regularly and often — use the name always as your guide to *"the best show in town!"*

"THE SPOILERS"

an

Edwin Carewe Production

with

GARY COOPER

By REX BEACH

Also in the cast are Kay Johnson, Betty Compson, William Boyd and Harry Green. Rex Beach's dynamic drama of the Alaska gold rush on the talking screen in all its strength and splendor! A story of love, hate and conflict that you will never forget!

"FOLLOW THRU"

CHARLES ROGERS
NANCY CARROLL

Zelma O'Neal and Jack Haley. Paramount's all talking, all musical, all Technicolor adaptation of the sensational musical comedy success that ran 54 weeks on Broadway. Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll in a bright, sparkling story of youth and love and golf with catchy tunes and laughs galore. On the screen, "Follow Thru" has the same zip and pep, the same youthful exuberance that made the stage production such a hit. By De Sylva, Brown, Henderson and Laurence Schwab. Directed by Laurence Schwab and Lloyd Corrigan.

A SCHWAB & MANDEL PRODUCTION

RICHARD ARLEN

in "The Law Rides West"

With Rosita Moreno, Eugene Pallette, Mitzi Green and Junior Durkin. All action, all outdoors romance starring Richard Arlen.

Adapted from the novel "Spanish Acres" by Hal Evarts. Directed by Otto Brower and Edwin Knopf.

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Hear great entertainment and the latest news of Paramount Pictures on the air in the Paramount Publix Radio Hour, each Tuesday night, 10.15-11.00 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time over the nation-wide Columbia Broadcasting System.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES.

PARAMOUNT BUILDING, NEW YORK

GROW—

Yes, Grow Eyelashes *and* Eyebrows like this in 30 days

THE most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow*. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can *have them*—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." It is new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyes can now be fringed with long, curling natural lashes, and the eyebrows made intense, strong silken lines! Read what a few of them say. I have made oath before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Mlle. Hefflefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted . . . I notice the greatest difference . . . people I come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." From Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeanette, Penn.: "Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous." From Pearl Provo, 2954 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.: "I have been using your eyebrow and eyelash Method. It is surely wonderful." From Miss Flora J. Corriveau, 8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: "I am more than pleased with your Method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that you can have eyelashes and eyebrows as beautiful as any you ever saw.

Remember . . . in 30 days I *guarantee results* that will not only delight, but amaze. If you are not absolutely and entirely satisfied, your money will be returned promptly. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Introductory price $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

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Grower will be sent C. O. D. or you can send money with order. If money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

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Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not absolutely and entirely satisfied, I will return it within 30 days and you will return my money without question.
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SOUND NEWS

By Evelyn Ballarine

About pictures—and you'll be seeing them!

THEY'RE collegiate—rah, rah, rah! College boys make good in the movies! It's surprising how many of our screen boy-friends were scheduled for careers other than the screen.

Edmund Lowe, graduate of Santa Clara University, might be practicing law now instead of antagonizing the law as he does in his screen portrayals.

Richard Barthelmess is a graduate of Trinity College. But Dick was always an active member of the school's dramatic club.

Buddy Rogers is the University of Kansas' gift to the screen. And what a gift! Buddy was chief trombone player and jazz band leader at the University and now he's still tooting his horn for the talkies.

Rudy Vallee was Yale's favorite band leader. Now he's the Pied Piper of America. At any rate, his music seems to fascinate the feminine populace.

Louis Wolheim was a college professor before the stage lured him from the schoolroom. Now he is one of the best hard-boiled character actors of the cinema.

Richard Dix, Gary Cooper, Robert Armstrong, Richard Arlen, Conrad Nagel, Fredric March, Johnny Mack Brown and Charles Farrell were scheduled for business careers had not Fate stepped in. Thanks, Fate!

Our search for Emil Jannings has not been futile. He's expected in Hollywood about January 1st. Warner Brothers have a story in readiness for him and the title is "Idol." A more appropriate title would be "The Return of the Idol."

"Check and Double Check," the Amos 'n' Andy film, is now in production. Sue Carol will play the dusky *Ruby Taylor,* Rita La Roy, the gold-digging *Madame Queen,* and Alex Robb has been signed for the *Kingfish* rôle. No longer will our imagination have to work overtime to visualize "The Fresh Air Taxi Corpulation of America, Incorpulated"—now we'll be able to see and hear it.

Lionel Barrymore heads the list of actors who have become directors. Ramon Novarro is the latest to succumb. He is to direct as well as act in the Spanish version of "Singer of Seville." Lowell Sherman has been handed a new contract with RKO in which he is slated to act as well as direct—and he does both very well, thank you. Raoul Walsh and Donald Crisp are two directors who double in brass. They are both good actors and directors. John Gilbert has always had a yen for directing, too. It wouldn't be at all surprising if he did a little two-timing in that direction.

Mrs. John Gilbert (Ina Claire) is making the most interesting comeback in pictures. About a year ago Miss Claire was signed by Pathé with a great deal of pomp and all the trimmings. She made two pictures for that company and apparently they or she didn't click and everyone thought she was through with pictures. Recently Ina accepted a stage engagement in Los Angeles and went over with a bang. Now Paramount have signed her for one of the principal rôles in "The Royal Family," and, also, for the rôle she is now playing on the stage in "Rebound." Of course, we all know that John Gilbert is staging a come-back, too, in "Way for a Sailor." It looks as though Ina and John Gilbert will probably be heralded as the latest talkie sensations—and it's all right with us!

With "The Big House" and "Numbered Men," the jail-break films, proving so successful, Warner Brothers are producing a story from the woman's angle. "Bad Women" deals with prison life for women, with Vera Gordon, Claudia Dell, Martha Mattox and May Boley in the cast.

Everyone says that there's only one Garbo in pictures—we agree that there's only one Greta Garbo but the Swedish cyclone's brother Sven has been signed by Paramount for talkies. Sven Garbo is tall and handsome and is reported to be a good bet for pictures.

Marlene Dietrich, Paramount's importation who is called the German Garbo, has a splendid cast and director for "Morocco," her talker debut. Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou are the masculine interest—and what could be more interesting? Josef Von Sternberg will direct the vehicle. This will be Menjou's first American-made movie in over a year.

Here are a few titles to digest before the pictures are served to you: "The Boudoir Diplomat," which is the screen adaptation of "The Command to Love," the Broadway stage success. Mary Duncan, Jeanette Loff and Dorothy Burgess are in the cast.

"The Lady Surrenders," adapted from "Sincerity," the novel by John Erskine, has Conrad Nagel, Carmel Myers, Genevieve Tobin, Franklin Pangborn, Vivian Oakland and Rose Hobart in the line-up. Rose is one of the latest stage recruits signed for the screen.

America's Greatest Actor —As You Like Him!

WARNER BROS. present

John BARRYMORE in "MOBY DICK"

With JOAN BENNETT
Lloyd Hughes, and a Great Cast

FOR seven years on the seven seas he had sought the inhuman monster that had made him a man unfit to love.

Can he win revenge against this awful enemy—or will he perish in the giant maw that has been the graveyard of a hundred men before him?

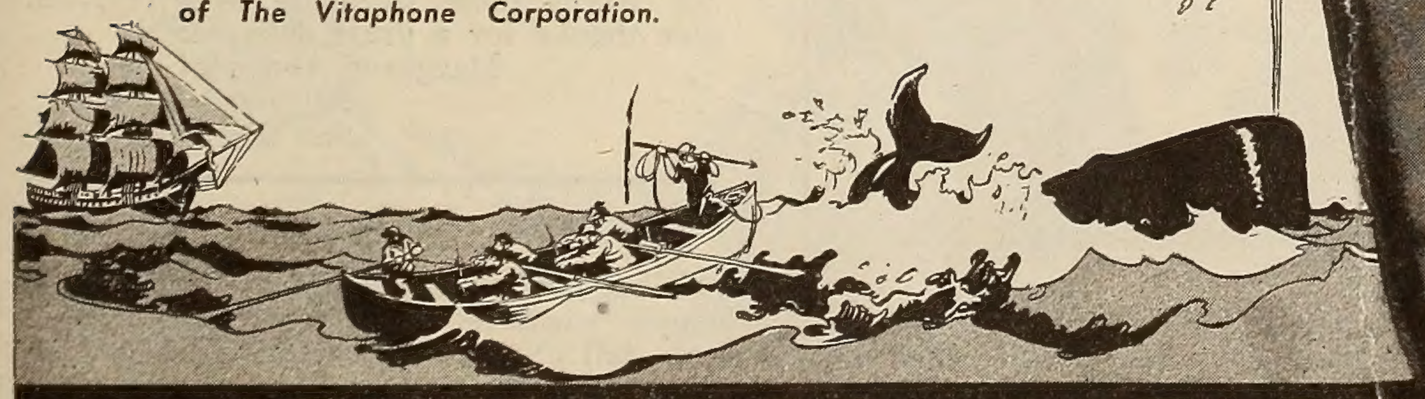
Will he ever return to his home to learn that the love he thought dead is still waiting?

These are the questions that have held hundreds of thousands spellbound through the pages of Herman Melville's immortal classic, "MOBY DICK".

They are merely hints of the throbbing thrills that make "Moby Dick" John Barrymore's most glorious talking picture! See it soon, at leading theatres everywhere.

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURE

Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. "Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.



A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

LETTERS *from the* AUDIENCE

This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions of pictures and players. For the cleverest and most constructive letters, not exceeding 200 words in length, we offer four prizes. First prize, $20.00; second prize, $15.00; third prize, $10.00; fourth prize, $5.00. Next best letters will also be printed. Contest closes October 10, 1930. Letters in praise of SCREENLAND *are not eligible in this contest and should be addressed directly to the Editor. Send "best" letters to Letters from the Audience Department,* SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, *45 West 45th Street, New York City.*

THE EDITOR

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$20.00

It is said that when George Sand was in low spirits she took to reading Dumas. The matchless gusto of the D'Artagnan romances never failed to restore her self-confidence.

I confess that a certain kind of picture does for me what Dumas did for the French authoress. It is the action play, shorn of unnecessary sentiment, best typified at this time by "Born Reckless."

Edmund Lowe, I admit, is hard-boiled. You don't approve of all he does. But you can't help liking his daring abandon, his bold assurance that fate simply cannot put under.

There is a world of difference between melodrama and Simon-pure adventure. The former too readily cloys. The latter sweeps through you like a fresh wind.

I am not a devoted screen fan. My taste in books runs to the philosophical. But permit me to say that when any of the movie crowd hit close to the real, traditional spirit of adventure I appreciate it. Doug Fairbanks used to lead the field at this sort of thing. Now, it's Edmund Lowe.

A. M. Miller,
McIlhenny Road,
Redlands, Cal.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$15.00

Recently, I saw a demonstration of loyalty and affection from the picture fans that I wish some of the old-time film favorites might have seen and heard.

A certain theater showed a short Vitaphone subject called "Evolution," a short story of the evolution of motion pictures. It lasted ten minutes but I could have sat through hours of it. I have not enjoyed anything so much for years.

It began with the old-time melodramas and slapstick comedies and on up to the present-day super-productions. Dear old John Bunny! How I wish he might have heard the ovation given him. Then came Wallace Reid, Earle Williams, countless others. How wonderful are motion pictures. To think that we may preserve films that show the World War, incidents of world-wide interest, great persons, great statesmen. That for generations people will be able to hear these persons talk. Imagine if they had had talking pictures in the days of Pompeii, of Napoleon, of the great wars!

I believe in motion pictures and their greatness. And I wish we might see more of the old films that we might better appreciate the great stride this industry has made in the last few years.

H. L. Reinbold,
6257 Lankershim Blvd.,
North Hollywood, Cal.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

It's queer how one's tastes run to extremes. To me, the two most fascinating men on the screen are the two most different.

One is a gay, sparkling sort of fellow, laughing, singing, with a radiance of temperament that is almost Latin, a quickness of sympathy and warmth of feeling, a happy-go-lucky brightness of outlook.

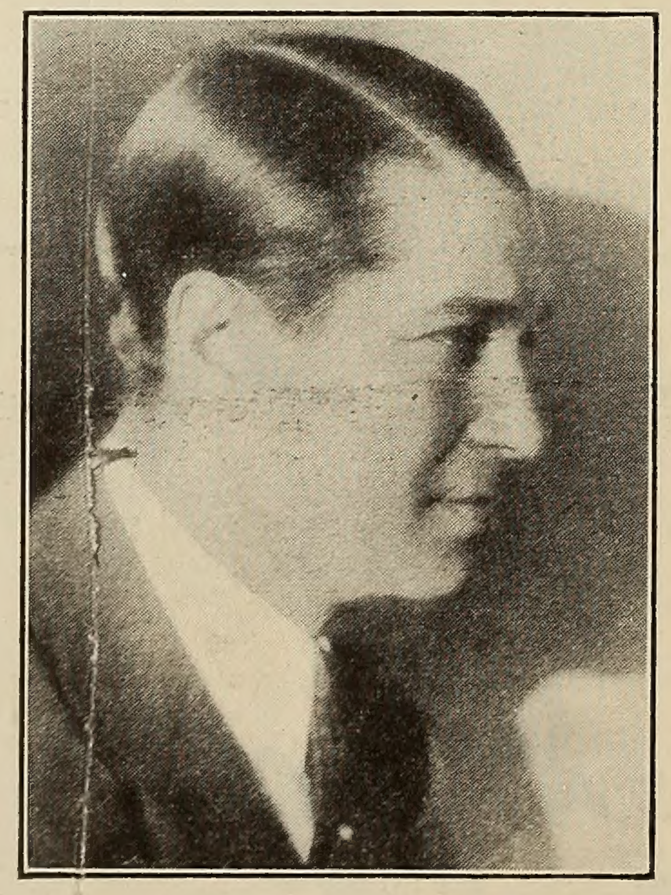
The other is silent and dour, self-contained, strong and stolid like the Saxon, hiding his emotions or repressing them, slow to anger but dangerous when aroused.

They hail from different continents. One from the congested quarter of a crowded city in Europe; the other from the plains of western America. You can see it in the eyes of both of them—the music, light and gaiety of the city; the silence and distances of mountain and sky.

One is debonair and nonchalant—can wear a straw hat with striking results. The other is at his best in the rough picturesque attire of a man of the plains. Different! But thousands love both of them.

"Vive le Chevalier de France!"
"Three cheers for Gary Cooper!"

Gwennie James,
330 N. Mason Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.



Maurice Chevalier has transferred his title, 'The Idol of France' to America. In his new picture, "The Playboy of Paris," he will be seen as a singing waiter.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

For broadening its sympathies, deepening its understanding of all people regardless of nationality, religion, social station or outward mannerisms, humanity owes the motion picture a great debt of gratitude.

In spite of ourselves we are suspicious and afraid of the unfamiliar. We mistrust foreigners. People of certain occupations are wicked, banned. The movies introduce them; they tell their own stories. We get into the depths of their hearts and souls. We *know* them; they are our friends because we have shared the vital moments of their lives with them. We understand, sympathize, and forgive.

Pictures have come nearer to accomplishing what the preachers have been trying to do for generations than anything else has done. That accomplishment is the brotherhood of mankind, universal sympathy, obedience to the admonition, "Judge not."

After seeing "Numbered Men" who could remark, "An ex-prisoner? We cannot tolerate him!" And "All Quiet on the Western Front" has come nearer to convincing the people of the necessity for world peace than all the lectures and pacts and legal documents ever would. Let's not accept these blessings passively, but give thanks for a great deliverer.

Margaret Ann McGuire,
301 Joost Avenue,
San Francisco, Cal.

Come On, Let's See a Picture

What endless vistas of enchantment the simple word movie invokes. No matter how dull and drab our daily existence or how wearisome, we can escape from boredom and forget fatigue in marvelous realms of romance, conquest, adventure or laughter. Young or old, your favorite

Ridin' in on a thrilly furore
and a roarin' riot comes

"The BAD MAN"

"I make ze love to you myself—personal . . .
What? Because you gr
wish to spik
Pancho
dam que

Listen to
broken a
L'il old C
Hood of t
ever bro

H

Assisted b

DIRECTE
Porter Em

"Vitaphone" is

First National Pictures

VITAPHONE Picture
REG. TRADE MARK

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

emotion awaits you—just 'round the corner.

And, apart from entertainment, we can keep ourselves up-to-date with the news films. Why be an 'old-timer' when you can so easily be informed as to what is going on in this busy world of ours, at home or abroad?

And now, the talkies! Just as we thought the last limit of achievement had been reached, these silent folk began to talk and sing and do it so realistically that it seems they must be moving before you in truth instead of on the silver screen.

Let's keep young, happy, modern, as the pictured world of reality and imagination are brought to our feet. Come on, let's go to the movies tonight!

Mrs. Harrietta R. Albright,
24 Hudson Street,
Somerville, Mass.

Mr. Arliss, Actor and Critic

There are many players who deserve favorable mention for their artistic portrayals on the sound screen. George Arliss, polished gentleman of both stage and screen is notable in that he is not only an actor but a fine dramatic critic.

In an interview he offered an instructive disclosure of some of the deficiencies in the making of sound pictures with the statement that these will soon be overcome by the producers. Mr. Arliss is one of the outstanding characters of modern stage type who believes that talkies have come to stay, not usurping the place of the legitimate stage, but helping and encouraging its betterment.

His support of the talking pictures and his success in them is made clear in his interview. There are many others, such as Gloria Swanson and Ruth Chatterton who are giving proof of the growing and favorable impression of talking pictures.

N. C. Bledsoe,
R. D. 2, Box 28,
San Bernardino, Cal.

Movies for Shut-ins

W... often

That is movie-night!

All day we are filled with happy anticipation and at night we get dressed and go to the dining room, where for a few enchanted hours all disappointments and discouragements are forgotten as the glamourous figures move across the temporary screen.

When the blissful hours are over, we go back to our cottages and beds once more, but the stirring scenes we have witnessed, are lived over and over again.

The pictures we see are necessarily silent. Many of us have never heard the miracle of the talkies but we are all looking forward to the time when we will be well and can hear, as well as see, our favorite motion picture stars.

Katherine E. Albert,
Olive View Sanatorium,
Olive View, Cal.

Screen Inspires Success

It pleases me greatly to note the fact that the old ideas concerning the destructive moral influence on the plastic minds of growing children are gradually becoming obsolete. The only influence exerted upon me by motion pictures as I look back upon my childhood was beneficial.

My early youth was spent in one of the remote countries of the world, away from any adequate opportunity for social education and where grim realities governed every attempt at educational advancement. My parents lived in constant worry of my future.

When I came to America, one of the institutions which first attracted my child mind was the motion picture theater. I saw all types and varieties of pictures and gradually my mind expanded and embraced a broader outlook on life. I witnessed the success and failure of man, and the portrayed causes of these miserable failures left a keen impression on my mind. It excited me to further study, a desire to make good in the world.

Today, I am a successful business woman, daily gaining in efficiency and knowledge. I owe a measure of my success ... understanding of life gained through ...um of motion pictures.

Marie Weid,
Fulton Rancho,
Azusa, Cal.

Canned Music" a Joy

...s, to me, mean more than words ...cribe; and especially so since we ... talkies and the high class music ...company them. One can scarcely ...what a change has taken place until ...pares the splendid orchestral per...es reproduced now with the 'hit ... orchestra of just a short time ago. ...ed music" it may be, but what a ... to the many who are situated in ...ies, to hear what only the large ... in the larger cities offer to music ...steners. One reads monthly re... the newest pictures but due credit ...e given also to the music which ... important a part.

...alkies of today with the fine or...ed music is such a welcome change ...e silent movie and its old style of ...hat one wonders what changes will ...ice in the future.

Carol B. Hage,
219 N. Main Street
Kokomo, Ind.

Edmund Lowe's ease and ability in portraying silk-hat crooks and polished man-of-the-world rôles have given him a great following.

A Nosegay for Barbara Stanwyck

The screen has discovered marvelous stage talent in the person of Barbara Stanwyck. Never have I seen a better performance than hers in "Ladies of Leisure." I saw the picture four times, and could see it over and over again without feeling a moment's boredom.

A picture such as this comes but once or twice in a lifetime. Here was reality to stir the coldest heart. One fairly lived the part watching the marvelous portrayal of Miss Stanwyck. Enough praise cannot be lavished upon her. Such realism as she displays is seldom encountered in any actress. Somehow, she crept right into my heart. A beautiful illusion!

Miss Sara Steinberg,
1711 Davidson Avenue,
Bronx, N. Y.

Get to Work, Doug!

Why in a few years has the motion picture industry, a medium for idle entertainment, reached a position rivalling any industry in the world? Why are so many millions of dollars spent and earned, countless persons employed in a business whose object is amusement? The answer is universally recognized. It is because the motion pictures bring romance into the existence of people who have been ground into a rut of monotony in this great modernized road through life. In a world of system and efficiency the souls of all, both high and low, are robbed of the spirit of romance and adventure which, in the last analysis, is all that makes life worth the heart-breaking, soul-stifling struggle.

The actor who employs this gift for its highest purpose, who has carried the art of the motion picture with him to perfection, is Douglas Fairbanks. No one can see one of Doug's joyous, adventurous pictures without being lifted out of himself onto a higher plane of striving and hope. I sincerely believe that Doug has accomplished more good in the world than any scientist, inventor or statesman that the reader can name.

Leo Goggin,
826 West 32d Street,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

WOMAN'S LOVE ... MAN'S HATE ... BLAZING ROMANCE IN A CITY AFLAME WITH CARNIVAL PLEASURES!

DIXIANA

In staggering magnificence . . . in thundering emotions comes "DIXIANA" to hold the world spellbound! ALL THAT IS LIFE HAS BEEN ENGULFED IN THIS AMAZING PRODUCTION! Romance . . . Fiery Drama . . . Bouncing Comedy . . . Revelry . . . Stupendous Spectacle! The story of Two Men . . . and a Woman who set men's hearts aflame . . . amid the Mad Abandon and Fevered Passions of Mardi Gras!

with

BEBE DANIELS
Glamorous star of song and great emotions.

EVERETT MARSHALL
Famous star of Metropolitan Opera Company.

BERT WHEELER
AND
ROBERT WOOLSEY

DOROTHY LEE

JOSEPH CAWTHORN

RALF HAROLDE

JOBYNA HOWLAND and BILL ROBINSON
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TABLOID REVIEWS

Convenient Guide to the Current Films

CLASS A:

The Dawn Patrol. *First National.* Dick Barthelmess' latest and best, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Neil Hamilton. All-male cast. Don't miss it!*

Romance. *Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer.* Garbo as an Italian opera singer. Lewis Stone and Gavin Gordon assist. Greta's second talker.*

For the Defense. *Paramount.* William Powell at his best. Engrossing story and direction. Enhanced by Kay Francis.*

Good Intentions. *Fox.* One of the best of the underworld melodramas. Directed by William K. Howard, with Edmund Lowe.*

Let Us Be Gay. *Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer.* Sparkling, sophisticated drawing-room comedy. Norma Shearer and Marie Dressler splendid.

The Unholy Three. *Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer.* Lon Chaney's first talker. Fascinating melodrama you must not miss. With Lila Lee.*

Raffles. *United Artists.* Ronald Colman's latest amusing cinematic adventures, with Kay Francis and a great cast.

Holiday. *Pathé.* Adult screening of stage play with clever dialogue and smart performances especially by Ann Harding and Mary Astor.

With Byrd at the South Pole. *Paramount.* Human interest film record of the Rear-Admiral's Antarctic expedition. See it.

So This is London. *Fox.* Will Rogers' best picture. Homely humor and pretty Maureen O'Sullivan and Irene Rich.

The Big House. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Gripping prison drama with jail-break for climax. With Chester Morris and Wallace Beery.

The Social Lion. *Paramount.* Jack Oakie starring in a prize-fight and polo comedy. Entertaining. With Mary Brian.

CLASS B:

Wild Company. *Fox.* Frank Albertson does fine work in flaming youth drama.*

Manslaughter. *Paramount.* Good performances by Claudette Colbert and Fredric March.*

Ladies of Leisure. *Columbia.* Barbara Stanwyck scores heavily.*

The Border Legion. *Paramount.* Zane Grey western with Arlen and Holt.*

Sins of the Children. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Splendid performance by Louis Mann.*

On the Level. *Fox.* Hokum comedy with Victor McLaglen and Fifi Dorsay.*

A Man from Wyoming. *Paramount.* War film with Gary Cooper and June Collyer.*

Lawful Larceny. *RKO.* Lowell Sherman the whole show. With Bebe Daniels.*

Hell's Island. *Columbia.* Melodrama with Jack Holt, Ralph Graves, Dot Sebastian.*

The Big Fight. *Sono-Art.* Drama of prize-ring with Guinn Williams in Jack Dempsey rôle.*

This Mad World. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Turgid war drama with Kay Johnson, Basil Rathbone.*

Mitzi Green and Clara Bow in "Love Among the Millionaires." Mitzi scores!

The Sap from Syracuse. *Paramount.* Jack Oakie's funniest film. Not to be missed.*

Love Among the Millionaires. *Paramount.* Little Mitzi Green steals Clara Bow's picture. Clara not at her best. Amusing moments.

Rough Romance. *Fox.* For those who like George O'Brien's type of two-fisted outdoor film. Clean and breezy.

Spring is Here. *First National.* Light musical romance with Bernice Claire, Lawrence Gray, Alexander Gray, and some good comedy.

Young Desire. *Universal.* Romance of carnival girl and rich boy, with appealing performances by Mary Nolan and William Janney.

Hot Curves. *Tiffany.* Baseball comedy with Benny Rubin's brand of humor, supported by Pert Kelton, comedienne from the stage.

Inside the Lines. *RKO.* Secret-service drama of average interest with Betty Compson and Ralph Forbes redeeming features.

Strictly Unconventional. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Talker version of "The Circle" doesn't click. With Catherine Dale Owen, Lewis Stone.

Sweet Mama. *First National.* Alice White deserves better material than this mediocre crook story. Not so good.

One Mad Kiss. *Fox.* Don Jose Mojica's fine tenor, Tony Moreno's screen technique, Mono Maris' beauty—and that's about all!

The Czar of Broadway. *Universal.* Another crook drama with John Wray, Betty Compson, and Johnny Harron. Not outstanding.

Night Work. *Pathé.* If you like Eddie Quillan's brand of comedy you'll enjoy this. Sally Starr supplies the love interest.

Sisters. *Columbia.* Interesting chiefly because it shows Sally O'Neil and her sister, Molly O'Day, in the same picture.

***Reviewed in this issue.**

SCREENLAND

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

DAVID BELASCO, the white-haired dean of the American dray-ma, has spoken. This time he raises his dulcet voice against—guess what?—why, talking pictures! You see, the Dean's new play was opening and he was celebrating his seventy-seventh birthday—altogether an auspicious occasion for breaking into the public prints by squawking about the talkies.

Said Belasco: "If I were younger and had plenty of money I would go into the production of silent pictures. This is the great field for the right man today. Good silent films would sweep the country. The great mistake of the motion picture producers was that of launching talking pictures. The silent film was one of the most interesting developments in the field of entertainment. It has deteriorated with the introduction of the 'squawkies.'

"They cannot turn out good talking pictures on a large scale. A producer of legitimate drama has to work and struggle with raw material all year and he is exceedingly lucky if he produces one or two good plays. The talking picture companies aim at producing twenty-five or thirty or more talkies in the course of a year. No wonder the average talking picture is what it is. The picture producer can never get playwrights to turn out good work on any such scale.

"As the public is turning away from the talking pictures, it is ready to turn towards the silent picture again."

"If I had a talking picture of you-oo-oo," Mr. Belasco! Now let's look into this thing. Here are some interesting items:

Paramount-Publix is planning to erect the world's largest film theater on Broadway, New York—diagonally across from the Paramount Theater on the corner of Forty-fourth Street. It will be in a skyscraper more than twice as tall as the present Paramount Building, and will seat about 6,000 persons. What do you make of *that,* Mr. Belasco?

If you are still thinking harsh thoughts about the talking picture business consider the fact that the Western Electric sound systems in use in theaters now total 6,160.

And that Warner Brothers will soon present the new wide film they have been working on—pioneering again, these boys.

But maybe you would rather hear what some of our film theater managers have been up to, Mr. Belasco? They are offering a combination of golfies and talkies. With miniature golf calling from one side and talkers from the other, it's smart to merge—and some theaters have miniature courses outside or next door or even in the lobby so that picture patrons may put themselves in the proper frame of mind to enjoy Ronald Colman's or Norma Shearer's latest. There's one theater in Minneapolis that has a roof garden serving free lunch—coffee and sandwiches with the compliments of the management. That's one *you* never thought of, Mr. Belasco.

So the public is turning away from talking pictures, is it? It didn't look that way when I watched the crowds squeezing into the Paramount to see "For the Defense," or the Winter Garden to watch "The Dawn Patrol"—and these theaters don't serve sandwiches, either. Of course, it's true we are all fed up with the girl-and-music backstage screen shows. But the producers know it and they aren't making any more. They are looking in other directions. Pictures like "The Dawn Patrol," "For the Defense," and "Let Us Be Gay" will worry Mr. Belasco. They are turning people away, all right—just because they can't all get in at once to see them. No, Mr. Belasco—I'm afraid you'd lose your bank-roll!

D. E.

The Swedish girl who faced Hollywood five years ago wore her hair in too many curls and used too much make-up on her eyes. See the picture at the left. Then the miracle-workers took her in hand and—presto!—look at Greta Garbo today. (Left, below.)

Anita Page's appearance was changed when the beauty experts plucked her eyebrows. Anita needs very little beautification. But from the sweet little girl you see at the right she became the dazzling beauty you see below, right, when her brows were thinned and cunningly curved.

MIRACLES

The battle of beauty is being constantly fought of the lipstick, the eyebrow pencil, and the satin

THE pen may be mighter than the sword, but the lipstick and eyebrow pencil are even more powerful than the pen.

To say nothing of the potency of a few yards of well-draped satin and one or two deftly-placed pins.

Every day these three—the lipstick, the eyebrow pencil and the satin, are winning new beauty battles in Hollywood.

After a few hours with the make-up artists, the hairdressers, and the gown designers, homely girls emerge as beauties and beautiful maidens become breath-taking visions. It happens every day in Hollywood.

An added curve of scarlet mouth, a deepened bluish shadow beneath the eyes, a wider wave in the close-fitting cap of hair makes little Jill an entirely different girl. Even her best friends might not know her.

There is, for instance, the now famous case of a girl called Greta Garbo.

Surely the frightened, speechless, shabby Swedish girl who faced Hollywood five years ago was nothing to inspire the writing of long letters home. Almost everyone remembers, and gasps at the memory, the first

When Lucille Le Sueur arrived in Hollywood she was too-made-up, careless of her clothes. Then Lucille became Joan. She toned down her make-up, was given a complete clothes transformation, and the result is a smart, well-groomed modern girl, not a giddy flapper.

Norma Shearer used to be the pretty girl you see at the right, just like hundreds of other pretty girls. Then she studied her good features and enhanced them—uncovered her perfect little ears, smoothed her hair in an individual bob, and blossomed into the Norma you know, below.

# of MAKE-UP

and won in Hollywood. Artists turn out triumphs of loveliness

By
Sydney Valentine

pictures made of Garbo as she stood in a shapeless checked suit on the deck of the ship which brought her to these shores and to a fame which has surpassed her own fondest hopes.

Almost everything about that girl was wrong. She wore her hair in too many curls. She used too much make-up on her eyes and cheeks, following the foreign custom of overdone artificiality. Her clothes didn't fit.

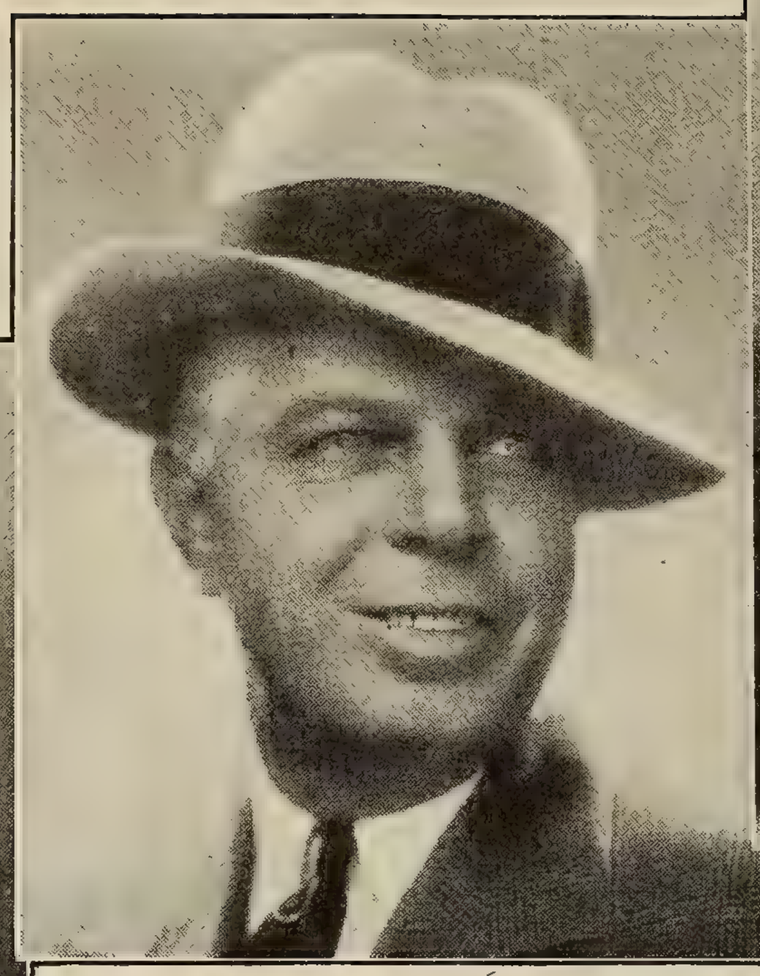
Then the miracle-workers of Hollywood took her in hand. Look at her today!

The first thing which the make-up experts did was to remove two-thirds of the blue shadows about her eyes and the rouge on her cheeks. Carefully they arched and thinned her eyebrows. Her mouth they didn't touch. It was perfect. Greta, herself, designed the plain, long-bob hair style which has been copied in every nook and corner of the world.

And, while we are on the interesting subject of the Garbo face, let me add that her eyelashes are her very own, every hair of them. These lashes seem to have become the subject of much controversy. They are almost too long and too thick to be *(Continued on page 110)*

Right, Hoot Gibson's partner in his second try for happiness is pretty little Sally Eilers.

Billie Dove, below, dared to carry her marital troubles to the divorce court. Now she's free.



Corinne Griffith's second marriage, to Walter Morosco, has brought her real happiness.

DARE *the* TRY AGAIN *for*

A second chance! That's what some of our stars are asking today. Stand by!

DARE a screen star try again for happiness?

That is the question which is staring Hollywood in the face right now. For during the last few months, three of the best loved stars in the industry—Billie Dove, Betty Compson, and Colleen Moore—have had the courage to risk their professional necks by deciding to divorce their husbands. And during the last few years, some half hundred other stars and players have had to take a similar decisive stand on the divorce question in the hope of wresting future happiness out of present discontent.

You may not have realized it, but the professional and personal happiness of fifty or sixty stars lies right in your hands, right this moment. Because you can make or break them at the box-office window. It's a strange and sad fact that Mary Harris, of Fort Wayne, may decide she is tired of having her husband use her head as a target for soup plates every time he gets annoyed. She, therefore, tells her troubles to a judge and gets relief in the form of divorce—and nobody criticizes her. But just let a well-known movie star

Colleen Moore divorced John McCormick although her religion frowns on divorce.

dare to thrust her hand into the grab bag of happiness for a second chance, and the world may fall about her ears! For nearly every newspaper in the country features her decision on the front page. And hundreds of thousands of picturegoers take pens in hand and begin to speak their minds.

When her public are broad-minded and tolerant enough to realize that a star is a woman first and a moving picture actress second, the player can go and get her divorce and still not risk losing her following at the box office. But if they decide they

Dick Barthelmess' second marriage, to Mrs. Jessica Sargeant, has proven to be a brilliant success.

No longer Mrs. James Cruze, Betty Compson may try for happiness again with Hugh Trevor.

Dolores Del Rio's first marriage ended tragically. She'll try again with Cedric Gibbons.

STARS HAPPINESS?

By Rosa Reilly

don't want her to be divorced and turn thumbs down on her, inevitably that person's professional career is dead and she quickly passes out of the picture, if she persists in going against her public's wishes.

You probably never thought of it in that light before, did you? You never realized, perhaps, just what a close relationship you personally bear to your favorite star's home and happiness!

Fortunately, with the inception of talking pictures, the film industry began to grow up. Picturegoers are fast becoming more intelligent, more sophisticated, and more typically cosmopolitan in their outlook on the personal lives of their favorites, and in other ways as well. Previously, many thought the players lived lives of complete, idyllic happiness. Something like every idealist has dreamed of achieving since the days of Plato! Beautiful homes, with the sun on one side, the sea on the other; cars, jewels, exquisite clothes, health, beauty, and freedom—not only from financial worries but freedom to develop in the art they love. What more could a person want than to be a star in Hollywood, we used to ask! But now, mental grown-ups that we are, we realize that although the film actresses may possess every material comfort, frequently real love has eluded them.

Reginald Denny sought second happiness with "Bubbles" and seems to have found it.

Take Betty Compson, for instance. Surely if any woman in the whole film colony deserves happiness she does. And she had it with her husband, Jim Cruze, for several years. But that freedom to develop in the art she loves—which we spoke of in the last paragraph—was denied her. It all happened like this:

Three years (*Continued on page 114*)

MARY

Will the big twin thrones of Hollywood soon be for sale?

Drawing by A. Crouch

"Forever Yours," Mary Pickford! Mary, the sweet little girl with the golden curls, still occupies that great, big throne, still wears that cumbersome crown. Right now her new talker has not been completed and she hasn't announced her new plans.

"And the Sage said to the King-Who-Had-Everything: 'You must die unless you sleep in the shirt of a Happy Man.'

So the King dispatched couriers to every corner of his desmesne that they might bring him the shirt of a Happy Man.

But each subject questioned dwelt with sorrow. Then finally the seekers found a man who was happy. He was a begger and hadn't a shirt to his back!"

From An Old Tale.

WHAT'S happened to Mary?

And what's happened to Doug?

Mary wants to work. Doug wants to play—they say.

Doug likes his golf. Mary doesn't like to be a golf-widow—like several thousand other big-business men's wives.

So Doug may golf and Mary may work. Why not, and who has a better right?

Sometimes Doug doesn't seem to care if he never makes another picture. He is fed up with the cares of production and unless he finds a story to suit him he'll just—play golf? But Mary—who has trouped ever since she was a golden-haired child—is probably happiest when she is in the throes of a new picture. The business is in her blood. Trips around the world—visiting celebrities at Pickfair—all the prestige of being screenland's First Lady—have not made Mary Pickford a contented woman. Her fame, hard-won as a curly-haired child, is ever snapping at her heels. So she'll keep on.

Right now, it looks as though she couldn't make up her mind about her new picture, "Forever Yours." She started it, got halfway through after spending $250,000—and then scrapped the results! She may make it yet. Meanwhile, she and Doug have been cruising on Joe Schenck's yacht. Doug has been talking about starring in "Reaching for the Moon," with Bebe Daniels as his leading woman. Bebe, they say, hasn't definitely made up her mind as to whether she wants to take secondary billing—Doug won't share his—after being a big star in her own right. Mary has disbanded her production staff and will make her future films, if any, under the business management of Mr. Schenck.

When Mary and Doug were in New York together after the release of "Coquette" Mary Pickford was tired, and looked it. She was suffering from headaches. Some of the reviews of her picture had been a blow to her. She saw some reporters in the lobby of the Algonquin Hotel and one of them asked her: "Why don't you get some rest?" "Oh," said Mary with a weary little smile, "Douglas has seats for the 'Vanities' tonight."

"Why don't you call it off?" persisted the sympathetic reporter.

Mary's eyes widened. "Why, we couldn't do that!" she said. "It's all arranged."

Schedules. Routines. Obligations. Not even a visit to a theater can be disregarded. The show—the big

By Herbert

Doug may play in "Reaching for the Moon" with Bebe Daniels. On the other hand, he may just play —golf. Is he ready to retire and rest on his laurels, glad to be Mr. D. Fairbanks, of Beverly Hills, California? Talker technique cramps his style.

DOUG

Will—in other words—Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks retire?

Cruikshank

show of King and Queen of Movieland—must go on. Mary Pickford has been acting her super-rôle for so long that her original identity—little Gladys Smith—has been overlaid with glory and money and adulation. Her best friends can't call Mary Pickford a contented, happy woman. But she has everything in the world. Only sometimes—maybe—little Gladys Smith creeps in and spoils everything by asking: "What's it all about, Mary? Where are we going, anyway?"

Fairbanks wants to retire, according to some reports. He has made money. He believes his pictorial style has been cramped by the new talker technique. He wants action, and still more action. How to get that action in a sound picture? Neither he nor Mary was entirely happy about "The Taming of the Shrew," they say. Their first co-starring screen venture was also their last. They finished it and forgot it on their world tour. But Mary came back and wanted to work again. And Doug wanted to keep on playing.

Here, in the Pickford-Fairbanks alliance, is a great business partnership with invested capital amounting to millions, and vast interests which interlocked. Here were two gigantic stockholders in that close corporation known as "United Artists." In silent-picture days, they reigned supreme. Came talkers, and new stars began to twinkle. "Coquette" and "The Taming of the Shrew" were topped by other pictures. Doug declared himself as unwilling to make "just another talkie." But Mary—Mary who worked so hard to make "Coquette" a success, Mary who in silent days was the queen of them all and in 1929-30 must share her place with half a dozen other, newer, brighter stars—stuck gamely and grimly to her plans. She spent thousands making a sound re-make of Norma Talmadge's "Secrets."

Doug went to Europe to see some golf. Without Mary! But when a guest asked Mary, on a tour of Pickfair: ". . . and this is your room?" there was the gentle correction: "This is *our* room!"

And then came the news that Mary had abandoned her production. She is no spendthrift—the investment was well over a quarter-million—but—the picture was shelved. Doug hurried home. And Pickfair once more housed its master and mistress. Mary's little niece, Gwyn, returned from school in Switzerland. All seemed serene in the big house on the Beverly hill.

Will they retire, this King and Queen who have reigned so long? Or will Doug, grinning, run out for golf and Mary start her picture all over again? Well, if Doug wants to go golfing—here's luck for every stroke. And as for Mary—"Our Mary"—she can have her throne as long as she wants it, but we hope she'll squeeze some happiness out of the future and hand some to that little Gladys Smith. If we could see once more that spontaneous twinkle in her eyes that we used to see in the days of "Daddy-Long-Legs" and her old triumphs; that magnificent twinkle that seemed to die when the audible Mary was born on the screen—then we'll know that some one of her adorers—and there are lots of them left—has lent Mary Pickford a shirt!

Left, Marie Dressler, a star at the age of "somewhere near a thousand," she says!

Right, George Fawcett, who played with the elder Salvini, is going strong as a screen character actor.

Extreme right, Beryl Mercer, who couldn't play all the talker rôles offered her even if she were twins!

No Age Limit

The screen is no longer dedicated to youth. The oldsters are having their say and their day

IF anyone should ask you "Where is the fountain of youth?" you might reply: "In Hollywood!" and not be far wrong, for there's no age limit in pictures.

Some of the players most in demand at the studios have reached what used to be called 'years of discretion,' their popularity increasing with every appearance on the screen.

Take George Fawcett, whose stage experience reaches back to the days of the elder Salvini, who played *Iago* to his *Othello*.

Several years ago Schumann-Heink, the great contralto, sent Mr. Fawcett her photograph stating that, though she had never met him, he was her favorite actor. Mr. Fawcett replied, with an autographed picture of himself, that she was his favorite star of the operatic stage. Followed an occasional interchange of letters, in which Mrs. Fawcett (Percy Haswell) took a special pride. But it was not until last May, when Mr. Fawcett made a local appearance in his one-time stage success, "The Great John Ganton," that they met.

Schumann-Heink occupied a seat in the first row of the orchestra and applauded frequently and with enthusiasm. After the last curtain, she went backstage and congratulated the star.

"On my dressing-table, I have but four pictures," she told him, "and one of them is yours!"

The singer's admiration has been shared by many during the more than two-score years of Mr. Fawcett's professional life. At 21, he made his first bow on the New York stage, which always, thereafter, greeted him with applause, whether he supported reigning stars (he was with Maude Adams for three years) or starred in his own vehicles.

His success was no less in London, where he was signally honored by being made honorary member of the renowed Beefsteak Club, to which but two others were admitted—the late Theodore Roosevelt and Lord Kitchener.

Since 1914, the actor has been a familiar figure on the screen, and the advent of talkies has served to strengthen his hold on an ever increasing audience.

That youth no longer rules the screen is attested by Beryl Mercer, creator of *Mrs. Dowey* in "Seven Days' Leave," who couldn't play all the rôles offered her if

Right, Alison Skipworth, famous stage dowager, says that talkies "have made acting a pleasure" for her!

Left, Hobart Bosworth, at 63, finds himself so popular that he sometimes plays in two pictures at once.

Extreme left, Joseph Cawthorn, a musical comedy favorite for years, is repeating his success in films

Right, Louise Dresser, once a favorite in light opera, now a famous mother of the screen.

Left, you all know Alec B. Francis. A veteran of silent films, he has won new success in the speakies.

Extreme left, Bodil Rosing, a grandmother, is more in studio demand than most Hollywood ingenues.

in HOLLYWOOD!

By Ruth Tildesley

she were twins. She's in constant demand.

Born in Spain of a Spanish father and half-English, half-French mother, Beryl was endowed with enormous black eyes and a gift for drama. At the age of four—her father having removed to London—she made her debut at the Drury Lane Theater in a pantomime. At seventeen she was leading lady to Sir Herbert Tree, and before she was twenty, was the toast of the English capital.

1914 marked her appearance on the New York stage, her first picture work at Fort Lee—and the war. Beryl went to France as an entertainer, served for two years and was presented with a medal by Queen Alexandra.

We think of her as new to the screen because producers brought her to Hollywood to repeat her stage success in the Barrie play, but she has worked in many pictures, among them "The Christian," in which Richard Dix achieved film fame.

She is under five feet tall and terrified of interviewers!

Joseph Cawthorn's long-term contract with RKO is another proof of the fact that the mature player appeals to today's sophisticated audiences.

On the stage since babyhood, Mr. Cawthorn was a musical comedy favorite for years, his final rôle being that of principal comedian in "Sunny" with Marilyn Miller. Since then, his name is seen on cast sheets for film plays, notably in German dialect rôles.

In addition to his foot-and-kleig-light fame, Mr. Cawthorn is one of the greatest concertina players in the world. The ordinary concertina has 48 notes, but the actor's instrument was specially made for him and has 103.

When Sam Taylor, producer-director of "Du Barry, Woman of Passion," Norma Talmadge's latest talker, asked Alison Skipworth, member of the cast, why she became an actress, Miss Skipworth replied: "To keep from starving to death!"

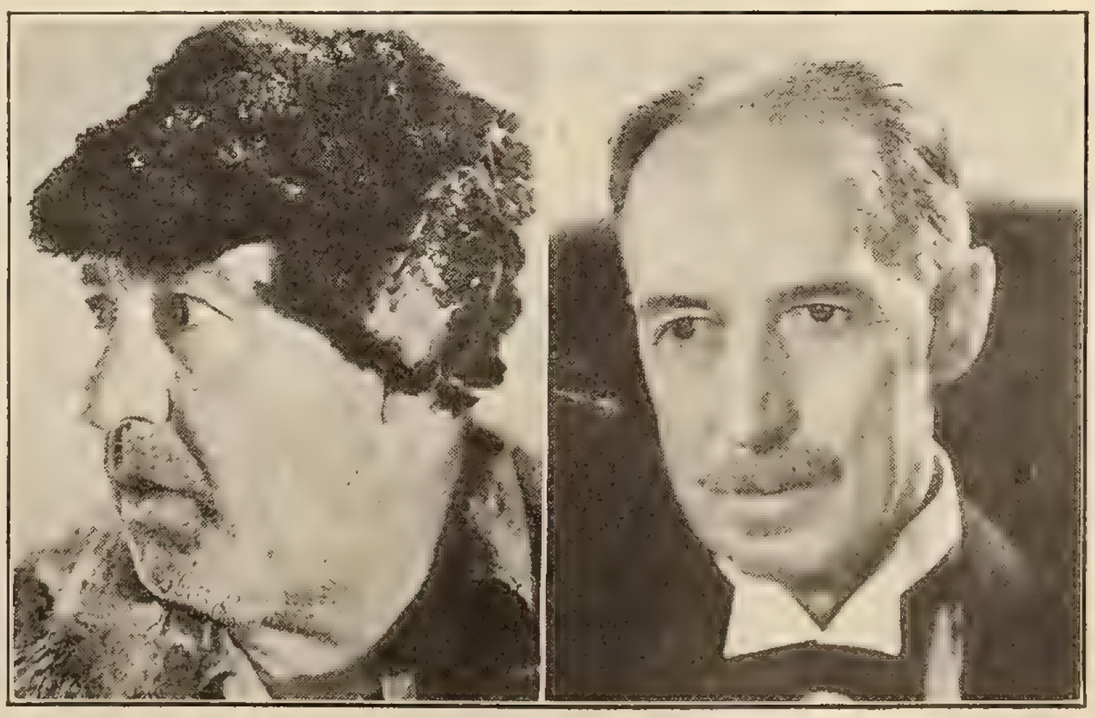
"That was 31 years ago," she explained. "My husband, Frank Markham-Skipworth, was an artist and we were very poor. All I had was a good singing voice, and because I wanted to eat I marketed my voice. I went to see George Edwards, London producer, and half an hour later came out with a five-year contract."

She began as understudy for Marie Tempest and nine months later was playing (*Continued on page 116*)

Left, Lionel Belmore is another grand young man of the movies. Old age? Not for him, says Lionel.

Right, J. Farrell MacDonald started in 1908 in the "Broncho Billy" pictures. Still busy and still popular!

Extreme right, Herbert Bunston, the Lord Elton of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," created the rôle on the stage.



SING AS YOU SPEAK! *SAYS LAWRENCE TIBBETT*

A great name in opera, in concert, in movies: Tibbett! A great voice, a great actor. And a great and understanding person, as he proves in the invaluable advice he gives out of his own intimate experience. We're proud of this article!

There are opera stars and movie actors—there is only one Lawrence Tibbett. His whole-souled personality, quite as completely as his magnificent voice, has captured the popular imagination.

SO many young singers come to me for advice. Asking me what exercises they should study, what teacher I recommend, whether I think they have possibilities, and what do I think they should do to become great singers! To all I have but one answer. I ask them this question: "Are you unable to prevent yourself from singing?" If the urge within you to sing is so strong that neither time nor tide, poverty nor setbacks can keep you from singing, you need not worry about exercises, methods or whatnots. Not that I discredit the importance of these factors but the most important thing is the *desire within.*

In my case, I believe I've learned as much on the platform, before audiences, as I have from any studying I've ever done with or without a teacher. The platform —concert or operatic—and also the 'mike' are great singing teachers. I've been singing about in moving picture, vaudeville and legitimate theaters, in churches and clubs ever since I was tall enough to wear long pants—and before. Every time I sang I criticized myself and I listened to the criticism of those who I knew had my interest at heart, and the next time I made a public appearance I tried to improve. To-day I have to work just as hard and think just as seriously about singing as I did in those early days of my career.

There is no Royal Road to Singing. Good singing grows out of good speech. Singing might well be called sustained speech. Just as you have to think before you speak, if your thoughts are going to be expressed in words of weight and sincerity, so do you have to think when you sing. The person, actor or layman, who speaks convincingly and with beautiful tones that ring and echo in your heart is one who speaks with sincere thinking behind his words. This, I think, is the keynote of good singing. *Sing as you speak.* That means you must know how to speak, also.

Another conclusion I have reached, not haphazardly nor swiftly but after many experiences, is that the more you sing, the better you sing. I've tried resting the voice for a week, a month or longer, and each time when I've started to sing again, hoping I would be rested and full of renewed energy, because of the complete relaxation

I had taken, I would find my voice stiff and rusty, and my soul felt rusty, too! I had lost my endurance, and had to battle days to get the voice in shape again. Besides the physical work I had to do to get in voice again, the mental agony of thinking one's voice has gone is dreadful. So I have reached the conclusion that the way to keep a voice in shape is to sing, sing, sing!

I even sing away my colds and my moods. Except for the first year that I sang at the Metropolitan I have never cancelled a performance or a concert. My first year at the Met. I lived through one of those hectic periods that life seems to hand you on the same platter that she serves you prosperity and success. I had the flu, the mumps and one very bad throat, so I did cancel a few performances, but generally I use my voice instead of letting it use me.

I often think of one of my concerts last season. Just a few hours before I was to sing I received some very tragic news, something that upset me mentally more than anything I have ever experienced. I walked the streets for over an hour, feeling I would rather die than give that concert; however, I *sang;* and out of the forty-five concerts I gave last season I consider that was by far my best.

I do not disparage the necessity of teachers, for to become a singer you must have a good teacher sometime during your career. You should have one always. I am indeed grateful to Frank La Forge, with whom I still study whenever I am in New York. He has given me much, and I hope any success I attain may in a degree express my sincere gratitude to him.

Every singer owes a debt to some understanding teacher or teachers, one who is really in sympathy and harmony with the student. I feel that singing is such 'spiritual fun.'

Personalities are always entering into one's life as a singer and if one is not awfully careful he can be easily influenced by them. An unsympathetic musical director can ruin a singer just as a sympathetic one can help to make a singer great. Tullio Serafin at the Metropolitan has helped me much with his perfect coaching. No people on earth have the traditions of the operas as the Italians have and to 'pass a score' with the stamp of approval of a great director like Serafin is to accomplish something really worth while. Both "Falstaff" and "La Cena Delle Beffe" I studied with him and attribute much of my success in these operas to him.

The immortal Toscanini has made many a singer great, who of themselves had little or nothing above the ordinary. One of the ambitions of my life is to sing under the direction of this wizard of music. I deem it a gift of the gods that I have become a singer in the days that this extraordinary genius still wields his baton. For such as Toscanini are born only once or twice in the history of the world.

As I have said before, to your teacher and to those who are in sympathy with your desire to sing you owe much, but if I were allowed to tell only one thing to a young singer, I would impress this upon him—a defeat administered early in your life will often really make you. I can quite honestly say I owe more to a critic right here in California than to anyone I know of. Not many years ago he said I had no possibilities whatsoever as a singer—he still does not like me, but that matters not. For that thought that someone right here in my home state thought I had no pos- (*Continued on page 118*)

Listen to Tibbett!

There is no Royal Road to Singing. Good singing grows out of good speech.

The more you sing, the better you sing. The way to keep a voice in shape is to sing, sing, sing! I even sing away my colds and my moods. I use my voice instead of letting it use me.

Just a few hours before I was to sing in one of my concerts last season I received some news that upset me mentally more than anything in my experience. I walked the streets for an hour, feeling I would rather die than sing. But I *sang;* and out of the 45 concerts I gave last season I consider that was by far my best!

Tibbett says he has to work just as hard today, and think just as seriously about singing, as he did in the days before he arrived.

Right, as the star of "The Rogue Song," his first motion picture, he became an idol of screen audiences. His next? "New Moon."

The old, familiar faces—some of them not so old, at that! Members of the one and only original cast of "The Birth of a Nation." Front row, left to right: Donald Crisp, Mae Marsh, D. W. Griffith, Henry B. Walthall, Mary Alden, Ralph Lewis. Back row, Joseph Hennaberry, Spottiswood Aiken, Tom Wilson, Walter Long.

The RE-"BIRTH of a NATION"

By
Marie House

The old master, D. W. Griffith, superintends a revival of his screen classic with $200,000 worth of Sound!

THE clan rides again. The gray coats and the blue shout as they charge on immemorial battlefields. The sins of the carpet baggers are re-committed and Lillian starts again on her Gishful way.

It's the Re-birth of a Nation!

But—it's the very same che-ild!

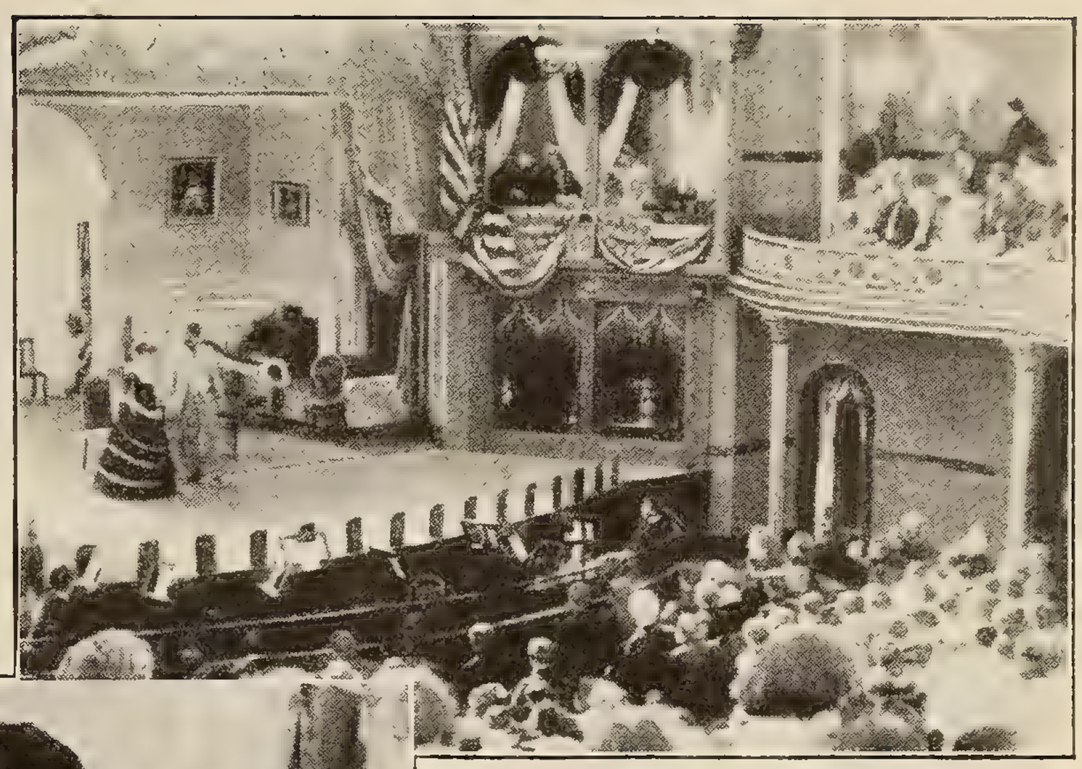
Oh, with a new bonnet and frill, perhaps. Certainly with a new coo and cry; but it's the very self same che-ild. A baby with a $200,000 gurgle!

The same "Birth of a Nation" that we enjoyed with every heart-string sixteen years ago—the very self-same print, with every kind of sound and music. No dialogue, mind you. Not a word will be heard out of Lillian Gish, out of *The Little Colonel.* Not a cry out of Mae Marsh, the *Little Sister.* Not a sound out of the handsome octaroon. But rebel yells, sounds of horses hoofs, houses burning, cries of mobs, bugle calls—every kind of drama in sound will be there, in this re-edited picture of "The Birth of a Nation."

Here's a thing the talkies have done. $200,000 spent for a picture all of which lies on the cutting-room floor, only the sound is kept! A fabulous sum spent and not a picture with it—just the sound was saved, the sound that goes with the old masterpiece. No sacrilege this, so dry your tears. No common brush strokes will obliterate the masterpiece. No botched restoration of a Mona Lisa, a La Primavera. But the original itself, with new sounds attached, and the master himself, D. W. Griffith superintending it.

Tragedy stalked in its making! Whole troops of cowboys hired for a day's extra work turned out in their most gorgeous trappings, and found that their faces were not wanted, only the sound of their horses' hoofs would

A true 'Griffith touch' —a tense moment with Lillian Gish and the late George Siegmann.



The unforgettable scene in Ford's Theater from Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation."

Above, Henry B. Walthall as the beloved **Little Colonel**—*a classic screen portrayal. And remember Mae Marsh as the sweet* **Little Sister?**

Below, a scene from the new prologue to the revival, with Griffith telling the children how he happened to make "The Birth of a Nation."

go down to posterity! Entire buildings were erected and burnt to the ground, but only the crackling of the flames will ever be known to movie audiences! An entire picture of sound! That's 1930.

Experts attended this rebirth. No effort was spared. We will hear the cannon shots, almost feel the scorching of the powder, so realistic will it be. When the gray coats charge over the top, we will hear the fiery dramatic rebel yell—given, if you must know, by five very old gentlemen imported from Atlanta to do this yelling. Five very old veterans from the D. A. R. home whose voices will be spared for years to come, but whose faces will never appear! We will hear the Klan, the Ku Kluxers as they ride, the hoofbeats far away, getting n e a r e r, nearer, nearer, until they are upon us. This was m a d e by running the horses in a circle with the microphone in the center. We will sit on the edges of our seats and shiver with *Colonel Cameron* and his party as the niggers b-r-r-ea-k-k-k down the door! Days were spent getting this sound just right. Experts decided if they took the sound of a door breaking down, it would all be over in a minute, while they needed to preserve and prolong every crackle. So they slowed it down as a phonograph record is slowed down. And we can prolong our minutes of shivering!

It will be remembered that "The Birth of a Nation" in its original form was the first picture to be presented with special music and an entire orchestra was sent around the country with it, and the roll of drums and the tooting of horns made our sounds for us. Now we shall have on the same sound track, a musical accompaniment to the picture, an orchestra of 100 pieces under the direction of Louis Gottschalk, whose orchestration helped make the silent picture the stirring spectacle it was. We will hear choirs of voices, negro melodies, national anthems, all with the self-same picture!

Might not the film be just—well, a little—perhaps a trifle, —er—faded, you may ask delicately? After all, sixteen years has been responsible for many a face-lifting? You're entirely right! That's just what will happen. The original film will be put through a fountain of youth and come out, snappy, sparkling, peppy as it was in its early days. If some technical meanies inquire, it was done by running the film through two plates on which were running streams of gelatin, and in this way the original picture was restored to youth!

Again we will suffer with *Little Sister,* be ecstatic with Lillian, proud with the *Colonel,* fierce and determined with the Ku Kluxers as they ride. Sixteen years will be as nothing. We will have them all back again in this Re-"Birth of a Nation!"

We will see again the brave and brawny Wallace Reid engage in mortal combat a score of husky culled pussons, and it's still a swell fight! We will see the touching scene with Joseph Hennaberry as Lincoln where he pardons *The Little Colonel.* We (*Continued on page 104*)

Elmer Fryer

So often stars of the theater and the screen are disappointing when encountered in the flesh. But if you liked "Sally" and "Sunny" on stage or screen, you are certain to like Marilyn Miller if you are ever fortunate enough to meet her. For she is "Sally" and "Sunny;" and they are Marilyn Miller!

"SALLY," "SUNNY," and *MARILYN*

Three lovely girls —you'll like them! And they are all Marilyn Miller

By Mitchell Rawson

She is a girl of sharply alternating moods. When she is sad she is very, very sad; and when she is gay she giggles—there's no other word for it! Her first motion picture was "Sally." Her second is "Sunny."

THERE are two classes of people who will give you two different and absolutely opposed accounts of Marilyn Miller.

According to one of these classes of informant, the star of "Sally" is cool, indifferent, upstage, high-hat.

According to the other class, she is one of the most gracious and human and lovable of young women, altogether natural and charming.

For this divergence of experience there is a quite simple reason. The first class have met and dealt with Miss Miller's secretaries. The second class are acquainted with Marilyn herself. And they are the lucky ones!

She always has a secretary; sometimes two. And these secretaries, whether male or female, are invariably so efficient, businesslike and unsentimental as to strike a chill to the heart—even over the telephone.

That is why they are there. It is simply a matter of self-protection on the part of a girl, who, though warm-hearted and generous to a fault, has a level head on her shoulders. Broadwayites will tell you that Marilyn Miller has been imposed upon by frauds and ne'er-do-wells oftener, probably, than any other footlight celebrity. Actors, musicians and others connected with show business, down on their luck through their own fault or otherwise, have long known the facility with which substantial aid could be obtained from the most famous of all musical comedy actresses—if they could only appeal to her personally.

Bitter experience at last opened Marilyn's eyes. Hence the secretaries of forbidding mien who stand guard at her portals.

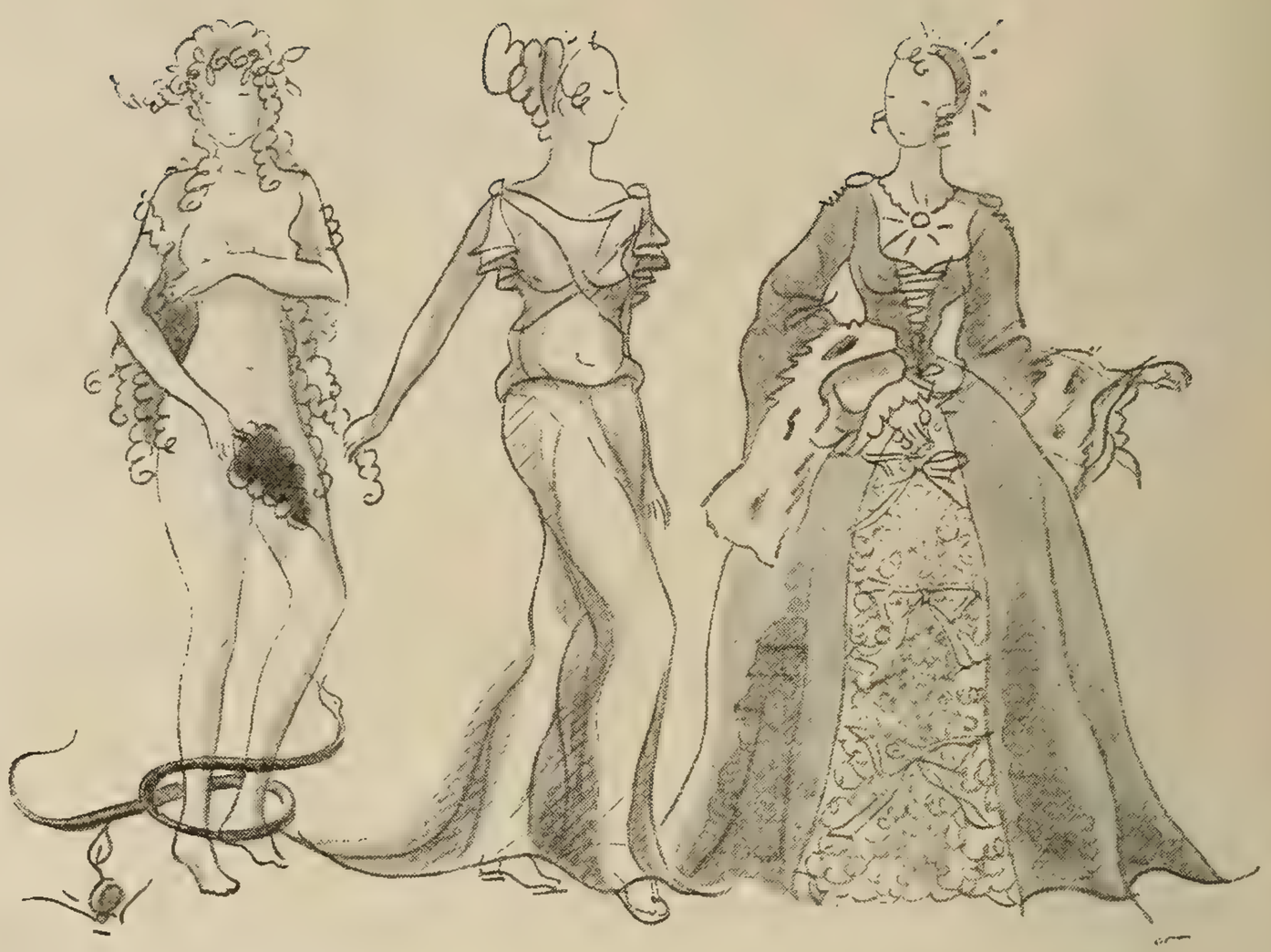
Marilyn Miller is simply a girl who hates to say "No." So she has these employees to say it for her.

But, once past their eagle scrutiny, one finds oneself in the presence of the genuine Marilyn of stage and screen. She is "Sally;" she is "Sunny;" she is "Rosalie." For there is never any necessity of telling her to 'be herself.' She always is!

In fact, one of the most disarming things about Miss Miller is the complete frankness with which she discusses her own professional career.

"I'm not an emotional actress," she declares. "Everybody knows that and I know it, too. First and foremost, I am a singer and dancer and a romantic comedienne. Of course, when we make 'Sunny,' at the First National Studio, it will have a stronger story than it did as a musical comedy, but the story (*Continued on page 121*)

Corinne Griffith made a charming picture as Lady Hamilton in "The Divine Lady." But was she correctly dressed? Read the story.



EVE (*ah, there!*) HELEN (*of Troy*) DIANE DE POITIERS

FAMOUS

When the scenarios get historical, Screen stars cast as sirens of

By Virginia

Venus de Milo, the Fallen Star. No longer are her measurements the standard of feminine beauty. Notice the breadth of shoulders and the thick torso. A marvelous museum piece as far as Hollywood is concerned. But far too Herculean to win a beauty contest today.

"WASP waists by Catherine de Medici. Ruffs by Queen Elizabeth. High waists by the Duchess of York. Corsets by Marie Anjou."

These are some of the possible credit lines for the new costume pictures, giving credit where credit is due. These famous ladies of fashion made some infamous styles and, incidentally, a lot of trouble for Hollywood.

It's all because of the vogue of the costume picture. Stars are looking at their figures from an entirely new angle. When the scenarios get historical, Hollywood gets hysterical. Casting directors are going around with a tape measure and doing problems in stellar length, breadth and thickness. Their statistics read:

Bessie Love, 5 feet, 100 pounds; Sue Carol, 5 feet, 2 inches, 107 pounds; Norma Talmadge, 5 feet, 2 inches, 108 pounds; Clara Bow, 5 feet, 3 inches, 110 pounds; Dolores Del Rio, 5 feet, 3½ inches, 115 pounds; Nancy Carroll, 5 feet, 4 inches, 116 pounds; Alice White, 5 feet, 104 pounds; Corinne Griffith, 5 feet, 6 inches, 115 pounds; Janet Gaynor, 5 feet, 98 pounds.

Not one suited to be Marie Antoinette. Not a Josephine for Napoleon among them. All too short for Queen Elizabeth. Not rotund enough for Lady Washington. The casting director must put on his

MARIE ANTOINETTE MME. RECAMIER LILY LANGTRY

Norma Talmadge as Du Barry reveals shoulders and low neck in the style of Louis XV. A very pretty picture, but is it authentic?

FIGURES

Hollywood gets hysterical! history have their problems

Vincent

glasses and look further for figures of a fourth dimension.

Physicians use the following table of weights for women between 20 and 30 years of age: 5 feet, 117 pounds; 5 feet, 1 inch, 119; 5 feet, 2 inches, 121; 5 feet, 3 inches, 124; 5 feet, 4 inches, 128; 5 feet, 5 inches, 131. Hollywood feels gross and corpulent by this scale and averages at least 10 pounds under each weight.

Anatomically we may be the same through the ages, but figure ideals have changed and, therefore, the figure proportion. At one time, the Venus de Milo was the standard of feminine beauty. Notice the breadth of shoulders, her waist and the thick torso. A marvelous museum piece as far as Hollywood is concerned. Far too Herculean to win a Beauty Contest today.

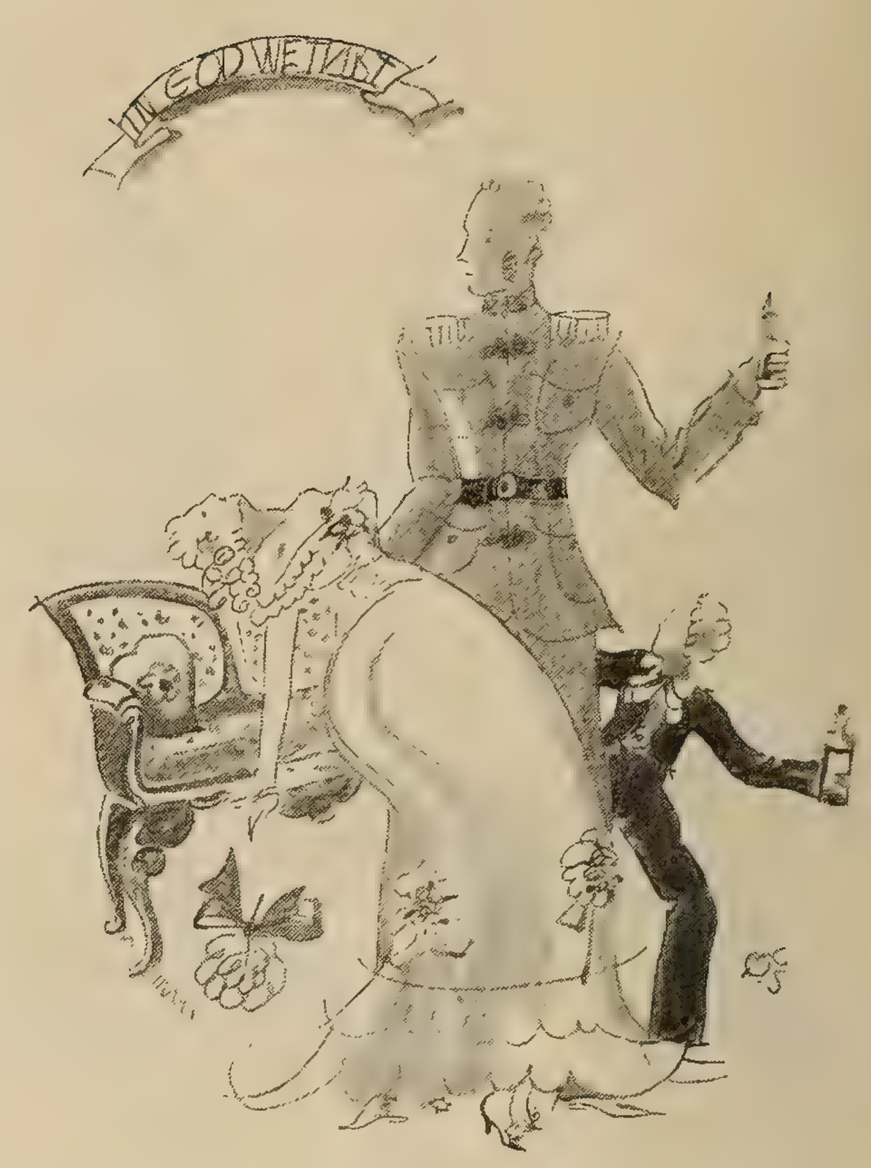
Figures years ago rose to fame by the help of iron, wood, steel and whalebone. The importance of figures in relation to fame should not be under-rated. What would have happened if a certain Louise de Montagnard had not worn a vertugadin (early hoopskirt) narrow at the waist yet so wide at the hips and hem as to hide her cousin, the Duc de Montmorency, when his enemies searched the house and left no concealment possible except through the lady's ingenuity! Costumes have been a fortress and refuge.

Drawings by Quinneth Summers

Here's the latest famous figure—the much maligned but nevertheless all-conquering modern girl. According to the standard of commercial measurement registered in Washington, D. C., as the proportions of the average figure, Miss 1930-31, size 14, has a bust of 32, waist of 27, hips of 35 inches.

Left: In the good old days when the crowned heads set the styles. Ladies had to be locked into the Catherine de Medici corset—and like it. Corsets were made of iron, and no matter how large the natural waist, it had to be compressed into the span of 13 inches!

Right: Perfect behavior in the days of the liver corset! Milady fainted at intervals, while obliging males rushed for smelling salts, and so—sometimes—was romance assisted. But doctors got together and denounced the evils of tight lacing and the liver corset.



Ladies of the Empire Days donned their muslin gowns wringing wet in order to have them dry and thus mold lines realistically. Page, please, a Madame Recamier who led the molded fashions so effectively in Paris after the Revolution in gauze gowns of a shameful sheerness.

The idea of omitting clothes beneath tne dress in order to get a molded line did not originate with Greta Garbo. Way back, in-when-was-it, the Empress Elizabeth of all the Russias had her riding habit sewn together over her bare skin. She was very proud of her horsemanship, it seems.

Then high waists. They aren't at all new. A Duchess of York started this fashion before an heir to the throne was born, finding that a ribbon placed higher than the normal waistline was more becoming to her figure. Other women in order to resemble her attached a small cushion or pad to the waist and wore a ribbon at the same height so that the proportions were every bit as fashionable as the Duchess's.

Royalty could, of course, change fashions at will. Take the case of the daughters of good St. Louis. It seems that their legs and feet were peculiarly "ill-shaped," which, modernly speaking, means knock-kneed or bow-legged. The daughters were clever enough to start the vogue of long skirts and the court had to follow suit no matter how comely their calves or how light their ankles. This was a stroke of genius for the princesses. Not only did it hide their ungainly legs with a new fashion, but at once took away the contrast with other legs more pleasant to the eye. Unfortunately, a subterfuge of that kind can not be realized these days. Skirts are long now simply because they have been short.

There are, of course, pictures that are staged in periods not so difficult to costume. Greta Garbo in "Romance" wears the costume of 1850 in a charming fashion. Few people would have thought Greta could so suitably slide into the most mid-Victorian era. But art and especially the art of this actress can surmount the greatest obstacles with seeming ease.

Grace Moore makes her debut as Jenny Lind in the picture of that name and wears the costumes of 1860. Costumes of the later periods are more easily adapted to the modern figure than costumes of the medieval times or of the immediate succeeding centuries.

Costumes must be worn convincingly. The success of the film depends to a great extent upon authenticity. Doubles may be used for hazardous or monotonous moments in Hollywood, but no star can find a substitute for the discomfort that she endures in a costume picture. She must suffer, if she is playing the part of the de Medici, the agony of being locked into an iron corset. No matter how large her waist is naturally, it will be compressed into the span of 13 inches. This Queen has two uncomfortable fashions to her credit, one, the royal edict that all waists should measure no more than 13 inches, and the other, the Medici collar which was straight and high in back, keeping the neck in a vise-like position. She who plays Catherine should consider the costume carefully. She should remember that the corsetiere will be a blacksmith and he shapes metal that can not be stretched, broken or eased out in any way.

There will not be many who care to play the part of Queen Elizabeth, either, after they hear the wardrobe requirements. First, consider the stays, laced tight and pointed in front, made of bone (*Continued on page 126*)

Joan Bennett felt the delights of wearing the bustle styles in "Disraeli." Her costumes were authentically correct and very charming.

Mr. and Mrs.
NORMAN
FOSTER
(Claudette Colbert)

MARRIAGE in HOLLYWOOD

Duncan

Mr. and Mrs. Hoot Gibson

(Sally Eilers)

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen

(Jobyna Ralston)

Richee

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

(Joan Crawford)

Chidnoff

Mr. and Mrs. RICHARD BARTHELMESS
(Jessica Sargeant)

Richee

Mr. and Mrs. CLIVE BROOK
(Mildred Evelyn)

Archer

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Withers
(Loretta Young)

Mr. and Mrs. SIDNEY BLACKMER
(Lenore Ulric)

Fryer

Richee

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Forbes
(Ruth Chatterton)

Monroe

Mr. and Mrs. EDMUND LOWE
(Lilyan Tashman)

Chidnoff

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon
(Bebe Daniels)

Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March
(Florence Eldridge)

Thomas

Mr. and Mrs. HARRY BANNISTER

(Ann Harding)

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Bushell
(Zelma O'Neal)

Duncan

Mr. and Mrs. NICK STUART

(Sue Carol)

A CAROL *to* SUE

Explaining everybody's enthusiasm for Sue Carol

By Constance Carr

Sue has arrived in Hollywood, with three years and thirty pictures to her credit. "It just happened," she says. "Sometimes when I stop to think about it I'm as surprised as anyone else!"

A GOOD sport! That's the finest compliment you can earn in Hollywood. Well, anywhere, really. It's American. It's something you can't buy. It's the accolade of your associates. That's Sue's highest ambition—oh, aside from doing bigger and better things in the movies—of decorating a home—of earning enough money to retire on in a dozen years, perhaps.

Do you know this black-eyed Susan named Carol?

Yes, you do. She's the girl you watch flying by in the yellow sports roadster. She's the laughing young thing on the tennis courts. She's the slim brown mermaid on the beach. She's the girl who lives on the corner. She's the girl you've known all your life.

Once upon a time about twenty-one years ago, all of the good fairy godmothers attended the christening of the tiny Evelyn Lederer, a trifle out of breath because it was in Chicago, to be sure, but not a one stayed at home. A happy childhood followed; full of things children do. A normal girlhood spent in a convent and a fashionable private school. Then Hollywood. Sue Carol. A movie contract. And Nick. (Mrs. Nick Stuart is the correct name, in case you don't know.)

What! No struggling up from nothing? No orphan asylum? No going ragged and hungry? Not just like every typical American girl except for the movie contract, surely. *Tch! Tch!* Can't we have *any* illusions? Can a movie actress be just like the rest of us—only some one on whom fate has played the spot?

Well, that's what Sue says.

"There's no reason for my getting where I have, not that I am famous or anything," Sue modestly confesses. "It just happened. Sometimes I'm as surprised as anyone else. When I was a child I never dreamed of such a thing as being in the movies. I was a great fan then and still am. I remember when I was eight I wrote a passionate letter to Charlie Chaplin. But mother found it and never sent it. Valentino was another of my idols. So was Ronald Colman, and Norma Talmadge. I was just in Hollywood on a visit when they asked me to take a test. I thought they were kidding me (they, being Nick, now Mr. Sue, and a studio official). I remember so well going into the room where about fifty girls were taking tests for stock. I didn't even know what 'stock' meant, I was so dumb. When it came my turn I hadn't the slightest idea of what to do. They had to tell me. It was a terrible test."

Oh, surely, Sue, not so terrible! At least it started her on the road lined with fan letters and electric lights. She laughingly tells you her letters all come from young people; children adore her.

Well, Sue has arrived now, with three years and thirty pictures to her credit, but finds it amazing that she is one of the stars twinkling in the cinematic heavens. "When I was a child I always thought movie stars were continually dressed up. Kept in a velvet case. I couldn't imagine them wearing old clothes. Now I understand how hard it is to uphold the impression the public wants you to make. If you go around in any old thing, they think you are sloppy—or broke!"

Sue talks to you as friend to friend, tucking her feet up under her. She has the most amazingly round dark eyes, tiny nose and most charming smile, as who doesn't know. The friends who come in to play bridge are 'the kids.' Some of the stars even now have glamour for her. She stares at stars like Mary Pickford, Lawrence Tibbett and Norma Talmadge just as she did when she was a small girl.

I guess you are just like the rest of us, we decide.

"Oh, I am," Sue is eager about it. "And do you know I'd rather be called a good sport than anything else! If I could make myself over I'd be what they call 'regular.' You know, the kind of girl that can do all sorts of sports well. I try them all but I'm not much of a champion. I'd like to be the kind of girl that boys would know they could ask to go on any sort of impromptu jaunt."

Well, isn't she? Why, once when she was on location in Arizona for "The Lone Star Ranger" in which she played with George O'Brien, (*Continued on page 109*)

FASHION NEWS

Introducing Screenland's Stylist! Miss Manning, leading New York couturiere, talks about fall fashions. A new department.

Maybelle Manning created this gown with moyen-age skirt of black chiffon and bodice in delicate frostlike coat-of-mail embroidery.

The fall waistline is absolutely natural—that is, resting on the hips, just at the out-curve below the normal waist. Fall colors are black, white, antique ivory, garnet red. Many evening gowns will show the classic Greek influence.

Here is Maybelle Manning herself! She is not only one of the best known style artists in Manhattan, but a charming figure in New York smart life: an indefatigable first-nighter during the season, chatelaine of an exquisitely appointed town house, and in summer a member of the smart colony at East Hampton. Truly qualified to advise the girls of America on their clothes problems!

BECAUSE SCREENLAND is America's smart cinema publication, numbering among its readers thousands of moderns who demand to be gowned on a par with the best that can be offered, I am inaugurating in this issue my Fashion News, which will bring to you each month the last word in current fashion trends as I find them on my frequent visits to the style capital of the world—beautiful and gay Paris.

This season, when the leaves are turning gold and the air carries the potency of many glasses of Chateau Yquem, is a season of romance, glamour, subtlety. It takes our minds back to the days of gay cavaliers and their ladies, to drooping feathers and heavy russet satins. And this is exactly where the danger lies! In our desire to conquer the charm of those romantic times, it may be that we become frumpy, over-dressed. That is the mistake that was made when we changed from the straight boyish styles to our present-day modes.

To be over-dressed is the cardinal sin of the present day. You can easily see how it is. When you are lunching at Pierre's or at the Crillon, or dining at the St. Regis or the Central Park Casino, or at any smart restaurant or hotel where the trend is all towards the simple grandeur of modernistic decorations, an over-dressed woman is as much out of place as a fluffy-ruffled telephone doll would be in the Parthenon at Athens.

Therefore, before you plan your autumn wardrobe, remember first of all that you need imagination, but that this imagination must be held in check, for *the simplest is always the best.* Never forget that! For clothes which will enable you to mix in any *metier* of society and yet to feel as well dressed as the best dressed woman there, you must depend largely on two things:

1. On beautiful materials, extraordinary only for their texture and fineness;
2. On having the cut of your dress, suit, coat or

by Maybelle Manning

EDITOR'S NOTE:

It is a privilege to announce Miss Maybelle Manning as Screenland's style advisor. Miss Manning will conduct a monthly department of fashion forecast and advice, of which this is the first article. One of America's foremost designers—young, lovely—Miss Manning presides personally over her modernistic salon in Manhattan, where she creates arrestingly original styles for debutantes, Broadway actresses, and screen stars. She herself is one of America's best-dressed women.

Scaaioni, Paris

Left, Miss Claire Luce wearing one of the lovely new evening gowns designed for the fall season—a Lucien Lelong creation of dark brown chiffon trimmed with ermine. Jewels, consisting of necklace and bracelet of rubies and diamonds and crystal and diamond breast-pin, are from Mauboussin, Paris. Not every girl can afford such treasures but the costume jewelry within the reach of all follows the trend of the precious-stone designs.

evening gown absolutely perfect. A misplaced godet will ruin any master designer's dream.

About the greatest need in early fall is the demand for a suit, or one, two, or three suits. Now the simple little tweed coat and skirt of the past summer will not answer. Something more intricate, more of the great world, is necessary. Besides, tweed is quietly on the wane, and cheviot and other such materials are taking its place.

A suit of three pieces which I designed is particularly appealing for the first brisk days. The coat is a box affair of orange cheviot. The dress is—can you imagine it—of brocade!

No, no, no—not the stiff old brocade of our grandmother's day. Don't you know there has been a tremendous textile revolution these last few months? The big textile men have been patiently studying the old costumes in museums all spring and summer, and experimenting until now they can manufacture a brocade, marvelous in color and texture, but as sheer as sheer satin. And it is this brocade which is positively the last word in place of the foulards which we used in the spring.

The dress, of flame-color shading to brown figured brocade, is distinguished by a Bateau neck. That is, a band, two inches in width, runs around the neck with incrustations of box pleats pointing into it. Every other pleat is cut out, showing the skin underneath, thus giving a pleasing and original effect.

Perhaps you will be interested (*Continued on page 120*)

"Casino," a Lanvin dinner frock of soot-black crepe. The intricate chou on the shoulder is made of minute hand-turned cords.

In modeling your clothes after the screen stars, you are safe in following Lilyan Tashman, Kay Francis, Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson, Ina Claire, Mary Pickford, Evelyn Brent, Ruth Chatterton, Bebe Daniels, and Claire Luce.

Ruth Roland plays on one of the one hundred and forty-five miniature golf courses that have sprung up in and around Los Angeles. The vogue of Mah Jong and the cross-word puzzle was mild compared to this new craze that has swept Hollywood and the whole country like a forest fire! It's a game that can be played in dear old California all the year 'round.

Hollywood goes

The miniature golf craze has swept the in Hollywood that some people think it's picture industry. Anyway, the

NEVER, since Mah Jong and the cross word puzzle swept our enthusiastic land, has anything excited us like this miniature golf craze. It has captured the whole country and swept Hollywood like a forest fire. Whether you call it Tom Thumb, Sportee, Pee Wee or what have you, it is all the same—the Pied Piper of Hollywood that lures children young and old through the magic of bright lights and promise of good fun. From banker to bricklayer, from studio executive to office boy, from star to extra—if you want to find any of them look on the golf course first. It might save you a lot of time.

The film colony has taken to this novel sport like ducks to water. A few months ago there wasn't one in the city. Not even on the Pacific coast, I was told. The first I saw was the Sportee, on Sunset Boulevard at La Brea. It had been a vacant lot which I passed every day. One night, last December, I saw that the vacant lot had blossomed. There were lights and cute little rocks and runways and hills and valleys and people chasing little golf balls all over them with clubs. It had sprung up, it seemed to me, overnight. And that is so typical of things as they are done in California that I laughed all the way home. "What next!" I thought. As a matter of fact, it takes three weeks to lay out a course—I just had not noticed what was going on in the daytime.

For a month or two there didn't seem to be an abnormal interest in them, then suddenly the dam burst and they went up like mushrooms all over. It was reported to me by two people who are interested in the business that there were about six hundred in the city and fifteen hundred under construction in and around Los Angeles. That seems to be an exaggeration, however, when compared with the city hall records which include one hundred and forty-five! And this is only one city. They are springing up all over.

Golf has taken precedence over every other theme of conversation at parties.

"Can you make the eighteenth hole in forty-five? You can't? You make it in less? Well, I'm willing to be shown." And that's good for two hours. No use interrupting—they wouldn't hear you.

"Sure, this thing is here to *stay!*" declared Robert Woolsey, impressively. "Why not? It's good healthy fun and just the thing to relax one before going to bed. I don't say all the little ones will hold out, the ones that are like A B C and made of poor felt—you have to give people something. The good ones that have difficult hazards and something to whet the appetite of a sporting nature will become more and more popular, I think."

Just then Bert Wheeler, Bob's partner in comedy, wilted into a chair, unhitched his prop collar and vest and twisted it to one side to give himself air. "Say, Bob, wouldn't a niblick and a mashie shot burn them up on one of those courses? Gee! What fun to think up new problems."

"I'm buying a half interest in one of them with my brother-in-law," Bob continued. "We're going to put

Dorothy Lee, Arthur Lake, and comedian Ned Sparks have a gay old time in their noon hour from the RKO Studio, having decided long since that a round or so of miniature golf was more important than lunch. The Hollywood players declare that, far from interfering with their jobs, the game is good healthy fun that peps them up for more work!

GOLF-CRAZY!

country. It's so popular a menace to the motion stars love it. Fore!

By Helen Ludlam

Irene Delroy, Warner Brothers star, is another enthusiast. The musical comedy star from Manhattan is in love with the outdoor life of Hollywood and Hollywood is very much in love with Irene.

in a good one, about an eight thousand dollar job, and have all the latest gadgets. We are looking around for a good location now. That's very important," he said, with the seriousness of an owl. And then he asked about climatic conditions during the California winters and whether it rained long enough to make an outdoor game impracticable as an investment. Bob wasn't a Californian until he came out here, but he is now!

Irene Delroy, Claudia Dell, Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and other Warner Brothers players, including workers in every department of the business, rush out at the lunch hour to see if they can 'get around.' Sometimes it means no lunch but "it sort of peps us up after so many hours on the stages. We feel we do better work, and can always send for a sandwich and orange juice," one of the girls told me.

Every studio seems to have its golf course. Not operated by the studio but built by some bright boy who figured trade would be good there. There are two across from Metro. It used to be when a person was being paged the order would be issued, "Look for them in the commissary." Now it reads, "Look for them in the commissary *and* on the golf course."

"It just seems to round the evening off right," said little Dorothy Lee. "You never feel like going to bed right away after you've been to a show or even if you have been working until eleven or twelve. You feel as though you wanted a breath of air. There used to be nothing else to do but take a drive or go to a restaurant. Now we go to the golf course *(Continued on page 124)*

HOW *about the* AUTHORS?

The screen audience knows Rex Beach from Coney Island, but does it care whether Shaw and other great dramatists transfer their plays to the screen? Read what a scenario expert has to say about it

By Gray Strider

WITH the possible exception of gloomy 'Gene O'Neill, certainly George Bernard Shaw is the most talked about dramatist of the present day, and the one whose work is awaited most expectantly by talkie audiences. "A very wise trader he is," too, according to Mr. Jacob Wilk, the magnetic and astute scenario boss of Warner Brothers, who has recently returned from a trip to London where he interviewed the great Irishman.

When I asked Mr. Wilk to tell me about his dealings with some of the great authors of the world, he answered: "Most moving picture fans don't know Rex Beach from Coney Island! The general public as a whole are not very much interested in the machinery of making pictures. All they care about is the finished art."

I couldn't agree with Mr. Wilk there, so I said: "I can't imagine anything more amusing, Mr. Wilk, than to see Shaw's 'Caesar and Cleopatra' made into a talkie. Do you think he will sell the rights? And, by the way, what does Mr. Shaw think of the talkies, anyway?"

This man whose tremendous job it is to sift all the contemporary stories, novels, and plays in the world for possible screen material, looked me sternly in the eye: "Understand me, young lady," he said, "I happened to be in London recently and Mr. Shaw was kind enough to give me a personal interview. We discussed various matters. But I am not free to tell you about them. Shaw talked to me in confidence and I respect it. I do not go to see a man who is a great world figure and then trade on his greatness, for publicity purposes."

"Well, then," I answered meekly, "talk to me a little, please, about conditions generally in your department."

"That I can do," he said agreeably. Then measuring each word most carefully, he began: "With the exception of Shaw, there isn't a single author in Europe who does not look forward to talking pictures as an output for his work. Even Mr. Shaw is perfectly willing to sell his plays to the screen producers but he will not do so unless the producer who buys them will agree to let him have the final O. K. on everything.

"Although right now it is impossible for Warner Brothers to do that, I can quite understand Mr. Shaw's viewpoint. It is this way. A person may have the best flour, eggs, milk and sugar—all the finest ingredients—and send them to a bakery. But he cannot be sure that the finished product—the bread or the cake—will be of the highest grade. It all depends upon the mixing and baking. And George Bernard Shaw intends to stand by while his dramatic pies are being made to be sure that nobody lets a fly drop in the seasoning.

"You can understand," Mr. Wilk continued, "why Warner Brothers can't give Mr. Shaw this O. K. even though it would be a magnificent screen experiment. For Warners are past the experimental stage. If we were stage producers it would be different. A stage producer can get together eight actors or so, a few back drops, a couple of chairs and a table and try out a play. If it doesn't go over, the most the producer will drop will be in the nature of a few thousand dollars. But when a movie producer starts experimenting on Mr. Shaw's code—well, it's as costly as washing a herd of elephants with attar of roses. It's just not sensible at this stage of the game, for it will cost any film producer at least two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a respectable production—a production worthy of Shaw's

Jacob Wilk, scenario chief for Warner Brothers, discusses the problems confronting picture producers in giving the public what it wants

genius. And nobody knows how the public will receive it!

"I, myself, have the highest regard for Mr. Shaw's directorial and production abilities. He and Franz Molnar, of Hungary, not only write but produce and direct their own plays. Shaw is a superb director. He has that rare ability, not only to know what an actor should do, *but* he knows *how* to tell the actor *how* to do it."

"But wouldn't it be fine," I started harping again, "if we could have 'Caesar and Cleopatra' on the screen? I think people would eat it up."

"I am not sure about that," Wilk replied, guardedly. "It's unbelievable the way people react to pictures. Most of them wouldn't give a cent for the fact that George Bernard Shaw was the author of a talker unless they liked the finished product. And how to tell what they will like!

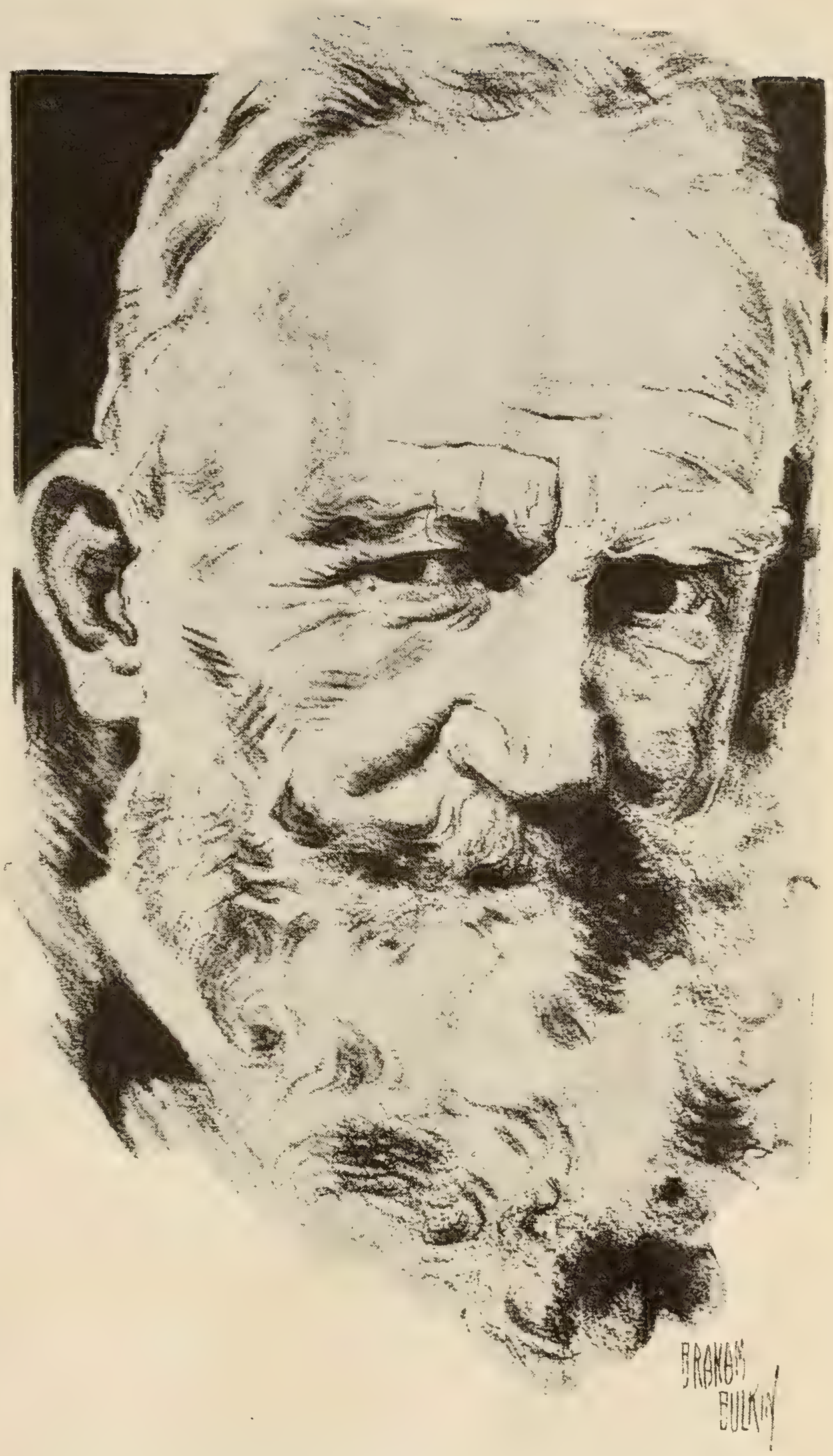
"We may see a picture in the projection room and think it is the last word. The public does not care for it. And what we think tripe at a pre-showing, may turn out to be a winner. It is not possible to gauge what the public reaction will be in Keokuk, Iowa, or Palmer, Mississippi. It is the most difficult and exhausting of jobs."

"Has Shaw any antipathy towards talking pictures?" I asked Mr. Wilk.

"Quite the contrary. He is much interested in them. When I interviewed him at his London Apartment in Whitehall Court which faces the Thames near Westminster Abbey, Shaw said: 'I think talking pictures are closer to the theater than any films have ever been before.'

"Another reason for Shaw's friendliness towards the screen as it now is is because of the fact that George Arliss is one of his closest friends. He admired Arliss very much in his picture, 'Disraeli,' and at present Arliss is trying to persuade the great dramatist to write a play for him, taking the life of Voltaire as the hero. In this connection, I have recently sent Shaw a working manuscript of our version (the film version) of 'Disraeli' to let him read it and see how the picture script varies from the play. I look forward with much interest to his reaction.

"Shaw is more active mentally," Mr. Wilk went on, "than most people of thirty. And his figure is one that any woman would envy —so slight and graceful. Perhaps this may be due to the fact that he is a vegetarian.



Shaw—outstanding playwright of his time, is perfectly willing to sell his plays to the screen producers but he will not do so unless the producer who buys them will agree to let him have the final O.K. on everything!

He knows a great deal about the business end of making pictures as I could judge from the canny observations he made. He is not concerned with art or literature; he is directly concerned with what people want to read about. He is a very wise merchandiser. So much so that I personally should not hesitate at all to have him manage my affairs. And with all his shrewdness, I know of nobody who is actually getting so much out of life as this man who is swayed by no opinion but his own. He has more enjoyment at sixty-odd than most of us ever have at twenty.

"When I went to visit him, I had no hope of making a business deal. I have no hope now. And even if we should acquire those rights, nobody could tell what the outcome would be from the general public—where the final verdict of success or failure always lies. But this much I do know—if we should buy one or more of these internationally loved works, they would be given cast, settings, direction—everything humanly possible to make the finished product equal the master ingredients which were poured in."

It is rather funny to me when I think of these two great Gods of Modern Amusement—Shaw, chuckling on his Shavian heights at one side of the world, and Mr. Movie Producer, sitting in his California fortress on the other side of the globe, arguing, dickering, checking and counter-checking each other on the important point of whether George Bernard Shaw shall have the final say on the film production of his own works. However, I feel pretty sure if enough bank notes float over the waves from west to east, pages of manuscript will begin to float over the big pool from east to west. And that pretty soon we shall see and hear Cleopatra, the It Girl of the Nile, laughing and loving on our own talking screen!

Here's Hollywood—an airplane view of Cinema City, looking north from Paramount Studio—the long low buildings in lower center. The RKO, Columbia, Warner Brothers, and First National Studios are also in this picture.

Benjamin De Casseres is one of the most eminent authors in America. His criticisms, delivered in pungent style, are featured in some of our best magazines—ahem! He is frank and fearless—especially when he announces in a screen magazine, as he does here, that he has no use for Hollywood. You may not agree with him but you won't want to miss the fun!

©
SPENCE

Arnold Genthe

Why I Don't Like Hollywood

Our erudite author tells just why he wouldn't 'go Hollywood'

By Benjamin De Casseres

"I WILL never go to Hollywood," I said to my wife. "You will never live to see me out there! I do not care who invites me, how fat the offer is and whether they transport me on a special train with an observation car, a Roman swimming pool and the whole Philharmonic Orchestra. I will not leave New York—and that's that!"

But what a poor boob is man! He yowls, he snorts, he bawls that he will not do this or that while old John Q. Destiny is fixing up in his back room behind the stars somewhere just what Poor Boob will do or will not do.

And, literally, I was fighting Destiny, or Fate, when I announced that Hollywood would never see me. For just one year before I went there a friend of mine who lives in Michigan and who is the only real prophet and seer I have ever met wrote to me:

"Next January I will meet you under the California palms, Benjamin."

This made me uneasy, for this man had never failed in his prophecies as to me in the four years that I had known him. And I had never seen him and had never been further West than the Palisades.

The year wheezed along uneventfully until October.

"Ya-ha!" I yelped with delight. "This time Ike the Psych is going to flop! Hoop-la! I shall die without seeing Hollywood! Shout abracadabra!—I will never go to the place where Hooey is King and Blah is Queen and dine in the Montmartre with their little Crown Prince, Itsa Wow."

But the engines of slaughter were at work on both fronts—psychical and physical. It had been written in the first atom—in fact, in Papa Atom and in Mamma Molecule—that I had to go to Hollywood.

In the early part of October I received a 'phone message to come to see a man of whom I had never heard—a treasurer and multi-in-law to a famous and almost first-class picture concern. I went to his office and was shown a telegram signed by the Hollywood general manager of the concern's studio, a man whom I had seen but twice, and then only socially. The substance of the telegram was to tie me up in a six months' contract at a certain sum and shoot me West right away.

"Nothing doing!" I said to the treasurer. "I will never go to Hollywood—I hate the very word!"

He looked over his glasses (*Continued on page 119*)

The charming lady in the oval, below, is Bio—Mrs. Benjamin—De Casseres. She disagrees with her distinguished husband on this Hollywood question and puts up a good fight. Far be it from us to interfere in a nice, private family quarrel, but we can't help taking sides; and we think that in this case Mrs. De Casseres presents convincing arguments for her case and—but perhaps it would be better to let you readers be the judges!

And here's Hollywood by night—the first night of a new motion picture, which happens to be "Hell's Angels" at Grauman's Chinese Theater. The crowds are waiting for their favorite stars to arrive.

Why I Like Hollywood

His wife doesn't agree with him—and gives good reasons!

By

Bio De Casseres

NOW, this is the question pitched at you should you ever casually make the remark that you had just returned from southern California:

"Do you like Hollywood better than you do New York?"

To me this is like asking, "Do you like sauerkraut better than you do sponge cake?"

There is no likeness between Hollywood and New York. Instead, there is a very deep, fundamental unlikeness. New York is masculine. Hollywood is feminine. New York is like a raging bull that will gore you to death if you are not a trained bull-thrower. Hollywood is a contented cow using her seven stomachs to much avail in digesting and re-digesting all the literary fodder that comes its way. New York has its Chrysler Tower. Hollywood has the Hollywood Bowl. New York is a super-boss. Hollywood is the great mother, nurturing this newest of the arts—Motion Pictures—happily, watchfully, like a mother holds a babe to the breast.

There have been quite a few caterwaulings lately panning Hollywood, and all of these have been written by New Yorkers. I smile as I read them, for I read between the lines and see the age-old cat-and-dog row on the back lots.

In regard to Hollywood, every sock is a love-tap.

I do not belong to the goggle-eyed group that have a stop-over in Hollywood for a few days and spend all that time hunting out the motion picture stars. Nor do I belong to the exclusives who commute from New York to Hollywood and count every moment lost that they spend beyond the Grand Canyon.

Off and on for many years I have lived there. I have had a charming bungalow with window boxes for mignonette and pansies and nasturtiums. I have had a princely poinsettia flagrantly proclaiming itself near the corner of the house. I have had my porch completely covered with a honeysuckle vine, and while breathing its distilled fragrance caught the zither-like music of a humming bird. I have planted a seed at night and watched it come up in the morning. I have had two big-eyed, downy rabbits, and in six months I had run out of names for all the little rabbits that were poured out of the Big Hat of the universe.

These things are symbolic of Hollywood: Beauty, growth and plenty. Besides, (*Continued on page 117*)

ALICE WHITE'S

"Sweet Mama" displaying the first prize enameled costume bag. It is of pastel coloring with rose predominating. It's yours if you write the best letter answering Miss White's question.

Alice White with the second prize mesh bag. It is carried out in orchid shades with orchid satin lining and contains a hand mirror. Very pretty.

Two beautiful bags—first and second prize in Alice's gift contest! Write the best letters and win the bags. The more expensive bag will be sent to the writer of the best letter. The other bag—really as lovely in every way, though not quite so elaborate—will go to the writer of the next best letter. Consider Alice's question. Sharpen your wits, fill your fountain pens, gather 'round, get busy!

The question: would you rather see Alice White as a song-and-dance girl, as she was in "Show Girl in Hollywood" and "Sweet Mama," two of her First National successes; or in more dramatic rôles such as she plays in "Naughty Flirt" and "The Widow from Chicago?" Alice can play whoopee girls or demure young things or serious rôles with equal success; but she is interested in your reaction to her interpretations of these

ADDRESS:—ALICE WHITE
SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
45 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes October 10, 1930

Gift Offering

Ultra-modern Alice White and the latest innovation in mesh bags which she offers to you for your sincere advice. Beauty and the bag!

Fairy Godmother Alice White presents her public with two Costume Bags for the two best letters answering her question. Get busy! This is *your* contest

Attractive girl—attractive bag. Another view of the second prize costume bag and another view of Alice White. What could be more inspiring?

varied rôles and wants your advice and suggestions. Make up your mind and then write your letter. The two best letters win the prizes. By best letter is meant the sincerest and clearest.

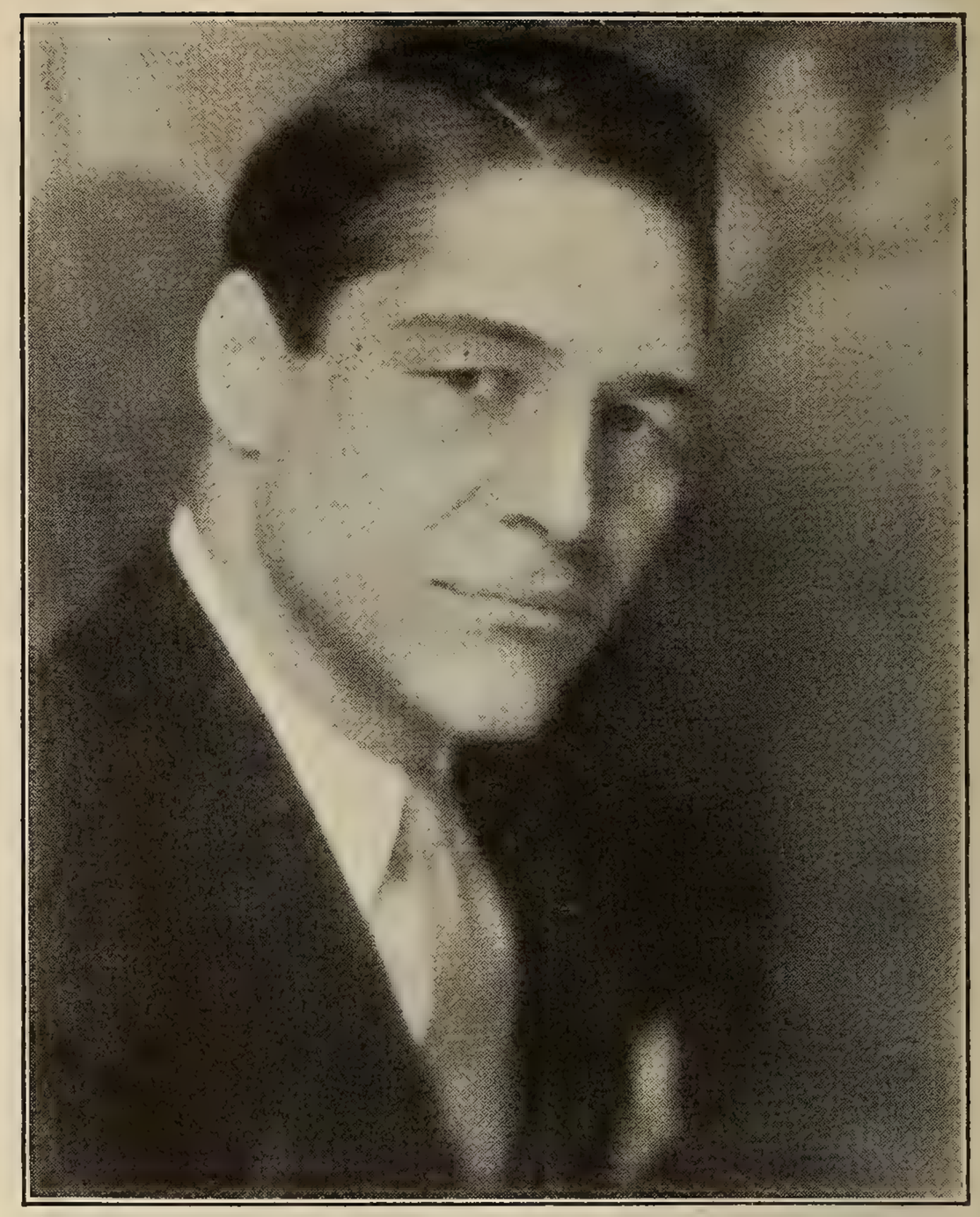
The bags—you'll want to know all about them. It's difficult to describe them because of their beautiful pastel colors. They are Whiting and Davis Costume Bags. The most expensive and lovely is the first prize winner; the second, scarcely less beautiful. The first prize winner is developed in rose color, with rose enamel frame and a beautiful flower design in rose, beige, and blue, with beautiful fringe of the same coloring. The second prize mesh bag is carried out in orchid shades with a gold-plated (burnished) frame with a Roman ornamental design. The background is gray with violet flowered design and green leaves and has an orchid satin lining. Both bags are equipped with little mirrors. The last word in modern mesh bags. From Alice White to you!

Long Lance, Chief of Heart-Breakers

The Indian hero of "The Silent Enemy" looks like a new outdoor idol. He's a social lion in Manhattan. Read about him!

By

Rosa Reilly



Chief Long Lance—he has been a circus performer, cowboy, football player, light heavyweight champion of the Canadian Army, West Point cadet, war hero, archaeologist, newspaper man, and screen actor!

BACK in the early sixteen hundreds, the Dutch bought the Island of Manhattan from the Indians for a peck of beads, six hatchets, and a handful of wampum. History speaks of it as the "Dutch Settlement" of Manhattan. They settled for about $15.32 cash—and Lo, the Poor Indian, never had a chance.

To-day, Manhattan is flinging its jewels, its ermine, and its latchkeys at the feet of a Chief of the Blood Indians. Step up and say "How" to the new screen idol, the new red-skinned Romeo who is paying back the Dutch for the shabby trick they played on his copper-colored ancestors. Meet Long Lance, one of the last of the Vanishing Americans, who appeared before the movie public for the first time when he played the leading rôle in "The Silent Enemy," the distinguished film made by the young millionaire sportsman, William Douglas Burden, of New York.

Ever since the picture was released, Long Lance, one of the few real one hundred per cent Americans, has had New York right in his pocket. Everybody likes him—women and men alike—and that's no mean feat for a movie hero. His telephone at the Explorers' Club never stops ringing. If he's not lunching with Fannie Hurst, he's motoring with Irvin Cobb, or dining with Peter B. Kyne, or taking in a night club with the Duke of Alba, or sitting for his portrait to the Princess Alexander Victoria. And with it all, Long Lance is as unspoiled as a spotted calf.

There are many reasons for this man's popularity. First of all, he's handsome, in a strong, clean-cut way. He looks like a Victor McLaglen carved out in bronze. Tall, barrel-chested, thin-hipped, with hands strong enough to strangle a bear.

In addition to the Chief's physical qualifications, he has been a circus performer, cowboy, football player, light heavyweight champion of the Canadian Army, West Point cadet, war hero, archaeologist, newspaper man, author, and screen actor.

In "The Silent Enemy," the authentic and entertaining record of the life of the north Canadian Indians produced by W. D. Burden, Long Lance has the leading role— his first appearance before the picture cameras.

Thirty-four years ago, Long Lance was born out in the Cottonwoods of Montana, in the neighborhood of Sweetgrass, seeing the light of day for the first time from a tepee. He was just one more of a vast number of Indians who were gradually being shunted north from Montana, by an encroaching civilization, to wherever they could find a spot for their tents and a few blades of grass for their dwindling slab-sided cattle—this

Left, a portrait of Long Lance, one of the last of the Vanishing Americans, painted by Brinjulf Strandenaeis. Long Lance is a Chief of the Blood Indians, and the red-skin star of "The Silent Enemy."

Below: Long Lance the man about town! A portrait by the Princess Alexander Victoria, niece of the former Kaiserin of Germany. Long Lance is the friend of Fannie Hurst, Irvin Cobb and other literary lights of Manhattan. He's in demand!

being before the government had set aside reservations for their protection.

When this child was seven years old, he joined Buffalo Bill's circus. And he might still be in the sawdust ring, if a wall-eyed pinto pony hadn't rolled on him. That—and a bartender up in Laramie, Wyoming—changed the course of his life.

The circus was in Gainesville, Mississippi, when the horse rolled on the little Indian—Gainesville, a tiny, lovely town, fronting on the Gulf, where magnolia blossoms filled the air with soft perfume, and where long Spanish moss trailed from nearly every slow-stirring limb of every ancient tree.

The boy was badly hurt—his right arm broken, his right leg crushed. The circus had little accommodation to look after him properly. So the mayor of the town, Colonel John Alexander Aspinwall, offered to care for the boy in his home.

The neglected little Indian had never been in a house before. And what a house—with its shining rosewood furniture, its wide, curving, white mahogany-trimmed stairways, its beautiful old silver. The master of the house wore white linen trousers and a black broadcloth coat. The women wore long dresses of satin. And even the little girls had pinafores of silk.

From that moment, the boy decided he would never rest until he had a house like that for his own. And clothes like the Colonel's to cover his thin little body. But when he said goodbye to the Colonel, well and sound, to rejoin the circus, he had to cover many square miles of territory and fight many battles both with guns and fists before he achieved his wish.

As he grew older, Long Lance left the circus and started punching cattle. "Twenty dollars a month and buying my own tobacco wasn't getting me anywhere," Long Lance explained, "but I didn't know what to do about it.

"One night in Laramie, Wyoming, I was fooling around a bar-room. I must have stuck there a long time when finally the bartender dried his hands on a towel and said to me: 'Kid, you're too young to be hanging around this joint. Why don't you go to the Carlisle Indian School?'

"That made me laugh—the idea of my going to school. 'Why, I can't even read,' I told that bartender. 'They won't let me in.'

"He grunted. 'You can learn, can't you?'

"I did learn. The only way I knew how. Whenever I saw a newspaper—it might only be a torn piece lying in a muddy road—I would pick it up and try to figure out what the letters were. Then, as I commenced to be able to string the letters together, I got a dictionary. Soon I was able to read (*Continued on page 113*)

Billie Dove at breakfast. Billie believes that wholesome food is necessary to health and beauty. — Bran as a breakfast dish is an appetizing and healthful addition to the daily menu.

Health *and* Beauty

Healthful ways to the slim, graceful figure every woman longs to attain

By
Anne Van Alstyne

I HOPE I am writing this article for the kind of people who always feel, as I do, a sort of rebirth or beginning again in the fall; those people for whom the season has nothing of melancholy in it, to whom autumn means that the lovely leisure of summer is over and now has come a time of bright energy, a sense of fitness and purpose, a renewal of all one's high resolves.

It's trite but true that every season has its problems. And no matter what anyone says, it takes a lot of time and thought and energy to be beautiful. But then, it takes that to accomplish anything worth-while, doesn't it? And beauty is worth-while, we're all agreed on that. When I say beauty, I don't mean that you can all be breathtakingly lovely, but you can have the beauty of daintiness that grooming gives and a personality charming enough to give you the sense of well-being which makes you interesting and pleasing to other people. And that's what you want, isn't it?

Scores of girls write to me bewailing lack of popularity. 'Boys don't care for them;' or they can't 'hold' the boy they like best; or they're not popular at parties. What to do, how to make themselves more attractive, how to achieve a personality that will make them more popular, they want to know. Each of these letters, of course, has its individual problem and is answered personally. Here, I can only advise and suggest in a general way. But I repeat the statement I just made. *You can have the beauty of daintiness that grooming gives, and a personality charming enough to give you the sense of well-being which makes you interesting and pleasing to other people.*

And now, it's autumn. Time to think of the good times and the busy times ahead. Time to be glowingly alive and fit, to start the season with a rhythm that you are going to keep all through the winter.

Figures—what about them? Have you taken advantage of the marvelous opportunities offered for outdoor exercise? Have you kept the blood moving and the circulation from becoming sluggish? Is your body more lithe, graceful and supple than it was at the beginning of summer? Or are you among the number who be-

Screenland's Health and Beauty Diet is yours for the asking. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Miss Van Alstyne, in care of this magazine.

lieve that summer is the time to get all the rest possible, eating, meanwhile, indiscreetly and too well of rich, unseasonable foods? If so, then no doubt your complexion as well as your figure has suffered.

Many letters come to me about reducing. Letters from young girls as well as from older women. Sometimes it is a distribution of fat in unwanted places. In other cases, it is simply overweight. In either case, unless there is an extreme overabundance of fat due, perhaps, to some organic trouble, this condition may be corrected by diet and exercise.

An excessive amount of fat on the body is not normal. Such cases need expert diagnosis and treatment. But when unnecessary weight is taken on because of wrong diet and too much inactivity, the cure is obvious.

First, be sure that you are really overweight. In your zeal for slenderness remember that curves are now admissible, that the flat, boyish figure is 'out' and that your correct weight is computed according to your age and height. One girl wrote to me: "I am twenty years old, five feet, four inches, and I weigh one hundred and twenty-two pounds. How can I reduce five pounds?"—when, as a matter of fact, she was four pounds underweight!

If you want to avoid Mr. Overweight, scorn all advances, no matter how alluring. "A box of nut chocolates, an easy chair and thou," he sings softly. "Caramel sundaes, gooey salads, and lots of nice French pastry," he whispers in your receptive ear. But don't listen. These are among the things you must avoid if you are inclined to overweight. Curves are admissible if they're in the right place and not too prominent, but waistlines must be preserved. Avoid temptation. Remember that if you give in an inch you may lose the whole waistline—and you need it if you are to wear the new frocks successfully.

Now there is no particular formula for producing beauty, but one essential ingredient must enter into its foundation if it is to be real and lasting. That ingredient is health. And health means, according to the dictionary, 'absence of disease.'

It is only within a short time that the close relation between bodily ailments and eating has been appreciated. Now, specialists all over the world are beginning to realize that these ailments are not caused exclusively by germs which can be isolated and killed. They know that improper eating is behind a great many of these ailments and that they can be controlled or cured by correcting the diet.

Not only that, food specialists and manufacturers of food are realizing this fact and are endeavoring to incorporate into their products their most nutritive elements and in forms that help to lay a strong and lasting foundation for physical and mental growth.

We find then, how close-

(*Continued on page 106*)

Ruth Roland demonstrates the value of bending exercises for slenderizing the hips and improving the waistline.

Loretta Young has the beauty of daintiness that grooming gives; all the svelte loveliness that comes from right diet, fresh air and exercise.

Ruth Roland practises deep breathing to keep the blood well circulated.

MAUREEN *from* DUBLIN

Meet Miss O'Sullivan. Will she be another Janet Gaynor?

By Betty Boone

AN Irish flapper in Hollywood, this Maureen O'Sullivan from Dublin! I wondered about it. What does an Irish flapper in Hollywood do—like—say? I wanted to find out.

We walked along the gravel path, Maureen and I.

"See a pin, pick it up," murmured Maureen stooping for the pin buried in the thick dust.

"And all day you'll have good luck," I added, feeling pretty smart.

An Irish flapper in Hollywood—Maureen O'Sullivan. Did you see her in "Song o' My Heart" and "So This is London?"

"See a pin, let it lie, and bad luck will follow you until you die," finished Maureen, fastening the pin in her jacket.

"You're superstitious," I accused her.

She admitted it. Perhaps this luck of the Irish has something to do with their superstition. She makes you think of a merry little elf, but with a very nice dignity, you understand. A charming little piece if there ever was one. "I'll bet you believe in leprechauns and things," I told her.

"Not now," she scoffed, being, of course, a vastly grown-up young lady of eighteen with a house of her own and a Ford car that she drives at great speed here and there about the country side. "But I did until I was about twelve," (oh, such a long, long time ago!). "All Irish children believe in the 'little people,' as we call them."

I shook my head sadly. "Hardly like American children."

Maureen was indignant. "I think it's terrible not to believe in folk tales and elves and Santa Claus when you are children. Why, I used to pore over books of Irish fairy tales. I adored them. And do you know," she stopped eating toast, for this was noon and we were lunching now, except that this was breakfast for Maureen—that's how far she's progressed in Hollywood.

"Do you know," she eyed me severely, "if I had children, I mean when I *do* have children, I shall bring them up in complete innocence, unworldly, and they shall believe implicitly in gnomes and elves and yes, in Santa Claus," she finished triumphantly. "And then when they are twelve or so I shall tell them all."

"Not *all!*" I gasped. I was impressed. I queried timidly if the sudden disillusionment might not be hard on the poor dears.

"It all happened to *me* like that," insisted Maureen. "I had always believed in Santa Claus and used to get so excited at Christmas. Until one year when I was twelve, Nanny, that was our nurse, was trying to get us to bed, but we just wouldn't quiet down. So mother came in and said, 'Hurry up, children. Your father wants to go to bed. You're keeping him up all night. He can't fill the stockings until you get to sleep.' Then I knew."

Tch, tch! Imagine! Maureen glanced out of the corner of those merry Irish eyes. Was dear old Santa being kidded?

"Tell me about (*Continued on page 123*)

Paramount Pictures

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

RICHARD ARLEN *in* "THE LAW RIDES WEST"

The MOLDED MODE

All photographs by courtesy of Van Raalte.

Above, left, Catherine Moylan, ex-Follies girl, exhibiting the form-fitting lingerie which will be worn beneath the new frocks. Catherine wears a black singlette in all-over lace held in place with garter attachments.

Above, right, another view of Catherine's singlette, which solves the undie problems of the backless evening gowns. This undergarment provides the correct foundation, molding without marring the suppleness and grace of the natural figure.

Right: like all Follies girls, Miss Moylan can wear clothes beautifully. Her gown is of black satin and chiffon. Intricate designs of satin form a slender yoke at the hips, and the chiffon gives a soft flounced skirt.

The new fashions demand form-fitting lingerie

Below, Dorothy McNulty displays a correctly tailored singlette in glove silk, flesh pink and daintily lace-trimmed, with no bones or elastic. It forms a natural all-in-one foundation garment for every gown.

Above: ex-flapper, or the new model femme! Doesn't Dorothy look dignified in the new sweeping - the - floor white evening gown? Dorothy looks entirely different here from the frisky flapper she plays in "Good News."

Hal Phyfe

LUANA ALCANIZ, a lovely Spanish dancer, singer, and actress, makes her screen debut in Victor McLaglen's latest picture, "Sez You, Sez Me!" Looking at Luana Alcaniz all we can say is "Si, si, Senorita!"

Hal Phyfe

MOVIETONE is grabbing off the promising new talent. The latest discovery is Louise Huntington of the stage, who makes her bow in John Ford's picture of prison life called, appropriately enough, "Up the River."

The profile above belongs to Jane Keith, who makesher Movietone debut with Milton Sills in "The Sea Wolf."

Above: Marion Shilling who played with William Powell in "Shadow of the Law," is a charming ingenue.

In the oval is Marlene Dietrich, heralded as "the German Garbo," whose first Hollywood film is "Morocco," with Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou.

Right, Michael Bartlett, who brings a grand opera voice and husky he-manliness to his rôle in "The Heart Breaker," for Fox.

NEW FACES—WITH VOICES!

Frances Dee, above, is the lucky young lady chosen to play opposite Chevalier in "The Playboy of Paris."

Dolores Del Rio's double? No, but Rosita Moreno is another Latin beauty who'll be seen in "The Law Rides West."

Ona Munson, in the oval, came from the New York musical stage to play the heroine in "Going Wild." You'll like Ona.

Left: Bruce Rogers, younger brother of Charles Buddy Rogers, whom you'll be seeing soon in Paramount pictures.

STARS OF TOMORROW?

Betty Compton, in the oval, has been signed to step and sing for Warner Brothers' Vitaphones. Snappy!

Jack Whiting debuts in "Top Speed." He's Doug Fairbanks Jr.'s step-father! Jack is a likeable juvenile.

Above, Roberta Robinson, who will warble and look winsome in Radio Pictures. Left, Irene Dunne, lovely heroine of "Leather-necking." Like her?

MORE NEW

She makes her bow in Buddy Rogers' new song-and-dance film, "Heads Up"—a pretty blonde named Margaret Breen.

Charles Starrett, former Dartmouth athlete and stage leading man, will be seen soon in "The Best People."

Above, Evelyn Knapp, from the New York stage, plays the leading rôle in Warners' "Penny Arcade." Rose Hobart, right, ingenues for Movietone.

FACES

Clarence Sinclair Bull

HERE'S a brand-new view of Marion Davies. She isn't high-hatting us—the camera artist caught a glimpse of her pretty profile and told her about it and it turned her head! Thanks, Marion, for a charming picture.

Lansing. Brown

ESTELLE TAYLOR makes a thrilling debut in talkers in Charlie Farrell's film version of "Liliom." Now she is playing *Dixie Lee* in "Cimarron" with Richard Dix, with lots of lure and all the Taylor talent.

Hurrell

"GOOD NEWS!" Mary Lawlor helped to make it a musical comedy success on Broadway and she also lends her vocal and optical charms to the screen version. And you may see her with Richard Dix in "Shooting Straight."

Clarence Sinclair Bull

A LITTLE Southern girl who is making good in the movies—Dorothy Jordan. You-all found her charming in "Devil May Care" and you'll like her more and more in "Love in the Rut" and "Dark Star," see if you don't!

Richee

CLARA BOW had better be a good little girl or Paramount may put Mitzi Green in her pictures to steal all the scenes. Clara brings her old-time zest to her new rôle in her latest picture, "Her Wedding Night," now being filmed.

Hurrell

ROBERT MONTGOMERY is an actor first, an idol afterward. He has demonstrated his versatility in a wide variety of rôles and he will never be satisfied to smile his way through his films. His latest is "Love in the Rut."

THE latest Harold Lloyd comedy is always something to cheer about. The spectacled comedian's new howlie is "Feet First," with pretty little Barbara Kent, pictured here, as a very special 'extra added attraction.'

MISS MIDGET

A close-up of the little girl—Dorothy Lee to you—who's known to most of Hollywood as Midge

By Richard Ray

You saw her with Bert Wheeler in "Rio Rita" and "The Cuckoos." Her latest is "Dixiana," for which she's all dressed up, above

I HAD looked forward to interviewing Dorothy Lee. Ah—a quiet two hours in a tranquil tea-room tete a tete, I asking questions, she answering them with a dreamy look in those big brown eyes. As a matter of fact:

"I hate tea rooms," said Dorothy Lee. "Besides, I had a late breakfast and I'm not hungry. Do you play golf?"

From that moment until, tired and footsore, I arrived home, I chased Midge—(her nickname, derived from Midget, for Dorothy is a tiny parcel!)—all over Southern California.

The route included eighteen holes of golf at the Lakeside Club, two sets of tennis at the Los Angeles Tennis Club, a swim at the beach, where Miss Lee has a summer home, and several sets of ping pong in the game room of her house. At the end of the session, I was hoping an ambulance would pass and rush me to my home and bed. *She* was ready to visit the beach and take in the pleasure rides and side-shows there.

Never in one girl have I seen so much animation and pep. She is the exception that proves the rule that small girls are not athletic. Barely five feet high and weighing less than one hundred pounds, Dorothy is one of the screen's best all-around feminine athletes. Perhaps she is *the* best. I know of no one who can beat her at tennis. There are few who can better her golf game. At swimming she holds her own with every film actress who goes in for that sport. She is equally proficient at horseback riding.

As a matter of record, she earned her nickname—Midget—when she played lacrosse on the championship team when she attended school in Los Angeles. Other girls on the team weighed twenty-five or thirty pounds more than Dorothy but she was the outstanding star of the lacrosse season.

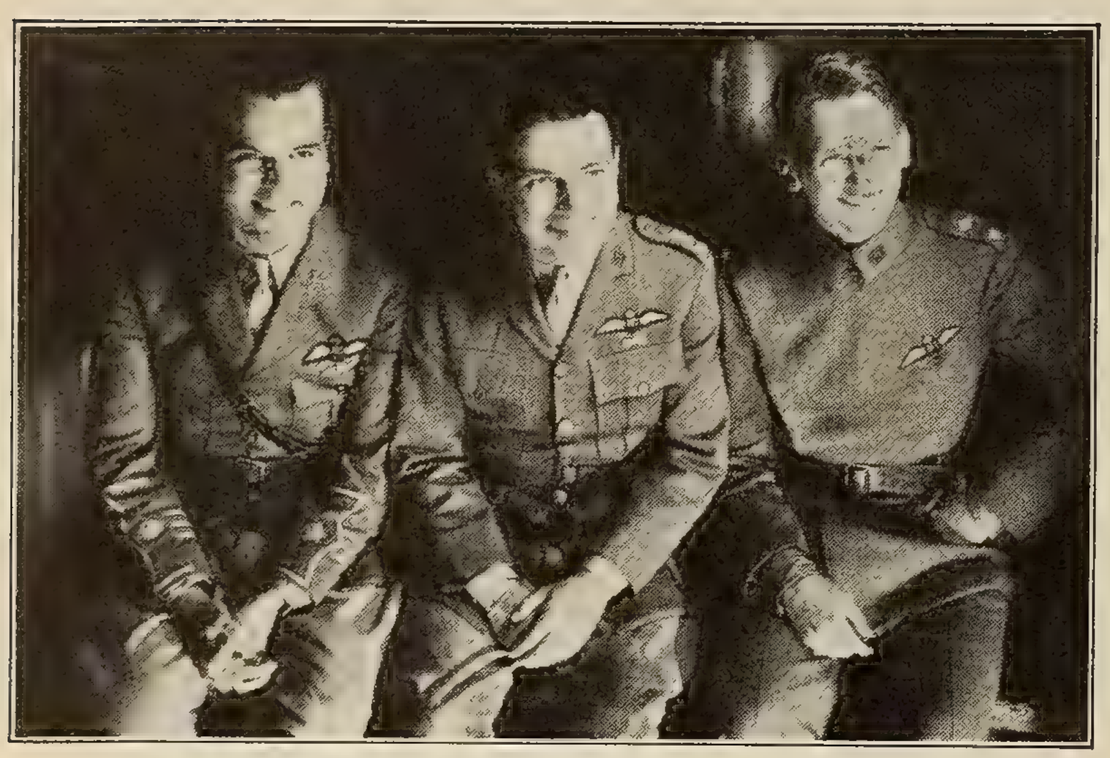
Dorothy is a Los Angeles girl—one who had to leave her home city to become successful. For more than a year she haunted the studios in search of work but with no good luck. At each casting office the reply was the same: "No work today." Undaunted, she turned to the stage and was an instantaneous hit in prologues in and around Los Angeles. An eastern producer saw her and signed her for the leading feminine rôle in "Hello Yourself." The play had a long run in New York and on the road.

When RKO studio officials were casting "Syncopation," Miss Lee was among those tested. She photographed well, danced and sang well, and had a plentiful supply of personality. Result: she won the part over almost three score others who were after it. This led to "Rio Rita" which in turn culminated in a long-term contract. It is a fact that Miss Lee's salary is more than ten times what she asked when she first visited the studios in search of work two years ago.

Dorothy is a bundle of nerves. She is a tomboy and yet she is entirely feminine. She can sit on the *back* of an overstuffed chair with all (*Continued on page 127*)

Reviews of the

By Delight Evans



Neil Hamilton, Barthelmess, and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. in "The Dawn Patrol," ace of war pictures.

The Dawn Patrol

HERE'S the ace of all war pictures. A spectacular circus of the air, it records the adventures of a gallant squadron of the Royal Flying Corps. And somehow, it is a glamourous show. There's more of the romance and the high courage than the brutality of war about it. It's the "Journey's End" of the air. You watch these fine lads flying off to keep their rendezvous with death in the clouds. You wait behind with the squadron commander as he listens for the returning planes and wonders who'll come back—this time. And then you soar with the bravest of them all over the enemy lines on a mission of death and destruction—and after all the excitement is over you come back to earth, and find yourself applauding a grand picture. Richard Barthelmess does it again! His latest performance is also his best. And look at this competition—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Neil Hamilton, both splendid. Howard Hawks has directed the best air scenes screened so far. Bravos for everybody!

Lon Chaney with Harry Earles and Ivan Linow in "The Unholy Three," Lon's first talker.

The Unholy Three

CHANEY TALKS! And you'll talk, too, about Lon's first audible offering. The screen's great character actor took no chances with his first talker. He used not one voice, but three; he plays not only his familiar crook character, but an old lady. He's the same Lon Chaney with the added interest of a repertoire of voices to match his faces. In "The Unholy Three" he has for a vehicle one of the most fascinating stories ever filmed. You may remember the silent screen version. When you see the talker you'll wonder how the original could have been made without sound. The macabre tale of the three crooks—*Echo*, the ventriloquist; *Hercules*, the strong man; and *Midget*, the meanest of them all—has become a classic of the screen. It has horror, humor, romance. Lila Lee as the girl is sensational not only pictorially but dramatically. This girl is lovely dynamite.

William Powell, the star, with Kay Francis and William Davidson in "For the Defense." Splendid.

For the Defense

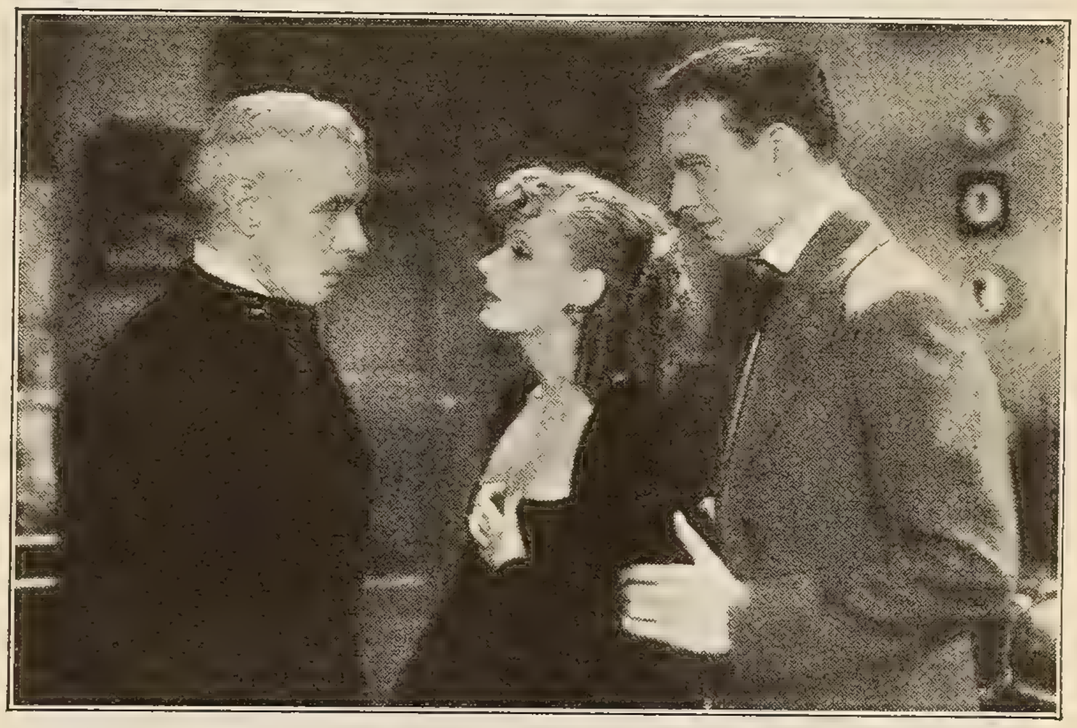
FOR real, unvarnished, engrossing entertainment, take me to a William Powell picture. You saw "Street of Chance?" Then don't miss "For the Defense." The same star, the same director—John Cromwell—the same superb and nonchalant touch, truly this Powell series of polished crime plays is providing us with authentic and intelligent amusement. In "For the Defense" it's not the 'plot', it's the mood, and the characterization. Powell plays *Bill Foster*, brilliant criminal lawyer and gay boy of Manhattan, who confounds the bar association and the district attorney, performs pranks in the court-room, shines in speak-easies, and finally commits an act of gallantry that sends him to Sing Sing—still smiling. It's a rich rôle and Powell plays it to the hilt. Kay Francis, as his sweetheart, is handsomer than ever—the one believable siren on the screen today. Mr. Powell and Miss Francis, in fact, are foremost representatives of the new order of things in Hollywood.

Best Pictures

Screenland's Critic Selects The Six Most Important Films of the Month

Romance

YOU have never seen a lovelier figure on stage or screen than Greta Garbo presents in "Romance." She is breath-takingly beautiful in the enchanting costumes of 1850, the period in which this Edward Sheldon play is laid. Garbo in "Anna Christie" was vivid and arresting. Garbo in "Romance" is all sweet seductiveness, allure, and tenderness. If she is never quite the imperious *Cavallini*, operatic toast of her day, with New York at her feet; if she is always Garbo, the fascinating Nordic sweeping about the sets of a more mellow day in costumes that obviously delight her soul—who'll complain? Pictorially, she is a revelation. And in some moments she is the consummate actress of her silent pictures. Clarence Brown, a fine realistic director, is not at home here. He is too literal, and his love scenes lack the spark. Lewis Stone and Gavin Gordon are just—support. "Romance" is all Garbo. And Garbo is all romance to most people.



Greta Garbo is supported by Lewis Stone and Gavin Gordon in "Romance," her latest talking picture.

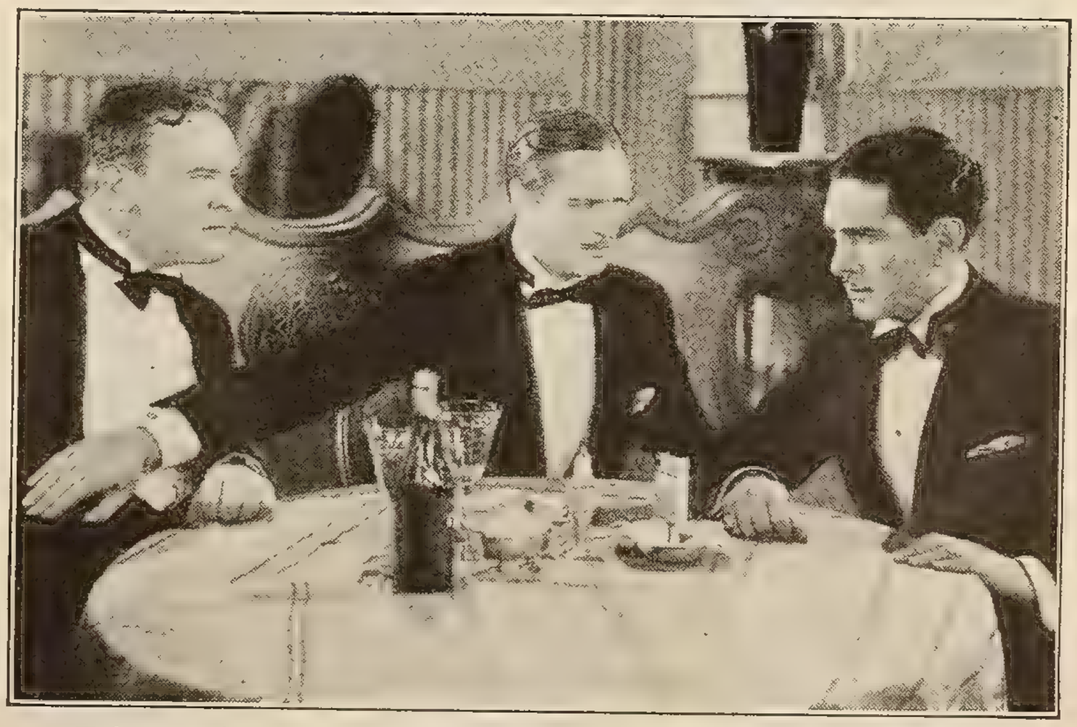
Let Us Be Gay

AND how can we help it, with Norma Shearer at her loveliest and Marie Dressler at her best? It's a gay, deft, sophisticated picture, and you'll enjoy every minute of it or I'll be disappointed in you. It all begins with Norma as a neglected wife—try to imagine it. She's one of these sweet, long-suffering souls who believes that pretty is as pretty does—until she learns that her husband has been looking elsewhere for the beauty denied him at home. Then she wakes up. But not before Norma has a chance to shine in a little clear-cut cameo characterization, perfect, and pathetic, of the drab wife. Then, of course, she turns into a beautiful butterfly in the Hollywood manner. And the fun begins, with Miss Dressler stealing all the scenes as a doughty dowager, and Hedda Hopper, Rod La Rocque, Sally Eilers and Gilbert Emery contributing cleverness. You can be comfortable, chuckling at the goings-on in this film for you know that the ending will be perfectly proper.

Marie Dressler and Norma Shearer share acting honors in "Let Us Be Gay," a delightful comedy.

Good Intentions

THE underworld again! But with a difference. You may think you have had about enough of these sleek crooks and their sinister associates but don't give up until you have seen "Good Intentions." Then you'll be sold on a series. And there won't be any more, not for a long time, for smooth and expert films like this are few and far between. I mentioned 'a difference.' It's in the direction, by William K. Howard. He wrote the story, too—and the dialogue; and it only proves what I've thought for a long time and what "Devil's Holiday" and "Good Intentions" bear out—that a one-man picture is the best. Mr. Howard knew just what he wanted to do and to say. The result is consistent, intelligent, and adult entertainment. Edmund Lowe helps. He is at his suave best as the picturesque and polished leader of his gang. He glances away—in the direction of pretty little Marguerite Churchill, providing keen complications. Earle Foxe and Regis Toomey are excellent. It's a good picture.

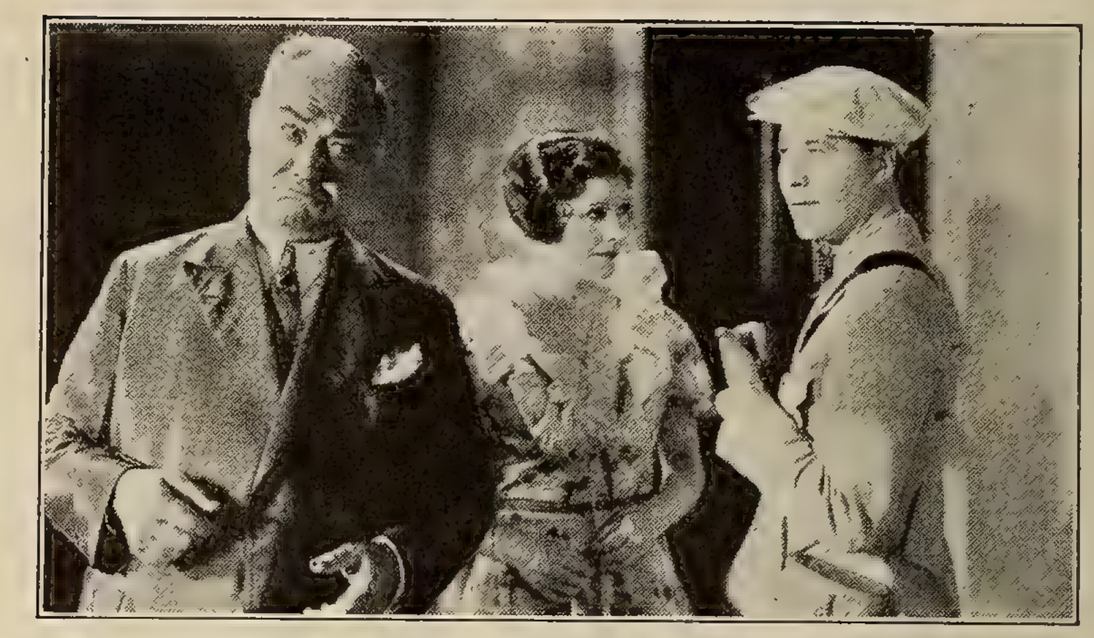


Edmund Lowe is at his best as the suave mastermind in "Good Intentions," rousing melodrama.

Critical Comment

Manslaughter

It's the talker version of a popular book and silent picture. It has alluring Caludette Colbert for its heroine and magnetic Fredric March for its hero. It has some thrills and suspense and clever direction. Yet it is only moderately good entertainment. Go, but don't expect too much.



The Sap from Syracuse

Another triumph for young Jack Oakie, the boy who never disappoints his audiences. It's funnier than "The Social Lion," and Jack, you'll be glad to note, has developed no tendencies towards forced smartiness. He's as spontaneous as ever. Ginger Rogers assists. Don't miss it.

Wild Company

Reckless youth at play—only this time it's all the fault of the older generation. If H. B. Warner had been a sterner father, Frank Albertson wouldn't have met Sharon Lynn and—there wouldn't have been any story. As it is, Frank proves himself by far the best of our juvenile actors.

A Man from Wyoming

Don't be misled by the title. It isn't a western, but a war drama. Gary Cooper plays a dashing young captain of engineers, with a new leading lady, June Collyer. It's never very convincing, but if you like Gary, rehashing the war, and June's dimples, you may be pleased.

The Big Fight

With Guinn Williams and Lola Lane in the rôles enacted by Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor in the stage play, this will satisfy those who relish romances of the ring. The champ—his girl-friend—her weakling brother in the clutches of a racketeer—if you like this sort of thing, go to it!

On the Level

It takes more than Victor McLaglen and the repetition of "Oh, yeah?" to make another "Cock-Eyed World." "On the Level" has a few funny scenes but these can't compensate for the long stretches of dubious humor. Plenty of plot and McLaglen, Fifi Dorsay and Lilyan Tashman.

on Current Films

The Border Legion

Richard Arlen, Jack Holt, Fay Wray and Eugene Pallette in a strong, rousing picturization of a Zane Grey yarn—what more do western addicts want? It's good to see Jack in one of his familiar rôles again, and Dick is appealing—but Pallette and Stanley Fields share their honors.

Ladies of Leisure

Cheers for Barbara Stanwyck! She proves herself a grand actress and potent personality in this intense drama of 'ladies of the evening' in love, from the Belasco play. The film maintains its pace up to a badly botched 'movie ending.' But it's well worth your while to see Barbara.

Lawful Larceny

Lowell Sherman doubles in brass, both directing and acting in this talker taken from the stage play. Most of the clever lines fall to Lowell. Bebe Daniels is featured but is allowed to contribute little besides her beauty. Mr. Sherman steals the show. An entertaining domestic drama.

Hell's Island

Melodrama, frank and unashamed. Jack Holt and Ralph Graves, rivals in the *Quirt-Flagg* manner for the affections of a cabaret cutie, Dorothy Sebastian, fight it out in approved Foreign Legion fashion. Excitement, some comedy, and lots of heavy acting by the leading trio.

This Mad World

What, another war picture? Not much excuse for this one. Kay Johnson and Basil Rathbone must choose between passion and patriotism, for their countries are at war. Some splendid moments, and good performances by Miss Johnson, Mr. Rathbone and Louise Dresser.

Sins of the Children

Louis B. Mann has a splendid opportunity to ingratiate himself with screen audiences in this sentimental picture of the old-fashioned father of a fast-stepping family. He's touching and fine. Robert Montgomery and Leila Hyams are excellent. Recommended for the whole family.

On Location *with*

Shooting the Scenes for "The Sea God" with Dick Arlen and Fay Wray

By
Helen Ludlam

Above, a dramatic scene from "The Sea God" with Fay Wray and Dick Arlen. Dick has the rôle of a deep-sea diver and Fay, of course, is the fair heroine.

Right, time out! Dick Arlen, Fay Wray, Helen Ludlam, SCREENLAND'S Location Lady, and director George Abbott resting on location at Catalina for "The Sea God."

FOR months and months I had been looking forward to "The Sea God" location. "It isn't until summer, but it will be swell," Dick Arlen told me. "All under-water stuff. That's why we have to wait until summer when the water will be warm."

And now we were on our way to Catalina, which had been picked for the location because of the still, clear water and the beauty of the sea floor. We arrived late in the afternoon and plenty wet from our trip on the *Cabrillo*, for the seas ran high that day, and, preferring the forward deck to the lounge, we paid for our rashness.

The company was housed at the old Banning place, which has always set my heart beating with envy. It is so spacious and livable and quiet. And it overlooks as much beauty as it is good for one pair of eyes to behold at a time. Everything is so full of color. Of course, I am speaking of the Isthmus, which is on the other side of the island from Avalon. The Isthmus has only a few cottages and tents and a commissary, most of which were used by the company, which included the staff and the extras.

Dick lived aboard his yacht. Yep, he has one. He and Walter Huston, who became good friends during the making of "The Virginian," bought it together, overhauled it and painted it themselves, and it's a beauty. Walter was there, too, on a vacation before he plunged into work on "The General" for Paramount. So was Mrs. Richard Arlen, otherwise known as Jobyna Ralston. We hadn't seen Joby for a long time and had forgotten how rosy and merry her face was. She was tanned from the sun and looked too healthy for words.

"She's awfully cute," one of the girls told me. "She always wears those sailor pants with a sweat shirt and goes around with a little gun trying to shoot wild goats. There are millions of them on the island, you know. She is always game to get up at dawn and go fishing with any of the troupe who will take her, and she is good at it, too."

As soon as everyone got washed up we piled into a water taxi and steamed off to see the rushes which were to be run in the new Casino Theater at Avalon. It was a lot of fun getting there, because, aside from the extreme beauty of the water and rocks which were all colors of green and lavender in the evening light we could see little black goats jumping about over the rocks which rose sheer from the water to a height of several hundred feet. We hailed Joe Schenck's yacht

RICHARD ARLEN

anchored in a charming lagoon and waved to those on board.

In this theater I saw my first sound rushes and found them as interesting as I had imagined, though I should think a cutter would go mad trying to unravel all those different shots of the same scene. The bit we saw was under-water stuff. A man going down in diver's outfit and then the little bubbles churning up the surface of the waters which told those above that all was well with him. It's amazing what divers have nowadays—underwater torches and telephones.

None of the really interesting under-water stuff had been taken at that time but it was thrilling just the same to see the unwieldy figure plowing through the misty water, scuffling through seaweed and shells and startling the fish half out of their wits. Dick is doubled in some of the things done under water which are too dangerous for a land man to attempt. But he does do some of the stunts and he wasn't looking forward to the experience with any great amount of enthusiasm. "I like fun and all that," said Dick, grinning, "but this stuff is darn dangerous for a novice to monkey with, and if anything happens it's too late to worry." Dick isn't any piker but he has got common sense.

After the rushes we filed out of the theater to find the first arrivals for the regular show waiting patiently outside. And how surprised and pleased they were to see Fay Wray, Dick Arlen, Eugene Pallette, Maurice Black, Ivan Simpson and William Gleckler when the doors opened and we all strolled out.

Above, putting a little realism in the picture—director George Abbott tears Fay Wray's dress for the "jungle" fight scenes.

Left, Fay Wray and Richard Arlen emoting before the camera. In the background, Helen Ludlam, George Abbott, assistant director Charlie Barton, cameramen and props.

We went to the St. Catherine Hotel for dinner, the first time I had been in the place since the location on "Drag Harlan" with Bill Farnum, years ago. The hotel hadn't changed much, but the cuisine had.

Our ride back in the water taxi was made in record time. A card table was put up stern and Joby and two or three others played bridge—as well as they could for the joy ride we had that night. How we did ride! Eugene Pallette declared nothing but the rear end of the boat touched the water from dock to dock.

Next morning we were up at dawn and had breakfast served to us at the Banning House by the special chef engaged for the troupe. And how he could cook bacon, pancakes and biscuits!

Eugene Pallette didn't have to get to work that day so what he did was to rise at four o'clock, rout Joby and Walter Huston out of their bunks on the boat and go fishing. While we were at breakfast he came breezing in with an enormous basketful which he promised for our dinner. "I must apologize for all the noise we made when we came in last night," he said, grinning at those who had not gone to Avalon the night before. "Did you hear me yell '*Quiet!*'" went (*Continued on page 112*)

The film colony brushes up on its Spanish—parties!

The picture people have found a new playground. It's Casa La Golondrina, pictured above. On Olvera Street, it's like a bit of the old Spanish days in Los Angeles.

"THIS is the glorious season of autumn leaves, untanning your skin, and going to barbecues!" exclaimed Patsy. "Frank Lloyd is giving a barbecue at his big ranch over near Montebello, in honor of Richard Barthelmess."

Through the lovely old countryside we rode, along winding country roads which led through miles of green English walnut groves, past ancient houses, until we turned into a dirt road, which led, under the shade of big trees, to the stately white Colonial house where Lloyd dwells with his charming family.

Our invitations had read, rather mysteriously, "Watch for the boy with the red sign," but, as Patsy put it, we found only a very red boy with a sign; however, he turned out to be the right boy, and we found our way without trouble.

Our host had turned his big tennis court into a huge out-door picnic ground, with gaily colored umbrellas and awnings shading the tables and the rustic chairs.

Frank Lloyd and his delightful wife greeted us with all the kindly warmth of their most kindly natures, and we said "Hello" to Dick Barthelmess and his lovely mother.

It would never do to give a Spanish barbecue without having Spanish entertainers, and our host had supplied a number of these, all gay in their bright-hued sashes and toreador hats with their trousers of black velvet, slashed at the ankle to reveal red satin inserts, and with their white silk shirts. Even the waitresses were dressed as Spanish peasants.

Warner Baxter and his beautiful wife, whom we used to know in her old theatrical days as Winifred Bryson, waved to us to join them at their table under a great gay umbrella, and Winifred told us how she and Warner had just come from location in Utah, where she made a real home for Warner out of the funny little cabin in which they dwelt. She did the cooking when they didn't go to the regular mess tent, she said, and she hadn't forgotten her cooking experience when she kept house for Warner in a single apartment, when they were just starting out on their careers.

We told Warner that he ought to use his Spanish accent here, but he said that he liked to rest it out of working hours; but we said to him that we had thought that by this time he wouldn't be able to speak a real word of English, he had played so many Spanish rôles!

Antonio Moreno was another guest who fitted excellently into his Spanish background, but Tony has been in this country so long that, though he speaks pure Spanish beautifully, he said he had had to learn a Spanish accent!

Chester Morris and his wife were there, and we met, also, Joe E. Brown and his wife and son.

"My son has a Spanish name, even if he is blond," Joe remarked.

Warner Baxter refused all requests to use his Spanish accent at the Barthelmess party—he said he likes to rest it after working hours!

JUST AN OLD SPANISH CUSTOM in HOLLYWOOD

By Grace Kingsley

But we didn't find out what it was because just then a crowd of people Joe knew carried him off.

H. B. Warner and his wife, Rita Stanwood, were among the guests, and there were Bessie Love and her husband, William Hawks; Mr. and Mrs. Montagu Love, (no relation to Bessie), Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, James Gleason and his wife, Lucille Webster Gleason; Marian Nixon and her husband, Edward Hillman; Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner, Joseph and Queenie Cawthorn, Mr. and Mrs. Will Kernell, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford, Hal Wallis and Louise Fazenda; Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Hope Loring and Louis Lighton, Mr. and Mrs. J. Farrell Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton, May McAvoy and Maurice Cleary, Henry Hobart and Olive Tell, James Rennie, Walter Pidgeon, Mr. and Mrs. William K. Howard, Charlie Farrell, Lila Lee, Constance Bennett, Mervyn Le Roy and Edna Murphy, Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello, Mr. and Mrs. Henry King, and scores of others.

Frank Lloyd gave a Spanish barbecue for Richard Barthelmess, who has just finished "Adios," the old Spanish costume picture directed by Lloyd.

When the Spanish food had been served, the Spanish orchestra went about playing at different tables, and Warner Baxter asked them to play *Amapola,* his favorite song, at which Louis Alvarez, a handsome tenor, sang it most soulfully.

Frank Lloyd appeared on the scene after that, calling out, "We will now be entertained by the Prickly Heat Quartette!"

Whereupon Joe Cawthorn, J. Farrell Macdonald, Edmund Breese and Bobby North moved a baby piano about the place, from table to table, amusingly warbling *Sweet Adeline* and other old plush-album favorites, in a highly melodious manner. The four had been together in many a famous New York show in other days.

Then we all besought Joe E. Brown to recite *Little Mousie,* which he did with huge success, remarking afterward, "That's just a hang-over from last night at the Mayfair." Then he remarked jocosely, "All money taken in at this benefit will be turned over to the Stage Relief Fund!"

We circulated and met James Rennie, who told us that his wife, Dorothy Gish, isn't coming to Hollywood as soon as she had expected, because her sister Lillian has gone to Europe to aid Max Reinhardt in making talking pictures, and Dorothy didn't feel that she could leave her mother, who is a semi-invalid, without one of her daughters to see that she is well taken care of.

Speaking of health, he said that he hadn't been very well in England, and had consulted a noted physician.

"It's whisky," the doctor told Rennie.

"Oh, dear me," said Rennie.

"Stop drinking soda with it," admonished the doctor.

The orchestra played for the guests to dance on the tennis court, and the shadows (*Continued on page 128*)

The

Following the Broadway Parade

Dorothy Britton ("Miss Universe"), a beauty contest winner now adding grace and beauty to the eighth edition of Earl Carroll's "Vanities." The girls in Mr. Carroll's revues are introduced as the most beautiful in the world, and this is no Barnum-bunk!

Earl Carroll's "Vanities"

IT is really a 'super-spectacle.' Carroll doesn't care what it costs—he gets his ideas across. Ideas that are bizarre, exotic, perverse, grandiose, but for this reason all the more unique and memorable.

This is the eighth edition of this American classic, and each year it gets more sensational. All of which I, for one, endorse—if Mr. Carroll would only cut out the cheap vulgarity that does not improve his shows and offends the dainty eyes of cops, who blush, it seems, even in the dark.

The beautiful scenes in this edition of the "Vanities" must be seen. They cannot be described. Also, the beauties: each one is hand-picked, and when Carroll introduces them through a megaphone as 'the most beautiful girls in the world,' it is no Barnum-bunk. The naked fact stands before you! Every girl in that show would cause me to leave my first editions of Dickens and Overholt and go a-Maying with It. (Wake up! Well, where was I?)

It's three hours, anyhow, of money's worth entertainment, believe me. One of the daintiest and most beautifully modeled dancers that ever came along Broadway is Vivian Fay. She is an artist and a chimeric dream.

Then there are Kay Carroll, Irene Ahlberg, Dorothy Britton—and—and—and—but there I go again! Well, it's like *that!*

As for Jimmy Savvo, I don't see him. For me, he hasn't a laugh in a carload of his stupidities. Jack Benny is the real comedian of this show—and Herb Williams. Benny will be remembered by picturegoers as Master of Ceremonies in "Hollywood Review of 1929."

STAGE *in* REVIEW

By Benjamin De Casseres

"Who Cares?"

This is a well-balanced revue put on by the Satirists with Lambs Gambolings and some original matter. In fact, it's a corking revue and deserves the hit it made.

The kernel of the show is satire. The stage, television, Chicago gangdom, John Held, "Sunup," Broadway and "Lysistrata," are some of the things that are banged—and often with bare knuckles.

"Who Cares?" winds up with a screaming "Hunting Ballet" done by men dressed as women. It is a rarely humorous bit of work.

Arthur Hartley, William Holbrook, Peggy O'Neil, Percy Helton, Olive May, Grant Mills and Sibylla Bowhan are some of the merrymakers in this full evening's chortle.

The Talkies and the Drama

Curtain, 1930–31!

Last year, somewhere in August, we were promised a winter of champagne and jumbo lobsters à la Guild, à la Gest, à la Hopkins, à la LeGallienne, à la Belasco, etc.; but when the Big Party was over last spring I found I had been served in about one hundred and fifty meals with about five real steaks, two or three glasses of good charged claret, an immense number of synthetic cocktails, an ocean of needle-beer, two or three dainty claws from a chicken lobster, a mess of cheese sandwiches, and plates and plates of stale boloney.

And that's the way matters have gone every season since the old strumpet Hope began to spring eternally in my somewhat human breast; and still for all that here I am again, with some millions of my fellow New Yorkers, standing with wide-open mouth, with nerves, emotions and eyes all a-tinkle and agog with expectancy, before the brand-new Thousand and One Nights and Matinèes of the season of 1930-31.

The little Alice in all our souls prepares again to walk through the Magic Mirror (or, rather, the asbestos curtain) into—what? Well, look out for rabbit-holes, open sewers and box-office traps!

A thousand playwrights will once again bite their finger-nails back stage on the rise of a thousand curtains; a thousand producers will loll with well-assumed *sang-froid* behind the arras and watch the first-night pall-bearers walk out; and the coroner's jury of critics again will toss quip and quiddity up and down the aisles and in the lobbies, while Messrs. Hammond, Gabriel and Atkinson will caw and caw and for all that are not villains.

But all is not hopeless in spite of the croakers and the pall-bearers and St. John Ervine. There also will be chortles and gurgles of delight after the curtain goes down on the coming first nights.

It happens about once out of twenty throws. A hit! A hit!—it's a sell-out!—crashing applause, the critics turn their thumbs up (you can see it by the yea-saying glint in the eye of Brooks Atkinson and the hosanna in Gilbert Gabriel's walk), the producer 'phones Palm Beach for reservations, and the actors salute *le bon Dieu.*

But was it art? you ask with George Jean Nathan, who until then had not said a word. No, something far better: it was amusing, interesting, gripping. Art doesn't pay—the success of "Street Scene" proves it.

I am not one of those pessimists who believes that the drama is going boom because of the talkies.

On the contrary, I believe that the talkies are a godsend to legitimate drama and real dramatists.

The field for non-talkie (*Continued on page 122*)

Sidney Fox and Ferdinand Gottschalk in a scene from "Lost Sheep," hilarious and entertaining comedy drama capably produced and acted.

COME into the KITCHEN with Anita Page

In her colorful kitchen with every kind of convenience to make cooking a pleasure, Anita measures and combines materials for her cake-making and the result is always just right.

AS clothes, complexions and figures become more feminine, women become more and more feminine in their choice of avocations. The making of cake, for instance, an accomplishment that dates back to the days of our great-great grandmothers is an achievement that is now being listed among this season's domestic attainments.

History is repeating itself. Arriving simultaneously with the new style dresses, also copied from great-great-grandma's time, the desire for perfection in this lady-like accomplishment is both opportune and appropriate. The fashion for curves (in moderation) is making it fitting to own up to the possession of an appetite (also in moderation). Therefore, now as then, girls are invading the kitchen to learn the gentle art of cake-making.

There's a difference, however, between then and now, and the difference is all in favor of the modern girl. The girl of great-grandmother's time worked in a large kitchen where many steps were necessary. She must know how to regulate a cooking stove temperamentally inclined. Her surroundings were drab, her cooking utensils few. Her cake-making was a slow and tedious process of creaming and sifting and beating. The results were often very good; sometimes not so good. In those days it was practise, not scientific knowledge of the job in hand aided by easy-to-use materials and all manner of handy kitchen utensils, that made perfection.

The girl of today dons a dainty frock and beruffled apron and hies to her sanitary, compact, red and white or green and white kitchen with its electric range, gayly colored cooking dishes, every kind of handy contrivance devised to make cooking a pleasure. She has been taught to measure properly and combine her materials, to test the temperature of the oven until it is 'just so.' And she has a wide choice of easily combined and partly prepared food materials from which to prepare dishes that make for variety and fine flavor. And the result is always just right.

Great-great grandmother used good materials in her cake making. Quantities of real cream and butter, fresh eggs and plenty of them. I can imagine a good cook of an earlier generation peering through her glasses and reading with a sniff of contempt "'two eggs, one-fourth cup of butter'—now what kind of a beginning is *that* for a cake?" But if she could follow the making of Anita Page's cake recipes given here and note the economy of time and material, she might wonder how in the world one could expect to make anything fit to eat in that length of time and with so few ingredients, but she would have to admit it was good cake.

Hollywood girls are just like all girls. They like occasionally to go to the kitchen and see what they can do. Anita Page, one of the most popular girls in the film colony, is one of them. Anita is beautifully slim and intends to remain so; but she loves to go into her kitchen and 'whip up a cake' and her friends are all in favor of it. "Good, wholesome cake in moderate quantities is good for you," Anita tells them.

ANITA PAGE'S FAVORITE RECIPE

Lady Baltimore Cake

Blend one cup of sugar with one-half cup butter, butter substitute or Mazola. Place sugar and shortening in mixing bowl and with the back of a spoon slowly work the fat into the sugar. When smooth, add two-thirds cup milk alternately with two cups cake flour sifted with one heaping teaspoonful baking powder. Add pinch of salt, three stiffly beaten egg whites and one teaspoon vanilla. Pour batter in two greased pans and bake in moderate oven. About 350 degrees F is needed. Filling: dissolve one and three-fourth cups sugar in one-half cup water and cook slowly until syrup forms a soft ball. Remove from fire, pour over three stiffly beaten egg whites and beat until mixture turns a creamy white color and begins to set. Cool and add flavoring. Use half this frosting for top of cake. The remainder, with one-half cup each of chopped raisins and walnuts, one-fourth cup each of chopped almonds, citron, figs and candied cherries, for the filling. This recipe with the addition of spices, nuts and fruit may also be used for a loaf cake or for cup cakes.

One of Hollywood's modern maidens gives a lesson in cake making

By Emily Kirk

Anita adds the finishing touches to her favorite cake, "Lady Baltimore." Judging from appearances, this cake lives right up to its artistocratic name.

"It's only very rich cakes and pastries that make you fat."

Anita's kitchen is just the kind of trim, colorful and well-equipped workshop you would expect her to have. A harmonious, cheerful environment in which she and those who serve her can work happily and well. And Anita is just as modern about her cake-making as she is about everything else. She doesn't believe in fussing for hours doing a thing that can be done just as well in one quarter of the time. Cake-making, like everything else, may be a test of efficiency, she believes. If you can use one recipe for a loaf cake, for a layer cake or for cup cakes varied by the addition of spices, nuts, fruits and flavoring—that's one way of passing the test.

Anita's recipes are very simple. Both the Black Chocolate Cake and another which comes under the aristocratic name of 'Lady Baltimore Cake' are easy to make.

Cookies and small cakes are an interesting part of the cake family, too, especially when there is a young brother in the house. Don't we all, when we think of cookies, recall days of childhood almost in the same breath? Those happy, carefree days when we went dashing in from play to forage in the cookie jar which was a family institution then, and we hope it still is. And since men and women are only little girls and boys grown tall, we like these little cakes almost as much as in bygone days.

These small, dainty cakes are always handy for the tea hour when guests drop in unexpectedly and are especially adapted for party menus, not for their delectableness, but because they fit in with almost any combination of foods, and in many instances seem to fill that little deficiency making the refreshment plate complete.

Anita likes to keep these little cakes on hand because they are quickly mixed and baked and keep indefinitely. That is, if they can be kept away from investigating members of her family, she says. Her many varieties of small cakes and cookies are year-round favorites. She serves them with either cold or hot drinks, such as tea, chocolate or hot punch or as a pleasing accompaniment to ice cream or fresh fruit in (*Continued on page 104*)

Anita contemplates the finished product and wonders who'll be the first to sample it. We'd like to be in on that. We always did like cake.

A new blonde on the Hollywood horizon—Jean Harlow, who supplies the entire feminine interest in the long-heralded "Hell's Angels." And such human interest!

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Cantor in Hollywood. Eddie, who is making his first singing-talking feature picture, "Whoopee," insists that his retirement from the stage is complete.

HOT *FROM*

Extra! Extra! All the New Mergers, Murmurs,

CONSTANCE BENNETT is reported engaged to Lew Ayres. Constance, most glamorous of the three beautiful Bennetts, has been married and divorced. Lew, one of the newest boys in pictures, appears with Constance in "Common Clay."

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The film colony seem to be going in for baby Austin cars in a big way. Buddy Rogers and his brother have one; so have Alan Crosland, Winnie Lightner, and many others.

Cliff Edwards bought one and ordered another; "one for each foot," he explained.

Gary Cooper hasn't taken to it yet. Maybe he feels that his six-feet-plus and a baby Austin don't belong. And maybe he's right.

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The Malibu colony, which houses so many screen stars extends over such a long stretch of beach that some means of transportation had to be evolved. The road that runs back of the houses is so narrow and so dusty that regular cars are a great nuisance, so someone thought that bicycles might be handy and at the same time a help in retaining that girlish, or boyish, figure. A few of the players went in for them, including Lila Lee and Gertrude Olmsted. That is, Lila did before she went to the desert for a rest. But now that the Austin cars are upon us the bicycles will have to take a back seat. This baby Austin thing is an epidemic.

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James Hall is another who has succumbed to the charms of Baby Austin. The reason he fell, he says, is because they play such cute little tricks. He saw the driver of a Cadillac put out his arm for a left-hand turn and a baby Austin came along, ran right up his arm and bit him!

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Dick Barthelmess made a hit with several members of the "Adios" cast one morning on location. A strip of canvas, called by courtesy a rug, was spread on the ground. Several chairs had been placed upon it and one by one they were taken by players resting between scenes. When Dick arrived on the set someone whose duty it is to see that all avenues are cleared for the comfort of the star bustled ahead and invited everyone to vacate. "This is Mr. Barthelmess' dressing-room," the man said seriously, though not unpleasantly. Dick was

Another famous actress goes Hollywood! Marjorie Rambeau, for many years one of Broadway's best-loved players, will make her talking picture debut in "Her Man" for Pathé.

Leslie Howard and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. who met for the first time on the set of "Outward Bound," are all excited over a new copy of Vanity Fair *in which they both have articles.*

HOLLYWOOD

Parties and Gossip of the Screen Colony

close enough to hear and sang out, "Who said so? You boys stay where you are. I don't want any of that star stuff around me."

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Going back to Baby Austins, you should see Winnie Lightner's. It has Rolls Royce lights, the loudest horn she could buy, and a radio. She is now considering a yellow paint job with black stripes. "Then, all it will need will be hot and cold running water," says Winnie.

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All is not snow that glistens, with apologies to Bill Shakespeare—but Charles Bickford knows it's true. A flock of huskies know it, too. The most beautiful snow scene covers a Warner Brothers' stage where Charles is making "River's End," but while the 'snow' fooled the camera it didn't fool the human and canine respirational glands. Under the lights, the snowy atmosphere was a revelation to the string of dogs engaged to carry the sleds. Charlie Bickford was all done up in a fur coat, cap, gloves, and fur lined boots. The first thing he knew he had lost twelve pounds.

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Little birds woke us up early this morning to tell us about Greta Garbo. Without benefit of—hold everything —censors, "Anna Christie" is now being remade! But for German audiences, a German version. What a break! Ach du lieber Greta! The Continentals will see a new "Anna Christie," a different make-up, and it will be full of swear words and other uncouth expressions such as *Anna* in real life might use. Many Garboites are sailing on the first liner for Germany.

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Ben Lyon waited around so much during the last hectic days of his engagement to Bebe Daniels when he called to take her home from innumerable showers that he decided to give the girls a glimpse of the other side of the picture. He gave Hoot Gibson a 'lingerie' shower just before his marriage to Sally Eilers! The girls, then, had to call for the boys to take them home and wait around outside while the last farewells were being said.

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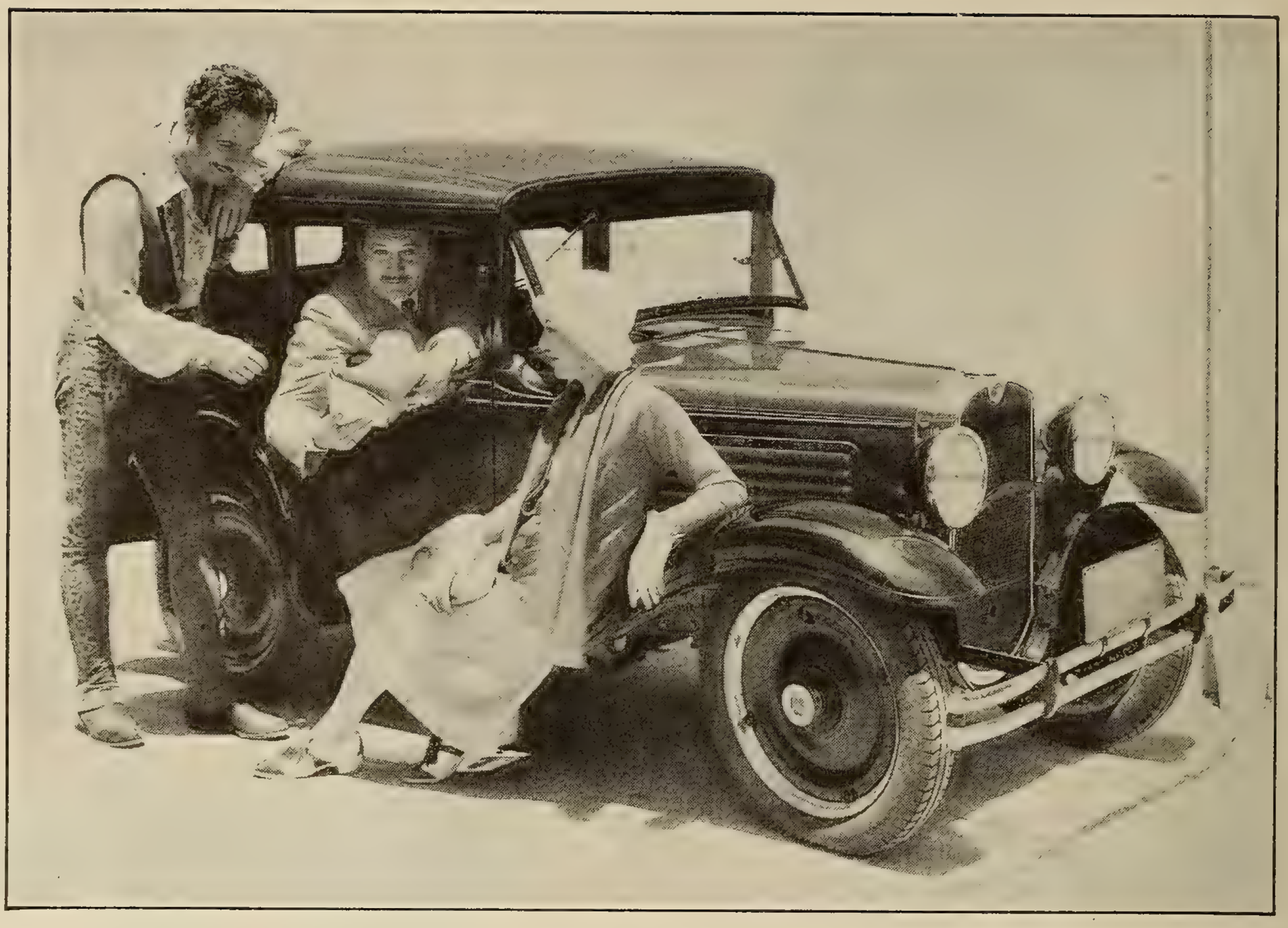
Madame Schumann-Heink, the grand old lady of song and opera, is to be canned. That is, to be preserved for all time in the talkies. It was Elsie Janis' idea. Elsie has a sort of 'butting in' job with Paramount, to quote Miss Janis, and it is one of her ambitions to do a story with Madame Schumann-Heink. The Madame



Director Alan Crosland in his midget limousine. Natalie Moorhead and Victor Varconi comprise the overflow while they discuss with Mr. Crosland scenes from "The Gay Caballero," which he directs.

Ernestine will sing and be the good influence in the story, the love interest to be supplied by handsome juveniles and ingenues.

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Some people have all the luck. Louis Bromfield has actually talked a film producer into the notion that a creative artist is not a machine and cannot write to the tick of a time clock. He's going to Paris with Mrs. Bromfield and there he will develop an idea he has for Ronald Colman. It will probably be Ronnie's next picture after the one just completed for him by Frederick Lonsdale. Samuel Goldwyn, need we add, will be the producer. I imagine Mr. Bromfield has had some help in putting his idea across with Mr. Goldwyn in the person of Florenz Ziegfeld. The first thing Mr. Ziegfeld said when he came to Hollywood was that screen producers would have to get over the idea that creative work could be done like building a set, under the whip of the time clock; and Mr. Ziegfeld kept on saying it. So have a good many other people, but coming from Mr. Ziegfeld it meant something.

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Kay Francis isn't going to wear her boyish bob any longer. Her new coiffure is fluffed out a little. In her next picture "The General," you will see what it's like.

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Janet Chandler signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer which may be the beginning of an interesting career. Who is Janet Chandler? Well, if you frequented the Ambassador, the Montmartre, George Olsen's Cotton Club or any rendezvous in Los Angeles where there was a dance floor, you would know. Janet is a University of Southern California girl, a very spirituelle blonde who, at the end of a dancing contest, makes every other girl on the floor look like a wilted poppy while she appears as fresh and cool as an Easter lily. She reminds one of that pure and graceful flower, too: tall and very slender, with hair the color of spun gold, milk white skin, cheeks like wild-rose petals, and a radiant smile. If Janet dances at any impromptu contest it is a rare thing for anyone else to carry off the first prize. We saw her at the Cocoanut Grove one evening when a table of celebrities including Norma Shearer, Irving Thalberg, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. Sol Wurtzel and others were asked to judge the winners. Out of a dozen couples, all of whom had won many cups, Janet and her partner were chosen. That was several months ago, and it may be that Janet owes her present contract to the impression she made

William Janney, left, shows how an American would look in the top hat of an Englishman, while Claude Allister—oh, hurry and change back, boys!

In a flood of revealing light YOUR *skin can be flawlessly lovely to close observant eyes.*

Every woman must face her own particular *Close-up Test*

SMOOTH SKIN *instantly attracts, say 45 Hollywood directors . . .*

A GIRL'S lovely skin is an instant attraction. A whole audience is swept by enthusiasm when the close-up brings the radiant loveliness of a star near to them.

And every woman must meet the scrutiny of close appraising eyes. Does your skin quicken the heart with its loveliness like Clara Bow's, Betty Bronson's, Janet Gaynor's? It can.

For the lovely screen stars have discovered a sure way to complexion beauty. Clara Bow, the bewitching little Paramount star, beguiling Betty Bronson, Janet Gaynor, the beloved Fox star, are among 511 of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood who jealously guard their smooth skin with Lux Toilet Soap. Their enthusiasm has made it official in all studio dressing rooms.

Hollywood—Broadway—Europe
the favorite beauty care

Not only the stars in Hollywood, but the famous Broadway stage stars, too, have enthusiastically adopted this gentle beauty care. So devoted are they to this fragrant white soap that it is in 71 of the 74 legitimate theaters in New York. And even in Europe, the beautiful screen stars insist on this soap for *their* beauty.

MARY BRIAN
beloved Paramount star, says: "It's certainly a wonderful soap! I always use it!"

98% *of the lovely complexions on the screen and radiant skin of girls everywhere are cared for with . . .* **Lux Toilet Soap-10¢**

ASK ME

An Answer Department of Information about Screen Plays and Players

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. If you wish an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn; but if you prefer a personal reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

By Miss Vee Dee

SHAMROCK, *Hamilton, Ontario.* Here is a colleen without the usual yen to crowd the Hollywood gate-ways. Congratulations and my hand, so pat yourself. Some of us girls must stay behind to help fill the movie palaces. The object of your interest, Paddy O'Flynn, was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. He doesn't give his age but I'd say about 25 summers or winters. He was raised in Canada and at a very early age went on the stage. He began his screen work in 1926. Paddy has brown curly hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet, 10½ inches tall and weighs 150 pounds.

Buzz of Cape Cod. Was Buddy Rogers in aviation training during the World War? He was born Aug. 13, 1905, and 1914 was the beginning of the Big Fight, so just get the brain to buzzing on *that* and figure it out. Sue Carol was born Oct. 30, 1908, in Chicago, Ill. Her first screen try-out was with Douglas McLean in "Soft Cushions." Her latest release is "She's my Weakness" with Arthur Lake, for Radio Pictures.

Doris, Brooklyn. I treasure all the kind things you say about my department and drink in the compliments to the last drop and *that* goes down, too. You can write to Rex Bell at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Sue Carol appears with Grant Withers, Edna Murphy, Adamae Vaughn and Eddie Phillips in "Dancing Sweetie," a recent Warner Bros. picture. Address James Murray, Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Kathryn Crawford plays with him in "Hideout."

A New Friend from Old Hickory, Tenn. So you like my hysterical hodge-podge of information and want some of it. Gary Cooper's latest films are "Only the Brave" with Mary Brian and Philipps Holmes; "The Texan" with Fay Wray; and "A Man from Wyoming" with June Collyer and Regis Toomey. Gary gets his fan mail at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Colleen Moore's last picture for First National was "Footlights and Fools" with Fredric March and Raymond Hackett. She has not announced any new picture plans.

Eddie, Hanover, Pa. You'd adore my photograph standing up, would you? Someone *would* want an upright when I'm just a baby grand. John Mack Brown's next picture is "Billy, the Kid." William Powell appears in "Shadow of the Law" with Marion Shilling and Regis Toomey; and in "For the Defense" with Kay Francis.

Frances G. of Detroit. You saw your favorite in "Road House" and that was the end of him? Lack-a-day and many of them. Gary Cooper first attracted attention on the screen in "The Winning of Barbara Worth" with Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman, as far back as 1926. Dolores Costello is 5 feet, 4 inches tall and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Constance Talmadge has golden hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet, 5 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Lane Chandler is 6 feet, 3 inches tall and has red hair and blue eyes.

Constance Bennett is soaring to success. She hurries from one picture to another and from one studio to another. Her next is "Sin Takes a Holiday" for Pathé.

T. J. J., Dayton, Ohio. If Clara Bow hasn't any definite plans for marriage, you'd like to put in a bid as the future bridegroom. You and who else? Here are a few of the sister teams in real life: Dolores and Helene Costello, Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day, Loretta Young, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young, and Shirley Mason and Viola Dana. Conrad Nagel's wife is Ruth Helms, a non-professional. Do I know what make of car Joan Crawford drives? Even with a Rollys-Royce at her disposal, Joan says she prefers the new Ford that friend husband gave her.

D. V. S. of England. So my famous answers have made a hit in London? I take up my pen for merry old England. Whatho! I'm the main event in the "ASK ME" department. I receive many letters from fans who tell of their remarkable resemblances to their screen favorites. I'm sorry I've lost track of *Mary of Pittsburgh,* who is the living image of Mary Brian, or I'd be glad to deliver your message. Your fellow countryman, Clive Brook, appears with Ruth Chatterton in "The Laughing Lady" and "The Better Wife." Another famous son of England, Ralph Forbes, plays with Miss Chatterton in "The Lady of Scandal."

Ethel L. C., Minneapolis. To make a long story short, as the aviator said when he knocked off the church steeple, we no longer have a fan club department or I'd be glad to make the announcement you suggest about Richard Dix. Understand, we're strong for Richard and spend many a hard-earned two-bits to see his pictures, but space in my department forbids fan club revelations.

Ruth W., Kokomo, Ind. Unaccustomed as I am to such delightful bouquets as have been coming my way, I'll not be misled by the wholesome flattery but stick to the straight and narrow that leads to my mail box. Jobyna Ralston is the wife of Richard Arlen and hasn't made a picture for some time. She is 5 feet, 1 inch tall and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Neil Hamilton was born Sept. 9, 1899, in Lynn Mass. Conrad Nagel was born in Keokuk, Iowa, on March 16, 1897. John Mack Brown played opposite Mary Pickford in "Coquette" and Charles Rogers opposite her in "My Best Girl."

Betty B., Hamilton, Ontario. This is positively the last word—why is an actor with a mustache? That's a swell question but what's the answer? You can write to Gilbert Roland and Charles Bickford at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Nick Stuart at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Gilbert Roland played with Norma Talmadge in "New York Nights," produced by United Artists.

Nan, New Orleans. If I would try to give you the name of Hollywood's most prominent directors I'd have the whole bunch on my trail—but if you'll drop me a personal line and repeat the question, I'll give you a list as long as you like. H. B. Warner is one of the most sought-after players in the film business. His long stage training, his clearly understood voice and pleasing manner, have made him a great favorite with the fans. His latest picture is "Wild Company" with Frank Albertson, Sharon Lynn and Joyce Comp-

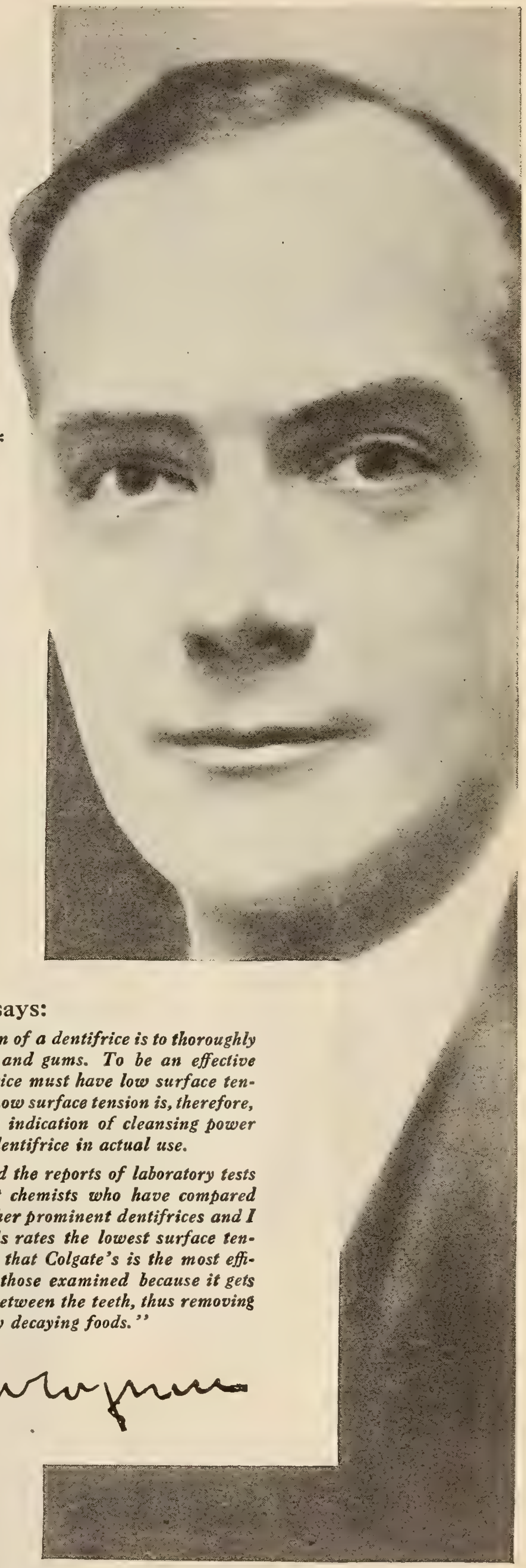
(*Continued on page 112*)

Dr. Shirley W. Wynne

Commissioner of Health of New York City

says:

"Colgate's is most efficient cleanser"*



RESPONSIBLE for the health of six million Americans, Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, Health Commissioner of New York City, examined reports of laboratory tests comparing Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices—and of all those examined, he singles out Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream as "the most effective cleanser." His approval is undeniably impressive. Interested as he is in all branches of public health, Dr. Wynne recently made a careful study of the difference in dentifrices. He examined tests made by some of America's greatest analytical chemists.

Dr. Wynne's conclusion is based on the recent research of such eminent authorities as Dr. Hardee Chambliss, Dean of the School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Philip B. Hawk, M. S., Yale, Ph. D., Columbia; Jerome Alexander, B. S., M. S., internationally famous among consulting chemists and chemical engineers; Dr. H. H. Bunzell, Ph.D., University of Chicago, and others, retained to make analytical tests and report their findings.

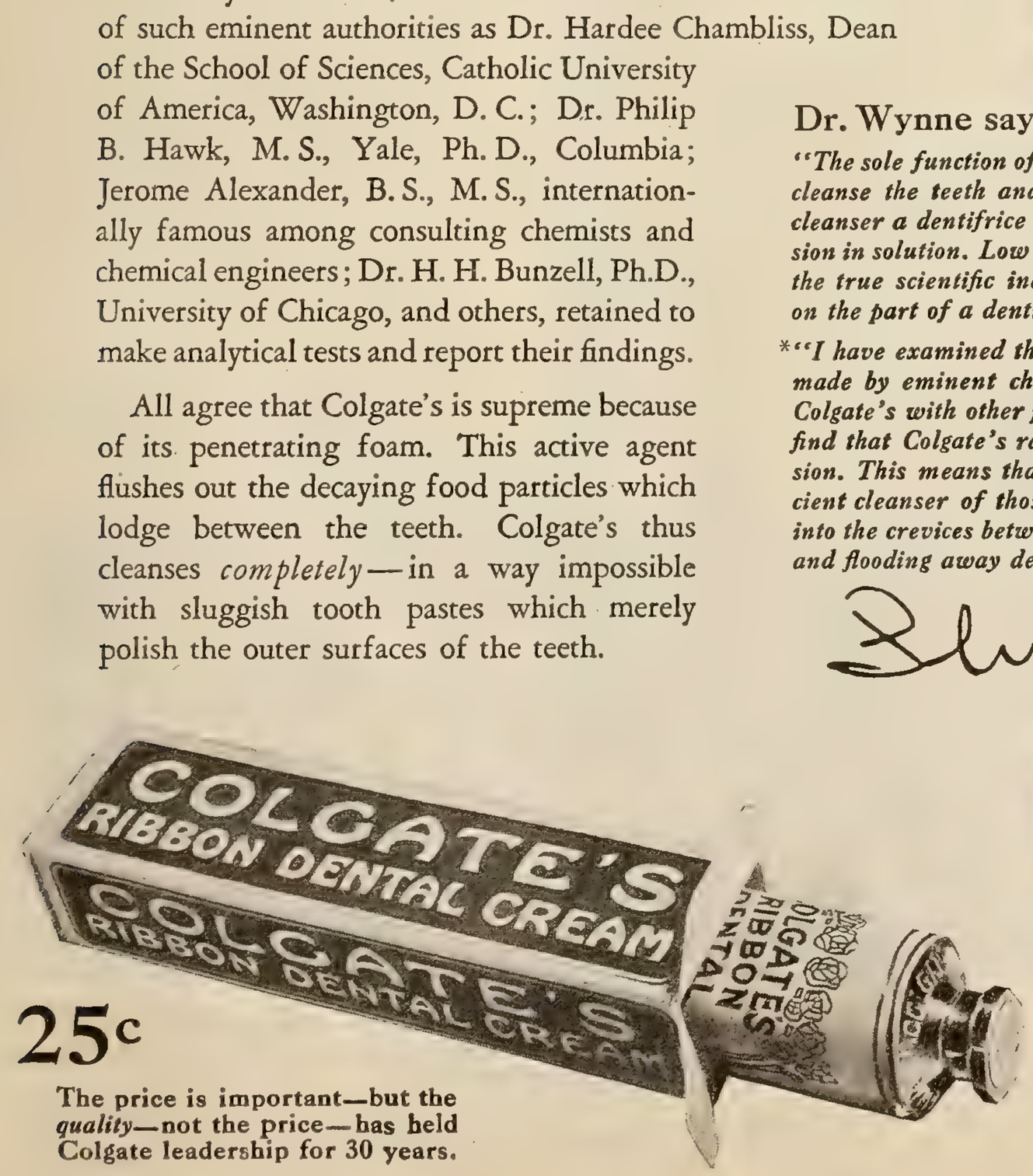
All agree that Colgate's is supreme because of its penetrating foam. This active agent flushes out the decaying food particles which lodge between the teeth. Colgate's thus cleanses *completely*—in a way impossible with sluggish tooth pastes which merely polish the outer surfaces of the teeth.

Dr. Wynne says:

"The sole function of a dentifrice is to thoroughly cleanse the teeth and gums. To be an effective cleanser a dentifrice must have low surface tension in solution. Low surface tension is, therefore, the true scientific indication of cleansing power on the part of a dentifrice in actual use.

****"I have examined the reports of laboratory tests made by eminent chemists who have compared Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices and I find that Colgate's rates the lowest surface tension. This means that Colgate's is the most efficient cleanser of those examined because it gets into the crevices between the teeth, thus removing and flooding away decaying foods."***

S. W. Wynne



25c

The price is important—but the *quality*—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

SHIRLEY W. WYNNE, M. D., Dr. P. H.

Commissioner of Health, New York City; M. D., Columbia University; Member American Medical Association; Prof. Preventive Medicine, N. Y. Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital; Prof. Public Health, Fordham School of Sociology and Social Service; Recognized internationally as an authority on matters of Public Health.

COME INTO THE KITCHEN WITH ANITA PAGE — *Continued from page 95*

season. Small cakes and cookies are divided into three classes: cup cakes, drop cakes or cookies and Anita gives you 'samples' of each.

BLACK CHOCOLATE CAKE

In a cooking vessel place one-half cup cocoa, one-half cup brown sugar and one-half cup cold water. Blend together and let cook gently until thick. Take from fire, and while mixture is hot, add one-fourth cup butter, and one cup brown sugar. Mix well and add one egg without beating. Then add alternately, one-half cup milk and two cups of cake flour. Mix until smooth, then add one-half teaspoon baking soda dissolved in two tablespoons boiling water. Add one teaspoon vanilla, pour into pan and bake in moderate oven. This cake may be made in a few minutes and is delicious. It may be baked as a loaf cake, in a square shallow pan to be cut in squares or in two pans for a layer cake. Fudge frosting: Cook together one-half cup cocoa, one and one-half cups sugar, one-half cup milk and one tablespoon butter. Let boil until mixture 'hairs' when poured from spoon. Let stand a few minutes, then beat until cool enough to spread. Thin with a little cream or warm water if necessary.

SWEETHEART COOKIES

Cream together two-thirds cup butter and one cup sugar. One teaspoon of boiling water will hasten the process of creaming. Then, when the mixture is very light break in two eggs, one at a time, and beat well. Stir in three cupfuls pastry flour sifted with three teaspoons baking powder. Turn onto a well floured pastry board and knead lightly, working in more flour as required. When the dough is smooth and does not stick to the hands place in bowl, cover with towel and let stand two hours. Roll to one-fourth inch in thickness and cut with small heart-shaped cutter or, if to be served at a bridge party, cut in shapes of hearts, clubs and spades. Place on prepared baking sheets and bake.

NUT SPICE CAKES

To recipe for Lady Baltimore Cake add one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon cloves, one-half teaspoon nutmeg and one-half cupful nuts. Omit vanilla. Put batter in greased muffin pans filling them about one-half full. Bake about fifteen minutes. Cover with an icing made from one and one-third cupfuls brown sugar and one-half cup thin cream. Cook to soft ball stage, cool slightly and beat until creamy and of consistency to spread.

MARGUERITES

Beat two eggs slightly and add one cup brown sugar, one-half cup flour, one-fourth teaspoon baking powder, one-third teaspoon salt, one-half cup nut meats cut in small pieces, one-half cup All-Bran. Bake in a moderate oven ten to fifteen minutes.

DROP COOKIES

Cream one-half cup shortening with one cupful sugar. When well blended add two beaten eggs. Mix and sift two and one-half cups flour with two teaspoons baking powder and one-fourth teaspoon salt and add alternately with one-fourth cup milk to the first mixture. Flavor and beat well. Drop from spoon on greased pans and bake about fifteen minutes. These cookies are much improved by the addition of nuts or raisins, dates or figs may be used.

HERMITS

Cream two-thirds cup shortening, add one and one-third cup brown sugar gradually, then two beaten eggs. Add three-fourths teaspoon soda dissolved in one tablespoon hot water. Then add two and one-half cups flour, one-fourth teaspoon nutmeg, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoon cloves and one-half teaspoon salt. Last stir in one cup chopped nuts and one cup raisins. Drop by spoonsful on greased baking sheet and bake fifteen minutes.

THE RE-"BIRTH OF A NATION"—*Continued from page 29*

will see the quaint and touching scene where the *Little Sister* trims her home-spun dress in 'southern ermine' for the homecoming of the beloved brother. Where Lillian Gish and Henry Walthall coo their love scenes, we will hear the twitter of birds in the forest—oh, shades of Gilbert and Garbo!

It will all be there.

We will have a prologue and an epilogue with a story running through it in which D. W. Griffith will appear with Walter Huston, and will tell why he came to make "The Birth of A Nation" in the first place. There will be scenes enacted from his own childhood, where, as a small boy of five, he hid behind the horse-hair sofa in the home of his father, a colonel in the Southern army, and listened to the harrowing tales of the Ku Klux Klan and the carpet baggers, which he was later to put into his picture. The epilogue will show the new south arising from the ashes of the old, and we will all arise and sing the *Star-Spangled Banner* at the end!

Sixteen years will bring beloved players back to us.

Lillian Gish, now an actress of established reputation appearing on the stage, who has been absent from the movie houses except for her one talker, "One Romantic Night," will appear at her early best.

Mae Marsh, *little sister,* now Mrs. Louis Lee Arms, a matron in a fashionable suburb of Pasadena with 'little sisters' of her own, will wring tears from us again.

Spottiswood Aiken, the gallant *Colonel Cameron,* now a white-haired old man.

Donald Crisp, who played *General Grant,* and acted as assistant director, now a director for Pathé.

Mary Alden, the mulatto beauty, now a concert singer.

Joseph Hennaberry, unforgettable as Abraham Lincoln, now an independent producer.

Henry Walthall, the *Little Colonel,* still in movies, who has just finished his latest talkie, "The Phantom of the House" with Nancy Welford.

Walter Long, as *Gus,* the colored soldier, now acting for RKO. Ralph Lewis, who played the part of the elder *Stoneman,* now with Paramount; Elmer Clifton as the younger *Stoneman,* now a director for Tech-Art.

Two of the original cast are dead. They are Wallace Reid, who played the blacksmith who hurled the negro out of the smithy window, and George Seigmann, who was *Lynch,* the mob leader.

And it brings back D. W. Griffith at his best. He has recently finished his "Abraham Lincoln," and will undoubtedly remake others of his masterpieces for the talkies.

So get out the old handkerchiefs and be prepared to weep as only D. W. Griffith can make us weep, with joyous abandon—make us red-nosed and like it!

Even George Bernard Shaw (center) is interested in talkies! He is shown with members of Basil Dean's staff at the British Lion Studios, England.

A charm that is recognized everywhere

ANITA PAGE
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

WHAT a glorious thing it is to face each day, secure in the confidence that you are always attractive! That you can wear the alluring new fashions, so adorably feminine, with the grace and charm for which they were designed!

...Yet for every one girl who possesses a naturally fashionable figure there are hundreds who diet and worry to control their weight—often unwisely.

The main danger with most reducing diets is that they are unbalanced. In the desire to reduce, important food elements are frequently omitted.

Nearly all reducing diets lack roughage. When the amount of food is cut down, there is often insufficient bulk to assure proper elimination.

As a result poisons are formed. These may sweep through the system, causing headaches, listlessness, dizziness, sallow complexions and, sometimes, serious disease.

Add two tablespoons of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily to any reducing diet and you can be sure of getting enough bulk or roughage to guarantee proper elimination.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. But it does contain iron, which helps prevent dietary anemia. Iron is the natural source of beautiful red color for the lips and complexion.

Add it to any reducing diet—in fruit juices; sprinkled over cereals or salads—in clear soups—in bran muffins or bread. Eat it as a cereal with milk. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is delightfully flavored—a delicious food that helps to build health every time you eat it. Improved in texture and taste. It is a food that prevents the dangers of pills and drugs. Eat it regularly—to promote beauty and to help control your weight safely. Recommended by dietitians. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce"

It contains helpful and sane counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures slim and fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY, Dept. SC-10
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet "Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

HEALTH AND BEAUTY—*Continued from page 65*

ly linked together are all physical attractions with the very mundane act of eating. The food we eat every day becomes our blood which is our liquid self and reflects our actions, thoughts and personal appearance. It has more to do with what we actually become than any other thing. We must eat in order to live, and we must eat correctly if we are to live well and beautifully.

It would take too long at this time to go into the matter of calories, the chemistry of food and the proper combination of foods. This is a thing each individual must figure out for herself. Counting calories is all right as far as it goes; but to assume that calories constitute the powers that be in weight control and to give no thought to food combinations is to put all your apples in one basket. The number of calories you need depends on your normal, not your actual weight and upon the kind and quantity of work you do. And no matter how carefully you may estimate the calories needed, if you combine the wrong foods you may lose weight, but the result to your health will be bad.

Give a little time to intelligent study of the food and drink suited to your need, and that which has a deteriorating influence. Learn to balance your diet, to eat just enough and not too much, of foods that agree with you. Be your own dietician.

A good digestion is as necessary to a good complexion as light, air, water and exercise. And remember that what one person may eat, another may not. This is true, also, in reducing diets. One person may eat certain foods without gaining weight. Another may eat the same food and upon weighing herself will find that the scales register a jump of several pounds. Generally speaking, your diet is the dictator of your weight. It is rarely that a person who takes on superfluous weight cannot trace its source straight to the table, between-meal eating and under-exercising.

Determine your normal weight for your age and height and keep to that weight and your waistline need not worry you. Weigh yourself frequently. If the scales register a jump it may startle you into reform. Without the scales you may succeed in fooling yourself, but remember you're not fooling others. Some day, a dear friend will remark, "My dear, you *are* getting fat!" and you'll smile and pretend you think it's a compliment, and with near hatred in your heart for this person you thought was your friend you go home and with gnashing of teeth and a tape-line try to think what to do about it.

A strenuous diet never is good. It's as bad for the looks as it is for the health. There are plenty of non-fattening foods that are wholesome and palatable and you need not by any means deny yourself everything good to eat. The severity of the diet must be regulated by the individual need, but it must be regular, and it must cut down the starches, fats and sugars.

But no, you don't have to live on fruit and 'sloshy' vegetables! You may have lean meats, poultry, fish, eggs occasionally, every kind of fruit and vegetables except potatoes, beans and corn, all the fruit and vegetable salad you want with a dressing of lemon juice and a little oil, whole wheat or bran or gluten bread.

With this list of foods you need not go hungry. Choose your food with care and combine it intelligently. Your reward will be in finding your circulation improved, your activity both physical and mental increased, your skin clearer and your figure returning. All this talk about food doesn't mean that you are to be always fussing about what you eat or do not eat. It simply means that you must realize your dependence on food in relation to your health and personal appearance and learn to 'eat to live' rather than 'live to eat.'

Lillian Roth doesn't spend all her time being funny. Here she is seen practising the 'toe-sitting' exercise, excellent for slenderizing the hips, thighs, calves and ankles.

In planning a diet for health and beauty, remember that a certain amount of roughage is necessary. A diet lacking in roughage inevitably leads to imperfect elimination and there is no more cruel foe to beauty. The coarser vegetables such as cabbage, spinach, onions, carrots, celery, baked potatoes, skins and all, are excellent in this capacity. In breads, choose whole wheat, gluten, all-bran muffins or bread. In cereals, all-bran, bran flakes, or shredded whole wheat biscuits are ideal for their roughage and for their laxative qualities. These healthful foods contain not only nutritive elements, but all the other elements needed for building and repair of bone and muscle.

Being low in calories these cereals may be eaten freely while on a reducing diet. Cream or rich milk must not be taken, of course, but, soaked in prune or orange juice, any one of these foods is delicious. Or, any canned or fresh fruit with its juice may be combined with the cereal. This is one of the appetizing ways to add roughage to diet.

Train yourself to note symptoms and treat them by diet. Remember that unwise eating manifests itself in a mottled skin, a complexion marred by pimples, blackheads, large open pores, a red nose, sallow skin, lusterless hair and dull eyes. And when you step on the scales and find you have gained five pounds you may be sure you are eating too much food or too much that is rich or sweet. Eat more freely of fruit, vegetables, and foods with roughage. Drink freely of water between meals. Most skin troubles and most cases of overweight may be controlled by a healthful diet.

An effective method of purifying the digestive system is by the use of yeast. That three cakes of yeast a day will keep the doctor away is a well-known fact and it is also a natural way to complexion health.

Yeast is the oldest health food known to medical science. It was used, we are told, by Hippocrates the 'father of medicine,' and by the physicians of Nero's court. And throughout the ages science has added bit by bit to the knowledge handed down by these pioneers in the art of healing. And it does what is claimed for it. It ensures good elimination, raises the resistance, renews appetite, improves digestion, and clears away skin eruptions.

Many interesting and amazing things we learned about yeast. One was that there is now a patented process of irradiation which endows this famous food with an added health element, the "sunshine" vitamin—known to science as vitamin D—and of vital importance to health.

We all know something about vitamins, those mysterious food essentials contained in yolk of eggs, butter, cream and whole milk as well as other natural foods and without which health cannot be maintained. Yeast, we learned, is the richest food source of vitamin B. But the "sunshine" vitamin D is outstanding because it is the only vitamin that can be produced artificially.

We know that sunshine is very good for the body but we did not know until recently that this was because the ultra-violet rays of sunlight converted a certain substance in our skin into "sunshine" vitamin. And now, amazingly, it has been discovered that this same substance in yeast may be converted into the "sunshine" vitamin which heretofore was obtained only through the action of the sun on the skin. As a result, we can now eat summer sunshine all year 'round in a simple convenient food. Irradiated by powerful ultra-violet lamps each cake of yeast is endowed with as much "sunshine" vitamin as hours of summer sunshine can possibly create in our bodies, and it has an energizing effect on the whole system.

I had heard that the eating of yeast caused one to take on weight and inquired if this was true. The answer was no. Yeast enables one to assimilate food and gives a normal appetite. If there is a gain in weight it is because of the gain in appetite, not because of the yeast, as one cake contains fewer calories than a soda cracker.

Exercise bears an important relation to the weight and also to beauty of skin. It sends the blood to all parts of the body and more waste is carried away. Usually, people who are normally active, physically, approach more rapidly the normal standards of weight. You must exercise not only to help the reducing process, but to harden the muscles and strengthen the tissues so that lessened weight through diet need not be followed by flabbiness of flesh.

Swimming, skating, dancing, walking, riding, and even housework are all ex-

(*Continued on page 108*)

"I'm a helpless prisoner!"

says MYRNA LOY

"I'm caught! . . . in a spun-silk web! I'm held . . . in a star-dust rapture! I'm captive to a lilting mood! But I love my captor . . . I'll never escape. For this mood that's captured me is Youth itself . . . a mood which stole from a perfume bottle and entered my heart . . . surrounded my soul . . . and I surrendered! See, here's the bottle . . . there's the name — Seventeen — but wait! Not a breath of it — unless YOU *want to be carried away — too!"*

Seventeen

6070

SEVENTEEN . . . not a perfume alone but a whole ensemble of gay toiletries!

The ensemble idea is smart in toilet accessories, too! . . . so Seventeen's gay and lightsome fragrance has been breathed into each of these essentials: *Powders* . . . a face powder, bath powder and talcum . . . all charmingly packaged, all exquisitely soft, all faintly scented with Seventeen . . . a *Compact,* the smartest you've ever seen, in gleaming black . . . a *Sachet,* the subtlest way to perfume lingerie . . . *Brillantines,* one solid, one liquid, to restrain straying locks and leave a fragrance that's ever so elusive.

For health and vigor eat yeast. But get it in palatable convenient form! Yeast Foam Tablets are pure yeast; they are easy to swallow although many prefer to chew them like candy because of their pleasant taste.

Eat these tablets for indigestion, constipation, skin disorders and general run-down conditions.

As to quality and potency . . . this yeast is used as the standard for vitamin studies by investigators of leading universities of the nation and of the United States Government. Large 10-day bottle at drug stores for 50 cents.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY (S C L)
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

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.....

ON THE AIR

Every Wednesday 7:00 P.M. Central Daylight Saving Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers"—WJZ—WBZA—WBZ—WHAM—KDKA—WJR—WLW—KYW—KWK—WREN—KSTP—WTMJ—WEBC—KFAB

HEALTH AND BEAUTY — *Continued from page 106*

cellent. But I'm giving you also a few exercises that you can take at home. These will help you to become slim and supple and will also help to eliminate the unwanted bulges.

'Toe-sitting' is an excellent exercise for slenderizing the hips, thighs, calves and ankles. Stand erect, support hands on back of chair, then squat to sitting position, keeping back straight. Raise to a standing position, then squat again, and keep this up at a moderate pace until tired. Ten times is enough to begin with, increasing to twenty.

To reduce hips, abdomen, and to improve waistline, stand erect, bend backward then forward, bringing hands down between limbs. Bend backward again and swing hands down in front of body touching ankles from left to right. Repeat until you can touch floor without bending the knees.

Deep breathing exercise. Stand with feet together and arms held a little away from your sides. Raise arms sideways and upward until they are extended full length above the head. Inhale slowly, so that your fullest capacity is reached when the arms are at the highest point. Bring arms down slowly, exhaling rapidly. This exercise is to increase sluggish circulation.

Don't forget the importance of good posture. It relieves the nerve centers and frees the circulation. No matter how well proportioned your body is, it is not quite perfect unless your posture is correct. Stand erect as for deep breathing exercise, with head, shoulders and buttocks against the wall, the heels a little way out from the wall. Draw the heels slowly back with knees slightly bent. At first you will be able to slide your hand between your back and the 'hollow' of your spine. But persist in consciously pulling your abdominal muscles in and straightening your back and the 'hollow' of your spine. This will help to correct the posture and help you to form the habit of standing correctly.

In exercising, as in dieting, go about it intelligently, with your own individual need in view. Be careful not to overdo. If you take a cool bath after exercising, be sure the reaction is good. If there is a tendency to chill, it is better to stand in a warm tub and sponge the body with cool water than to try to take a cool plunge or shower. By some method, cool water should be used liberally and often. This will help keep the skin fresh and firm.

Nancy Carroll was popular before "Devil's Holiday" but now she is an outstanding star. Her new film is "Laughter."

Do you have beauty problems? Are you overweight? The health and beauty diet is yours for the asking. Follow it, and you'll find yourself several pounds lighter, with a complexion clear and fresh, and with a feeling of youth and well-being every girl longs to attain. Address Anne Van Alstyne, Screenland Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

The evening wrap offered by Dolores Del Rio in the July issue of Screenland has been awarded to:

Miss Louise George,
1829 G Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C.

A CAROL TO SUE

Continued from page 51

they got lost from her clothes and props and the boys loaned her shirts and overalls and she was perfectly happy! And she'd like to go places on the spur of the moment. She'd be perfectly capable of going to New York, just like that, without packing or anything. It would be a lark! So, you see!

Happy-go-lucky. But that's because you've always had things, we hint.

"Oh, no. I've been broke," Sue objected. "It isn't true at all that I've always had everything. I've been out of money right here in Hollywood and it isn't any joke owing bills. I remember one time—I know better now—I had just $100 in the bank and owed everybody, it seemed to me—I was only making $150 a week then—and I spent $87 of my hundred going to San Francisco to a ball game and had just $13 when I got back!"

You see! That *was* next to starving!

"And once when I was sent over to Europe to make the picture with Nick, 'Chasing Through Europe,' I lost my letter of credit. The company paid my expenses but I had everything in this letter. But it got lost crossing from Italy to France, the guards forgot to put my suit case back on the train. And when I landed in Paris I had just $30. I phoned Nick in Rome but the connection was so poor I thought I'd better hang up before I spent all of the $30. I knew just one man in Paris but just well enough to go to tea or dinner with and I hated going to the Fox company. Finally I wired my aunt in England, collect, to meet me on a certain boat, but when I got on she wasn't there. I hadn't any reservations on the boat or any money, so the captain cabled my mother and she wired the money. That's how I got home."

After all, Sue has had her vicissitudes. That's plain!

But Sue is a settled young matron now, with a new contract with RKO, a lovely new home and husband to keep in order. There's a job for you!

"I want to work about five more years," Sue will tell you, "and then really settle down. I'd like to do something really big in pictures before then. Not just program things, but something I can be proud of. I'm thrilled with this part I'm to have in the Amos and Andy picture." Sue supplies the love interest, as is quite right.

And what does Nick say to all of this ambition?

"Oh, Nick is the most unselfish thing in the world. He'd rather see me get a big part than get it himself. And I'm thrilled over any good break he gets. I couldn't imagine being married to anyone who wasn't in the movies. As it is now we have the same interests and we couldn't be jealous because we understand each other. We don't always expect to be in the movies; some day Nick will be doing other things and I will just stay at home."

You should see the new home, a large brick English place. One is taken by the hand and shown this and that and explained how bow windows will be built, how breakfast rooms will be enlarged, how royal purple sofas must be returned because the cushions don't fit. How the garage will be moved forward and the pansy-bordered patio enlarged. It's great fun, keeping house. One must hire and fire servants. One must talk to the Chinese gardener and one doesn't understand a word of Chinese!

Otherwise the world is a happy place full of nice and happy people. And the sun shines and probably always will shine on—for Sue!

FROM THIS ONE LIPSTICK

Your True Natural Color

Look for the name TANGEE on the package, and patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.

Tangee *Lipstick*, $1. Also the same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact*, 75¢ . . . *Crême Rouge*, $1. *Face Powder*, blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream*, both cleanses and nourishes, $1. *Day Cream*, a foundation cream, protects the skin, $1. *Cosmetic*, a new "mascara," will not smart, $1. All prices 25¢ more in Canada.

How demure Tangee looks in its modest gunmetal case! How innocent! But touch it to your lips, you Blonde one of great fame . . . you Beauty of the titian hair . . . you sparkling eyed Brunette!

At first nothing seems to happen. Then slowly, into your lips begins to creep the rose-blush color that is Nature's own . . . a glow of perfect health . . . of lovely youth.

For this is the magic of Tangee . . . that at first it seems quite colorless, but presently takes on just that exquisite shade of color required for your individual complexion.

Tangee never gives an artificial, greasy, make-up look. It never rubs off. And Tangee has a solidified cream base, so that it not only beautifies but actually soothes and heals.

TANGEE

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

(Six items in miniature and "Art of Make-Up.")

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. S. L.-10
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name. .....

Address .....

MIRACLES OF MAKE-UP — *Continued from page 19*

real. But they are, believe it or not.

Next, the dress designers came into Greta's American life. Since there was only one Garbo, she must have a fashion all her own. So they threw away her slouchy checked suits, dragged out the satins and laces, and evolved the Garbo gowns: long, slinky affairs with high Elizabethan collars.

That was the first Garbo who burst upon the American picture scene—a strange, exotic creature who dressed like no one else in the world. In recent pictures she has become more human but not less unique. The skull-fitting hats, the stark simplicity of her gowns are essentially of, by and for Garbo.

The off-screen Garbo has changed, too, since that day when she first glimpsed the hills of Hollywood. She wears no make-up except a slight splash of crimson on her lips. She clings to tailored clothes, flat heels and berets, smartly simple. Gone are the curled locks, the deeply shadowed eyes and the careless slouchiness of the other Greta.

Another girl whom the three potent factors: make-up, hair and clothes, have aided on the road to stardom is Joan Crawford.

When Lucille Le Sueur arrived in the land of motion pictures, she was Broadway's idea of a flapper, gay, restless, too-made-up, careless of her clothes. She didn't have time to bother much with her appearance in those days. She knew that she possessed beauty, that no matter what she wore she would 'knock 'em dead.' So she went her merry, carefree way.

Then Lucille became Joan. Under the influence of the ones-who-knew she toned down her make-up. She smoothed down her hair. She discovered a new interest in the style and the wearing of her clothes.

Joan has perfect photographic features. She needs less make-up than the majority of the screen players. Her eyes have natural shadows. Her mouth is beautifully shaped. When she was persuaded to discard mascara on her lower lashes and shadows beneath her eyes, she became far more natural and for more beautiful.

Her hair was put through the entire color chart from brown to henna-red. Then she discovered that its own natural glossy chestnut brown was more effective than any other shade. So Joan has become her real self.

Ronald Colman remains the mystery man of the movies. His reticence arouses our curiosity. Ronnie's next talker will be an original by Frederick Lonsdale.

Making a beauty more beautiful—Max Factor, Hollywood make-up expert, helps Raquel Torres select the proper lipstick, on the set at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

She has been given an entire clothes transformation. She is no longer a giddy flapper but a smart, well-groomed, beautifully designed modern girl. When Joan and Adrian, the designer, put their heads together, the girls of the world may make ready to sit up and take notice.

The one thing about Joan which can never be changed is the army of splashy, little, golden freckles which marches across her nose. Lucille had them and Joan can't lose them. So long as they remain, you may know that the old, madcap Joan is ready to fling her Paris hat into the air. That is what makes her so fascinating and so ultra-modern in her charm.

When Kay Johnson landed in Hollywood to make her first picture, "Dynamite," she knew nothing whatsoever about screen make-up. Trustfully, she placed herself in the hands of the studio experts. They discovered that she had just one fault photographically. Her nose, which had been good-looking behind the footlights, was too large in the magnifying eye of the camera.

Were they downhearted? No! A little grease paint in just the right places and, behold, there emerged a perfect screen nose. Kay's hair was right and she possessed the uniquely Broadway flair for wearing clothes. So these important problems were settled with no difficulty.

Norma Shearer enlisted the aid of the three powerful makers-and-breakers of stars when she first started her screen career. Norma is that kind of a girl. She goes at everything in a serious, intelligent, systematic way. She studied her good features and enhanced them. Norma thoroughly 'camera-tests' every gown, every hat, every hairdress before giving it a final okay.

She uncovered her ears because they are perfect. She wears her own individual kind of a long bob, because it increases the shapeliness of the contours of her head. Her skin is clear and unblemished so she needs little make-up.

Norma is an unerring judge of clothes values. With Adrian's guiding hand she select gowns which are the last word in well-groomed sophistication. No one needed to teach her how to wear them.

Anita Page's whole appearance was changed when she plucked her eyebrows. Anita needs very little beautification. Her cheeks are smooth and round. Her eyes are large and well-shaped. Her mouth is soft and curved and a skillful touch of the lip rouge makes it a trifle smaller. She is everything that nineteen should be. When her brows were thinned and cunningly curved, Anita was a different girl.

Raquel Torres was a gay over-painted little Spanish girl when she first went to the studio. The experts removed most of her make-up, tamed the riotous masses of her hair and deepened the curve of her lips. The dress designers threw away her jangling bracelets and her flounces, and moulded little frocks to fit her lithe figure. She became the perfect picture of a modern senorita.

While the make-up artists were toning down Raquel, they were vivifying little Dorothy Jordan. They widened and curved and reddened her mouth. They deepened the shadows around her eyes and added masacra to her lashes. They fluffed out the wave of her hair. They changed her from mouse-like dimness into a vivid sweetness.

So it goes.

Pens may undo the work of swords, so they say. But a little jar of lip rouge, and insignificant eyebrow pencil, and a cleverly draped yard or two of satin may wreck the words of pens and make their own history.

Every Screen Star in Hollywood Knows the Magic Beauty Secret of

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In COLOR Harmony

You, yourself, may now learn how to double your beauty and vividly accent your personality . . . from Hollywood's Genius of Make-Up, Max Factor.

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A discovery by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, revolutionized the use of cosmetics in filmland. Make-Up to really work wonders in creating and enhancing beauty must be in color harmony . . . Cosmetics must blend perfectly in the make-up ensemble. Off-colors ruin beauty . . . often produce unattractive, grotesque effects. All this Max Factor learned in his work with motion picture stars during twenty odd years.

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And you may have your own individual color harmony in Society Make-Up charted for you by Max Factor . . . who will analyze your complexion, and tell you personally how to make the most of your own natural beauty; how to reveal the alluring charm and fascination you have admired and longed for. Accept this priceless beauty gift from Max Factor . . . and copy of this book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." Just mail the coupon below

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"Cosmetics of the Stars" . . . HOLLYWOOD

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JOAN CRAWFORD
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Star approves her correct color harmony tone in lipstick created by Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius.

*96% of all make-up used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.
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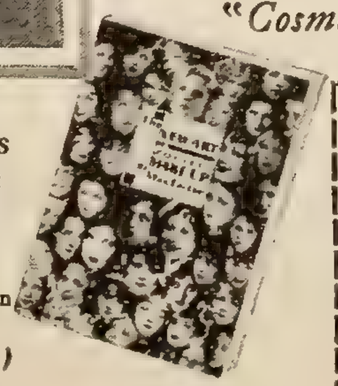

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State _____

COMPLEXION		COLOR EYES		LIPS	
Light				Moist	
Fair		COLOR LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		AGE		Normal	
Olive		Answer with Check Mark			

ON LOCATION WITH RICHARD ARLEN — *Continued from page 89*

on Eugene booming out the command like the trump of doom? "I wanted everyone to know that I was doing my bit to keep everything under control." By that time George Abbott was in a partial convulsion from laughter. The Pallette humor and delivery has certainly gone over with his director.

This was rather a complicated location because there were two sections, the water section which included the under-water stuff only, and the land section which included the above-water stuff. Otto Brower directed the undersea stuff and George Abbott the above water and dramatic stuff. Mr. Abbott also wrote the screen story, adapting it from the novel, "The Lost God" by John Russell.

During the morning we took land scenes and traveled in automobiles around and around the terraced hills to the cove adjoining the Isthmus. I said automobiles, but it seemed as though everyone climbed into ours. Eleven people fitted themselves into a seven passenger car. It isn't clear just how, we did seem to bulge out over the running board a trifle. Every time we rounded a sharp curve on the narrow road we'd yell "Watch yourself" to those clinging to the fenders.

Fay Wray appeared in an attractive cream flannel skirt and silk tailored blouse. The scene taken that morning was supposed to be after Fay's and Dick's fight with the cannibals.

"We'll have to muss you up a bit, Fay," said George Abbott looking as though the job was one he wouldn't mind tackling himself, and he did! At least, he helped and we all gave suggestions. With a pen knife he slit the pretty waist here and there while Fay tore great gashes in her skirt and the property boy gleefully threw mud over the costume and smeared it down here and there. Her tennis shoes were cut and frayed and muddled and in ten minutes she was about as far removed from the chic young lady she had been as anything you can imagine. Fay had three of these outfits, all exactly alike. In a picture of this sort where costumes have to be wet or soiled or ruined it often happens that the last scenes are taken first. As in this case, Fay is on a boat, goes ashore and has a scrap with cannibals. The cannibal scenes were taken before the scenes on the boat, where her dress was whole and clean. Why don't they take scenes in order and sequence? Oh well, go into pictures and find out for yourselves! It would take too long to explain. There are a million reasons why it can't be done.

The first scene was taken on such a steep slant of the mountain that a rope had to be tied around Fay's waist to let her down to the desired level. Scattered all over the road were the sound trucks, mixing machines, location chairs and props. The script girls had their typewriters balanced on their knees or on rocks or the flat side of the hill if they could find one. While the mussing up scene featuring Fay Wray was in progress, Louise Woodcock, one of the script girls, had a swell time trying to talk Fay out of her clothes.

"You wouldn't be wearing stockings, Fay," George Abbott told her.

"Goody! And I wear her size." Louise was joking but Fay said, "Well, you may have them then and save me the trouble of keeping track of them." Whereupon Louise declared it must be her lucky day and looked about for more things Fay might not need.

"She wouldn't need that blue suede belt either, would she, Mr. Abbott?" she asked, impishly.

"Oh, no. She'd have lost that."

"And as she had been on the boat, shipwrecked, she would probably have saved her petticoat so she could wear it when her dress gave out in case they weren't rescued before then, don't you think so?"

"Go on, authoress, you're doing very well," laughed Mr. Abbott, but Fay had a sequence of her own to add: "Oh, yes, she would, too. You may have the petticoat if there is anything left of it afterwards but it stays on me in this scene. I'm nothing but rags as it is!"

Dick arrived, all bright and shining, to be greeted with a loud guffaw. "Boy, you don't know what you're in for," one of the assistants laughed. Dick grinned as he looked at Fay's bedraggled state. "Oh, that's easy! Three minutes and my own mother wouldn't know me."

"He wouldn't have a shirt left to his back and his undervest would be torn and stained," mused the property man proceeding to qualify as an artist.

"And what these tennis shoes would look like is nobody's business," added Dick, operating upon them with a penknife.

"What on earth are you made up for?" laughed Walter Huston, who had dropped in to see his pals working.

"Oh, just a bright boy who got into an argument with some cannibals," grinned Dick.

We all sat on the edge of the cliff and let our feet hang over while, from a built-out platform, the cameras recorded the first love scene of the picture.

"Why don't you go in swimming, Johnny?" we asked John Engstead, who is the contact man in the Paramount publicity department. All he had brought over in the way of luggage was a comb, a tooth brush and a bathing suit which he kept tightly rolled in a paper bag under his arm. He was all set to grab the first chance of a swim. Johnny is only twenty-one and very popular with the Paramount gang. When we first arrived everyone we met called out, "Hey, Johnny! How's the boy? What do you know?" and so on from actors, grips and carpenters. And I don't mind saying right here that a good many people have wondered why Mr. Lasky or Mr. Zukor hasn't taken Johnny by the ear and led him in front of the camera. If that ever happens, girls, you'd better put a padlock on your hearts, for you're apt to lose them when Johnny smiles.

But he wouldn't go swimming. His job was to take care of us and he stuck to it until we knocked off work, and then he swam to Dick's boat and back from shore.

As it was a holiday the bay was alive with

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ASK ME—*Continued from page 102*

ton. John Gilbert and Ina Claire were married May 9, 1929.

Lena, New Haven, Conn. To wait two months for an answer to your question is a mere 'what have you' in this popular section of the magazine. But here we are at last and everybody's happy. John Gilbert's next picture will be "Way for a Sailor." Address him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Irene Rich will be seen in a First National picture, "Father's Son." Richard Dix has a new leading lady from the stage, Mary Lawlor, in his latest release, "Shooting Straight." Rich's next will be a 'special,' "Cimarron."

Ohio Boy from Newark. What would the big screen stars say if I would approach them and ask several questions? Answer them, of course. Buddy Rogers has the personality that rings the bell at the box office. In his new picture, "Heads Up," he will have as leading lady a newcomer to the screen, Margaret Breen from the New York stage. Helen Kane will boop-a-doop her way through the film, also. Write to Joan Crawford at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gay, St. Joseph, Mo. So I hit the soft spot in your heart, do I? Now that that is settled, we can go on to bigger things. Take Jackie Coogan—no, I'll take him. He is to appear in another picture soon, "Tom Sawyer." Alice White is in "Sweethearts on Parade" with Marie Prevost, Lloyd Hughes and Kenneth Thompson, a Columbia Pictures production.

Mrs. R. R. H. of Drexel Hill, Pa. Richard Arlen's real name is Van Mattemore. He is getting good breaks from the directors and his fan mail is on 'the up and up.' Delight Evans, Editor of Screenland, uses her own name in the magazine. Jack Oakie's latest picture is "The Sap from Syracuse" with Ginger Rogers.

Mary De P., Cambridge, Mass. Where can you get the answers to the questions you ask me? Right here, from the well-known 'come-hither' department. Conrad Nagel can be reached at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Conrad plays in "Second Choice" with Lila Lee, and in "Numbered Men" with Bernice Claire and Raymond Hackett. His next picture will be with Norma Talmadge and William Farnum in "Du Barry, Woman of Passion." Dolores Costello Barrymore has not made a picture since the birth of her daughter.

Izzie and Ginger from Maldon. If Rudy Valee and Amos 'n' Andy were on the air at the same time, what would I do? I'd let them have it. Esther Ralston was born Sept. 17, 1902, in Bar Harbor, Maine. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall, weighs 124 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Clara Bow was born July 29, 1905. She has red hair, agate brown eyes, is 5 feet, 3½ inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. As far as I know, neither Esther nor Clara ever went to college.

Ruth, Virginia. No, I'm not related to Yoo-Hoo or Voo-Doo; I come from a very good family with a long line of ancestors, reaching 'way back. I don't remember Peggy O'Day of "The Fighting Skipper." That was a serial of 1923 and I can't remember that far back. Lane Chandler was born June 4, 1901, in Culbertson, Montana. Gary Cooper's real name is Frank J. Cooper but he didn't tell me what the J. is for.

Milly. Where in Illinois have you been, not to know that Nick Stuart and Sue Carol are married? The well-known knot was tied July 28, 1929, in Ventura, Cal. Nick has been making short comedies and has been flashing his famous smile and causing our heart to skip a beat, now and then. In "The Big Party" with Sue Carol, you saw Dixie Lee, Frank Albertson and Richard Keene.

LONG LANCE, CHIEF OF HEART-BREAKERS

Continued from page 63

fairly well. From that day to this I've always looked up every word I didn't know the meaning of, and now, you can hardly stump me on any word at all. Or on any of those fancy accents, either!"

Soon afterward, the boy was admitted into the Government Indian School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. There he played on Jim Thorpe's famous football team. Later he went on to Manlius Military Academy, winning more athletic honors, until finally he entered West Point, where he remained but three years. When I asked him what happened, he said:

"I guess I must be a born fighter, for I can't go long without something stirring! You see, I had been getting military training for eight years but no actual fighting. I never could stay in one place very long, so I just up and slipped over into Canada —after they fired me out of West Point— and enlisted in the Fiftieth Battalion of Cavalry of Alberta, where I was sent overseas."

It was in 1916 that Long Lance entered the army as a private. He came out at the end of the war a Captain, with three citations for bravery under fire. With no more fighting around, the Indian started in as a newspaper reporter up Calgary way. He began at $10 and was making $32 when he was fired. There hadn't been enough stirring for the Chief, not even with all the labor troubles going on then. So the Indian put a fake bomb in city hall—with the result that the Mayor of the town jumped through three panes of glass to escape the "explosion."

It was at this period that the Blood Indians, a branch of the Blackfeet, made Long Lance a Chief of their tribe. Shortly afterwards, he went to work as an archaeologist for the Canadian Government. For three years he remained here, and it was during this time that he wrote his book "Long Lance," which has probably done as much for the Indians as any single volume. In addition, he contributed three short stories to *Cosmopolitan,* one of which, "Custer's Last Stand," was chosen as one of the twelve best short stories of 1926. His was the seventh best which gave him precedence even over that of the celebrated British novelist, H. G. Wells.

It was at this time that Burden discovered Long Lance and cast him for the hero in "The Silent Enemy."

Long Lance likes rare steak, fresh fruit, and hard-boiled eggs. Also blondes, new shoes, and all kinds of correctly cut clothing. He dislikes night clubs, bad liquor, women who wear masculine clothes, and Hollywood—which he thinks is a "gaudy, flimsy, incoherent place."

"I like to look on myself," the Chief explained, "as the spokesman of my tribe. And every time I may feel like cutting loose and raising hell—I don't! For I figure it might reflect on Indians generally.

"The greatest enjoyment I ever had was while we were making 'The Silent Enemy.' It was a life of real adventure. We were free. Away from people, houses, civilization. There was no money problem, for we had no money. We were housed and fed and we didn't even catch sight of any yellow backs for one year. Here in the North Country, one hundred miles within the Arctic circle, we lived for twelve months the lives my ancestors lived five hundred years ago.

(*Continued on page 114*)

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DARE THE STARS TRY AGAIN FOR HAPPINESS? — *Continued from page 21*

ago, Betty was working in 'quickies' in Poverty Row. True, she had made and saved plenty of money but she was very far from the artistic heights where she longed to be. When she would come home at night, after a hard day's work at the studio, she wanted quiet, restful companionship. But what did she find? She found her husband in a house full of people! Jim has always liked his friends around him. And why not? But for all the rest poor Betty got, she might just as well have camped out on the boardwalk at Coney Island. Despite this drawback, she kept on going.

By the exercise of almost superhuman self-control, keeping her weight down, studying, working doggedly, even when she had to go out of her crowded house to a quiet cove on the beach to learn her lines, Betty staged one of the greatest come-backs in screen history. And now, wishing to keep her place at the top of the screen world, and knowing she cannot do it in Jim Cruze's crowded house, she has sued for divorce—even though her closest friends say that Jim is still the one man for whom she really cares.

Colleen Moore! Gentle, unspoiled, striving Colleen certainly deserves happiness for she has worked as hard or harder than any woman in screenland. After studio hours, Colleen likes to drop her comedienne rôle and read books on art. She has always wanted to be an artist, a sculptress. The desire to indulge in this avocation grew stronger with the years. But she didn't live her own life—as many a more selfish woman would. Colleen loved her husband, John McCormick—Johnny, as she always used to call him—and sacrificed her own wishes to his. Now, she can't go on against her instincts any longer. And with great courage has entered the divorce court. I say great courage advisedly, because Colleen has grown up and remained faithful to a religious belief which strongly discourages any marital separation—no matter for what reason.

Billie Dove's case is easier to understand. Billie is one of the most beautiful women in the world today. And if she feels she has missed happiness in her first try, certainly such a glamorous personality as this woman should be entitled to a second chance. She seems to me created especially for love. And her friends hope she will find it with Howard Hughes, the young millionaire producer of "Hell's Angels," who, it is rumored, will be the second Mr. Billie Dove.

Miss Dove has had many precedents for takng a second dip into the matrimonial sea. There is Corinne Griffith, who was married to Webster Campbell before she finally found contentment as Mrs. Walter Morosco. And Richard Arlen had stepped into the marriage license bureau once before his present trip up the altar with Jobyna Ralston, who seems to have brought him everything a man could want. And there are dozens of other stars who have rolled this question of divorce over in their minds during many wakeful nights, and despite the advice of gray-bearded pessimists fearful of box office results, have dared to take a second shot at the matrimonial game.

Hoot Gibson is one of the most recent cases, when a few months ago he married Sally Eilers. Barthelmess, too, had heard wedding music before he became congenially linked with Jessica Sargeant, his smart and charming second wife. Reginald Denny is a third. His new wife, "Bubbles" Steifel, they say, is bringing him much happiness.

Again, there's little Joan Bennett, who seems no more than a baby herself, yet she has not only been married and become a mother, but has also divorced a husband. She is now in her very early twenties, and box office or no box office, shouldn't we all like to see her try again—particularly when there's such a good-looking, brilliant young film executive admiring her from the side lines?

And Del Rio. Somehow, her case seems particularly tragic to me. You know, it's harder to try again if you've found happiness in your first marriage than if you have not. And Del Rio did love her husband. Of course, when she came to Hollywood, deserting her aristocratic, secluded life in Mexico City, there were many changes, many re-adjustments. Poor distinguished Jaime must have felt very strange, almost *de trop* there in Cinema City. Finally, when the big misunderstanding came, he went away, and Dolores divorced him. Then, as we all know, he died, alone on the continent. With Dolores in Hollywood six thousand miles away! All she could do was to cable: "I love you." She must have felt like the words of the old song: "Love comes but once, and then perhaps too late." But it isn't too late in her case. As we go to press Dolores is announcing her engagement to Cedric Gibbons, the popular art director for Metro. They will be married soon.

Then there's pretty Helen Twelvetrees, who joined the talkie ranks over a year ago. Should she not dare to marry again since her separation from Clark Twelvetrees for fear the fans will prove inconstant? Certainly, they didn't to Grant Withers, the happy husband of Loretta Young, who has an unfortunate marriage behind him.

And how about John Barrymore? Married formerly to Michael Strange, the poetess, with her at one side of the world and him at the other—what happiness could result? Anybody who has seen the exquisite Dolores Costello holding Barrymore's child in her arms could not have the heart to deny them the happiness which has apparently resulted from their marriage some two years ago.

The list of stars who have dared or are daring is very long! There's Bob Wheeler and his wife Betty, now divorced, but he has recently become the happy father of a child by his second wife. Sue Carol was divorced before she ever saw Nick Stuart's curly black hair. Then there's that very nearly perfect person, Hedda Hopper. Did you ever study her pictures closely? If you do, you'll notice that nearly always she seems very wistful. Surely she's too fine to remain unmarried. And how about great Al Jolson, who told me he never knew what happiness was until he went swimming and golfing with Ruby Keeler, now Mrs. Jolson? There's sad little Mary Astor whose husband was so tragically killed in an airplane accident. And how about King Vidor, and Florence, his former wife, so marvelously content with her second marriage to Yascha Heifitz and now expecting a new baby any day? To say nothing of Eleanor Boardman who has borne two children to King Vidor. Eleanor always wanted children—and now she has them. And there's Helene Costello and her new husband, Lowell Sherman; Elinor Faire, Billy Boyd, John Gilbert, Leatrice Joy, Lita Gray, Kenneth Harlan, Marilyn Miller, and the first Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks who now seems blissfully happy with her young actor husband, Jack Whiting. And I am sure there are many more stars whom I have overlooked.

Of course, there are. Mary and Douglas, the most splendid of all screen artists, who have dared to seize their happiness. And they've paid for it, too, for it's only lately they have been able to drop the cares of executive life and enjoy themselves. For years their whole existence was given to

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LONG LANCE, CHIEF OF HEART-BREAKERS — *Continued from page 113*

"I think Mr. Burden deserves great credit for this picture, not only because it is real entertainment but because he has adhered in every respect to Indian truth. For instance, you know the historical setting of the picture was the year 1400. At this time, the Indians knew nothing of beads. They trimmed their costumes with furs and porcupine quills. And it was not until the Hudson Bay Company introduced beads to simulate porcupine quills that the Indians adopted them. In 'The Silent Enemy,' not one single bead is seen. This point is merely used to illustrate just one of the many ways in which Mr. Burden presented the true Indians to millions of people in this country who are fast forgetting the real character and nature of the Red Man."

When you see Long Lance in "The Silent Enemy," in his hides and furs and porcupine quills, you can form no true picture of the man he is to-day. At least, no true picture of the cosmopolitan character I interviewed just as he was stepping out to a party. Instead of a feathered head-dress, he wore a shining silk hat. Not a buckskin shirt but a formal evening coat, long tails and all. In the place of a tomahawk in his belt, he carried a thin platinum watch. And brilliantly glossed patent leather shoes instead of moccasins covered the slim feet that have sought out the hidden places in so many tortuous trails.

The boy rose from nothing to everything. He is welcome to-day in the smartest homes. He is sought out, interviewed, flattered, feted.

The romantic thing, of course, would be to predict that this mighty hunter will go back to the land where the moose and caribou roam. But I believe that the nearest this red-skinned Romeo will get to an antlered animal for some time will be when he sits down to maybe a venison steak—must be rare—after Mr. Zukor or Mr. Lasky, or one of our other production czars, gets Long Lance's Indian sign on the dotted line. For the Chief is a marvelous actor as he has shown in "The Silent Enemy." And, since without even opening his mouth—he didn't talk in his first film—he has half of the feminine scalps in America right at his belt, what will happen when he is starred in a talking picture?

I'll tell you what will happen! He's going to give Gary Cooper, Richard Dix and the rest of our great outdoor heroes of the screen an awful run for their cinema money!

ON LOCATION WITH RICHARD ARLEN

Continued from page 112

boats which didn't help the progress of sound pictures at all.

In the afternoon we went out on the boat to the lagoon in front of the 'jungle.' Dick had to put on the diving suit for the first time.

It had been calm in the morning but the usual afternoon breeze had sprung up so with all the other things they had to wait for, such as putt-putting boats, airplanes and light, they had to watch the 'jungle' background. With the boats in a certain position the 'jungle' was in camera range. When the swell of the sea turned them it was out, and one doesn't find Catalina scenery in the South Sea Isles.

"Never mind, Fay. Keep up your courage. You'll work tonight, anyway. You'll be in the picture," soothed George Abbott, jokingly. Fay had been sitting in the blistering sun most of the afternoon waiting to be called. We all laughed. Night work is something to look forward to when one has risen at six.

There had been a great excitement when it was discovered that Fay's extra pair of tennis shoes had been left in Hollywood, the ones to match those which had been ruined in the morning. And there wasn't a pair in the wardrobe that would fit her. They were either too large or too small. Fay wears a five. You'll be pleased to hear that she chose a pair a size too large rather than one a size too small. "I have too much respect for my feet to cramp them up even for an afternoon if I can help it," she said.

We discovered from Thomas Owen, a well-known professional diver with over twenty-five years' experience in the business, a lot we hadn't known before about deep sea diving. Mr. Owen was one of the divers on the picture, "Men Without Women." He uses a regulation commercial diver's outfit and that's what Dick wears, too. For under-water stuff a specially made and weighted camera in a specially made under-water booth is sunk to the floor of the ocean. The camera weighs three hundred and fifty pounds. The camera man also wears a diving suit but can't enter the booth to operate the camera. It has to be run by electricity. The cameraman indicates the spot he wants the camera to be in and signals above. The booth is then lowered over the spot. A diver's suit weighs eighty pounds as it takes that much weight to hold a man down. This weight is adequate for any depth it is possible for him to go. The pressure of water is one pound to each foot, I am told, so by the time you have gone down thirty feet you have thirty pounds resting upon your diving helmet! It is sometimes hard to walk under water, too. The currents keep pushing you about and the weighty clothes are difficult to manipulate. But it must be fascinating.

Dick Arlen plays a pearl diver and a bad-tempered one until he—well, I won't tell what it is that changes him, though if you are any good at guessing you know right now. He goes down in strange waters and his helmet is not right. Then Foul Play begins and Dick is—whoa again! Anyhow, he darn near dies before he can get the thing off.

That night we did some rain scenes outside a prop store. A hose supplied the rain which had to be turned off when the cameras began to grind. It was just necessary for the roof to drip showing that it was a wet night, or had been.

Gene Pallette was on the job again. He had made good with the fish and they were great. "They ought to be. I spent all day

(*Continued on page 116*)

"Everyone who understands beauty care takes Kleenex as a matter of course . . ."

Virginia Valli

Screen stars—wise in the ways of beauty—find Kleenex indispensable for removing cold cream.

WHY is Kleenex in the dressing room of almost every star in Hollywood?

Because, as Virginia Valli says, "It's the modern, sanitary way to remove cold cream and make-up."

Kleenex *is* the modern way. How much daintier to use an immaculate tissue than a germ-filled cold cream cloth . . . or a harsh and unabsorbent towel!

With Kleenex there's no rubbing or stretching the skin. You just *blot*. Along with the cream come embedded dirt and cosmetics—which harsh cloths often rub right back into the pores.

Kleenex is simply discarded after using. If you don't know Kleenex, start today to give your skin the care it deserves. Buy Kleenex at drug, dry goods and department stores.

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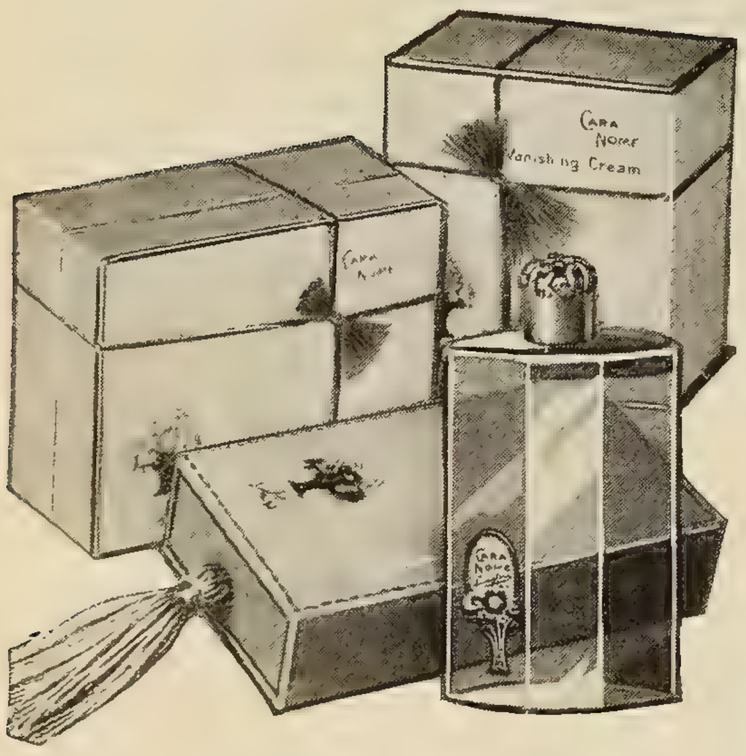
For a clear beautiful skin



A clear, beautiful skin attracts and holds attention as nothing else will—for the most compelling charm is a smooth, soft-textured skin. No need now to go around with a poor complexion. Cara Nome Cold Cream, Skin Cream and Vanishing Cream take away injurious grime and dirt and do not grow hair on your face. Cara Nome Face Powder, smooth and fragrant, is delicately scented. All these are moderately priced and will give you an alluring, beautiful complexion. At all Rexall Drug Stores which includes Liggett and Owl Stores; there is a Rexall Store conveniently near you.

SAVE *with* SAFETY *at your* Rexall DRUG STORE

NO AGE LIMIT IN HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 25

the Tempest rôle in New York, Charles Frohman having cabled for her. She landed at noon on Christmas Day and played a matinée before she had time to register at a hotel.

For years she remained with the Frohman Stock Company on Broadway. More than a quarter of a century ago she bought a farm on Long Island, expecting to have to retire, but engagements came thick and fast and retirement seems farther off than ever since talkies "have made acting a pleasure."

She says that queens, duchesses and high-class wickedness are her dramatic specialties; and dear, dear, if that's keeping a youthful outlook, no wonder people worry about the younger generation!

Herbert Bunston, the *Lord Elton* of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," is another sipper at Hollywood's perennial-youth fountain. He created this rôle on the London stage, played it again in New York, and went on tour with it through this country before being persuaded to re-create it on the screen.

England has contributed more than its quota of famous oldsters to Hollywood, including the Belmores (Lionel and Daisy), Alec Francis and Emily Fitzroy.

That romance is not the exclusive property of the very young is shown by the love story of the Alec Francises.

Alec and the first Mrs. Francis were at the Allied Bazaar in Madison Square Garden, New York City, where he was helping entertain. The country was at war. At a booth, the present Mrs. Francis, then Mrs. Elphinstone Maitland, widow of the celebrated son of General Maitland, was exhibiting pedigreed dogs for the cause. The two met, casually. Alec dismissed the prophecy of a seer in another booth that he had that day met his second wife as so much foolishness.

Years went by. The first Mrs. Francis died and Alec became well known on the silver sheet. Mrs. Maitland, coming to California for her health, was taken to a studio by her friend, Madame Elinor Glyn, and shown the set where the actor was working.

"Why, you're the dog woman!" he cried.

Cupid's cue!

Youth no longer rules the screen. Witness Bodil Rosing.

Bodil comes from a long line of stage folk. Her great-great-grandfather, Michael Rosing, the Edwin Booth of Norway, was the first actor in Norway to be recognized by the King. He was received at court and decorated and through his efforts the status of actors was raised.

When Bodil, at sixteen, was leading woman at Copenhagen's finest theater, so changed was the position of the actor that the King and Queen often visited the theater and frequently came back-stage to compliment players on their work. They were not at all like the royalty of an earlier day. "Have you met my wife?" the King would ask, as any acquaintance might do.

Marriage took the actress to Seattle, Washington, where her three babies were born. One of them, Tove Jansen, grew up and married Monte Blue, and it was at Monte's urging that Bodil, after a successful career on the American stage, decided to try pictures.

"If Marie's in the picture, I don't worry about it," Robert Leonard told me the other day. He referred to Marie Dressler whose spectacular success in talkers has resulted in her being starred at the age of "somewhere near a thousand," as she puts it.

And only half a dozen years ago, Marie told a ship news reporter that she was "just a tired old woman nobody wants!"

William Farnum, ten years ago an outstanding idol of the screen, is staging a comeback, too. So excellent is his performance in "Du Barry" with Norma Talmadge, that he is finding it difficult to choose from among the offers that have poured upon him.

Another veteran from this same picture, Hobart Bosworth, sometimes finds it necessary to play in two pictures at once. He is 63, but as popular as when, forty years ago, he played leads with Julia Marlowe, Henrietta Crossman, Amelia Bingham and Mrs. Fiske.

In 1900, Mr. Bosworth's health broke and for nine years he waged war against tuberculosis, living in tents in Colorado, Arizona and California. But these years, which the locusts might have eaten, were fruitful instead, for he gained fame as a writer and artist, and was ready with renewed power when the time came to enter motion pictures.

In 1914, the Bosworth Film Company merged with Famous-Players-Lasky, and Hobart became again an actor. The list of his successes in the succeeding 15 years would take up the rest of the book.

Veteran players of the silent screen who have carried their popularity over into talkies include the brothers Beery, Tully Marshall, Lucien Littlefield, Robert Edeson and Louise Dresser.

There's Myrtle Stedman, who was one of our very first picture stars and the heroine of the old Charles Van Loan stories, now doing mother rôles, the latest in "The Little Accident" for Universal.

There's J. Farrell MacDonald, who started in 1908 in the "Broncho Billy" pictures, and is now dividing his time between Fox's and Warner's with scarcely a pause to get his breath.

There's Ford Sterling, one-time captain of the Keystone Kops, who boasts that he discovered Louise Fazenda, with whom he recently played comedy lead in "Bride of the Regiment."

Back in 1916, Eugene Pallette was co-starring with Norma Talmadge. He went to war and when he returned found himself forgotten. He fought his way up again in character rôles and in 1921 was on the verge of stardom when the first Metro Company closed its doors.

Eugene turned to Texas oil fields where within a year he had made and lost a fortune. A long struggle, and then came the talkies. He made an instantaneous hit in a picture called "Out of the Fog," and has since been unable to fill all the parts for which his services have been requested. Of course, you all know him well as *Sergeant Heath* in the *Philo-Vance* detective films.

ON LOCATION WITH RICHARD ARLEN

Continued from page 115

cleaning those doggone fish, but they gave in at last." He was performing tricks with a cowboy's rope, some stunts he had learned while on "The Virginian."

"Are you going to rescue someone, Gene?" we asked.

"Yeah. I'm going in and catch a scene."

Later we moved to the wharf where Dick gets into a fight with William Gleckler and tosses him into the water.

Next morning the ten o'clock boat took us home. It *was fun!*

WHY I LIKE HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 59

whenever I enter Hollywood I have a sense of space, freedom, non-conformity; whereas in New York I must wear a mental coat of mail to protect myself against crowd-vamp.

Cities have aromas, auras, souls. New York is a city of stone, gray and formidable. Her secret is like that of the Sphinx—for the ages to read. If Nathaniel Hawthorne had written "The Great Stone Face" today he would probably have laid it in New York.

The New Yorker is often just as provincial as any other main-streeter. In the old days he traveled from Jack's to Joel's and from Joel's to Delmonico's. And today he is a Broadwayite, a Harlemite or a Greenwich Villager—always tied to a narrow section; whereas Hollywood means California from Santa Barbara to Tia Juana.

Hollywood has personality. It has become Pierrette. And its artist lover—Motion Pictures—is Pierrot. But this is a new Pierrette and a new Pierrot. They are no longer starving in a garret, but dancing on the sunny slopes of California with orange blossoms in their hands and hair. Pierrette and Pierrot, with the great Arizona desert at night for a French window, and during the day—Toytown.

Hollywood is the most gayly bedecked, rambling, climbing, sprawling, lazy, playful town in all the world. The New Yorkers hate it because it refuses to wear its own serious Wall Street face.

What we need most in America to-day is the play spirit; a divine carelessness, a sweet do-nothingness. There is something in the climate of Hollywood—a psychic belt revolves there, I am told by the seers who know their Bunyans—that touches everybody there with a little bit of moon-madness.

However that may be, there is the spirit of the bizarre, an irrational something, a gay devil-may-care camaraderie, an uncorseted mind that runs the gamut of everything that comes to hand.

Diviners, yogis, soothsayers, astrologers, long-haired hermits and bare-footed pilgrims abound there because of the miracle money that breaks out every day like the *copo de oro*—the golden-hearted poppies you tread underfoot. The Spirit of Chance is everywhere. Why, today you may be working as a poor extra at five dollars a day—tomorrow you may be called to take a leading part in a super-special.

Old Cinderella stuff—but it really comes to pass in Hollywood—and nowhere else in the world!

Now, as to the 'morons' we hear about—they are not related to time and place. Here in New York I lately heard a supposedly cultured woman, one who is in the know regarding the leading writers and their works, says: "I had 'The Story of My Life,' by Isadora Duncan, but I didn't think much of it—I gave it away. Now, my opinion about 'The Cradle of the Deep' is that it is the greatest autobiography ever written."

I had nothing to say, I who had hugged Isadora's book to my heart because of the great idea that had been revealed to her, who had kept this idea intact through all her travail, and given it to the world—an idea as sublime as any creation of Wagner, or any of the great poets. What could one say?

(*Continued on page 119*)

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2 Prizes $50.00 each	10 Prizes $10.00 each
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IF you have beautiful hair, attractively finger-waved and smartly dressed, it may win for you one of these prizes. Think of it! You may win the money for a glorious trip—a new outfit—or some other luxury you have always wanted. Just read the simple rules of this great contest—**and enter today.**

RULES OF THE CONTEST

All you need do to enter is shampoo and finger-wave your hair attractively. Then send a photograph showing your hair, to Miss Jo-cur, Curran Laboratories, Inc., New York City. With the photograph, send a brief note telling whether you used Jo-cur Shampoo and Jo-cur Waveset, the original finger-waving liquid, in dressing your hair. That's all there is to it. **Judges will consider only the beauty of your hair** as shown in the photograph. In awarding prizes, equal consideration will be given all contestants regardless of the preparations used in dressing the hair. But, don't think you must submit an expensive photograph. A good, clear snapshot is all that is necessary. Photographs cannot be returned and the right is reserved to publish any photograph submitted. The contest closes September 30th.

HERE ARE THE JUDGES

These experts in feminine hair beauty will pick the lucky winners in this contest. Their names guarantee that the judgment will be fair and impartial. **ALICE WHITE,** First National Star, whose beautiful, wavy hair is the envy of millions. **CHARLES B. ROSS,** famous painter of lovely women. **HAZEL KOZLAY,** Editor of American Hairdresser Magazine, an authority on beautiful hair.

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If your nearest 5-and-10 or drug store is out of Jo-cur Beauty Aids, we will mail you trial sizes of all four products upon receipt of 50c in stamps.

Remember the contest closes at midnight, September 30, 1930. Don't fail to enter your photograph in this nation-wide search for beautiful hair.

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SING AS YOU SPEAK! SAYS LAWRENCE TIBBETT

Continued from page 27

sibilities, was a great incentive to me to put my shoulder to the wheel and forge ahead to victory. You may be grateful when someone says of you, "He has no voice"; or "She will never be a singer in a thousand years." For if it's in you to become a great singer, this will be the match that will ignite the 'flame of your desire' (that would be a good title for movie!).

When I was a little boy I wanted to be a doctor, a painter, a writer, an actor; with each rising sun I had a new ambition, but always I wanted to triumph in whatever I undertook, so when fate led me into singing, because I could not keep from singing, I had the desire to perfect my singing at every turn. Someone asked me whether it was true that I used to sing high notes at seven-thirty A. M. A student he knew in Italy told him this story of me. He said I used to come to his house here in Los Angeles before breakfast and say to him, "Listen to that note—until I get it clear and ringing before breakfast I won't feel that my voice is placed." Now that's a good story to stir ambition, so I repeat it. I don't remember doing just that but I do know that I used to work hours a day to get my high notes clear and free. For without any mock modesty I would like to say that I do not feel I am blessed with a super-organ of any kind—when I began my voice was unusually small; I have never forced it, for though I've made many mistakes in singing which I've had to rectify as I went along the rocky way to songland, forcing my voice was not one of them. Yet with constant singing, my voice has grown steadily and evenly.

Singing is an outward expression of what is within your soul. I like to think of singing not as *bel canto* but as *canto expressivo,* for life is not always beautiful, therefore, you cannot always express beauty. Singing should be an expression of life in all its phases. If you are expressing torture or pain, sin or sorrow—beautiful velvety tones do not express it. So one ought to have ugly tones in one's voice with which to express ugliness. But let me say here that I have two pieces of advice to give young singers which are pretty safe to follow *always:* You cannot sing unless you open your mouth and the smiling mouth is suicide to most voices. This applies to ninety-nine percent of singing. There may be times when a grin of irony or a smile of joy would be necessary to the part you were singing, or a closed mouth or grinding of teeth might be needed to express a thought, but these are exceptions. Generally speaking, to sing with a well-opened mouth and to avoid the smiling mouth are excellent pieces of advice to all singers.

I am still as nervous as a school boy in his first play when I sing the opening bars of an opera or at a concert. Even on the motion picture sets I have experienced nervousness. It is a rare thing for me to be free from this agony. Some singers say they overcome it after years and years of singing. I don't know that I ever will. The other night I was singing the oratorio "Elijah." I had not sung as much as I am accustomed to these past weeks and although I had worked a lot for a few days previous to the concert, when I heard the first few notes coming out of my mouth I was frightened (figuratively) to death. It took almost the entire evening for this to pass away. Of course, nervousness that stiffens the muscles of the throat or diaphragm is dangerous to a singer, but just this stage fright that we all have, is sometimes a good thing to keep one on one's mettle and it often inspires a singer to lift out of himself and depend upon a higher force.

Let me say in closing, you need heart and intelligence and the great desire to sing. You need to be brave and impersonal to the knocks and criticisms you will receive from those to whom you look for praise. But let me impress upon you again—it isn't praise and flattery that has made me go even as far as I have today—I hope to go much farther. It is often to those who almost broke your heart at the time to whom you owe your big success. Last but not least, I say to you— "You will become a singer as surely as tomorrow's sun will rise if you are unable to prevent yourself from singing."

A happy trio! Lawrence Tibbett, Buster Keaton and Edward Sedgwick, Buster's director, give a soulful rendition of "Sweet Adeline."

WHY I LIKE HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 117

Morons are not made or unmade; they are not indigenous to Hollywood or New York. They are like geniuses—they are born.

I have only pleasant memories of Hollywood and of all the gay, great-hearted people who entertained me there. There were nights at the Writers' Club, where interesting one-act plays were given and the rôles were interpreted by the best talent, for in Hollywood there is always to be found a great cosmopolitan round-up of the people who have spent most of their life on the stage. Hollywood Boulevard is the real Rialto of America—yes, of the world!

It was in Hollywood that I saw a much finer production of "All God's Chillun Got Wings," by Eugene O'Neill, than I had seen in New York. It was in Hollywood that "Lazarus Laughed," O'Neill's titanic spectacle, was produced. It has not yet been done in slow-poke New York. I saw "The Light of Asia," done by Walter Hampden, in Hollywood years before it was produced in New York.

Gay, bright, colored, open-air Pierrette and Pierrot, they have wandered down the centuries and found a haven in southern California, with Cinderella and Prince Fortunatus!

WHY I DON'T LIKE HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 58

at me as though he had a lunatic to deal with: Here was the first human being ever heard of who chucked a contract to go to Hollywood, and with such an old billion-dollar concern! I walked out.

At home I formulated a scheme that would prevent them from ever inviting me again, for I knew they would raise the offer after my first refusal. I despatched a special delivery letter to the treasurer in which I named a figure so high, with conditions about de luxe transportation for self and wife going and coming back, advance money and conditions regarding the renewal of the contract that no sane treasurer and watchdog of the mazuma-box could help immediately tossing into the waste-basket and then notifying the police that a thief was at large.

"That'll fix 'em!" I said to my wife as I immediately began to write my book on Spinoza.

Forty-eight hours later I got this telegram from the treasurer:

"West Coast O. K.'s all your conditions. See me for contract. You start Nov. 1."

I threw up the sponge. I couldn't back out now. They had called my bluff, and what the seer in Michigan had foretold had come to pass.

I was in Hollywood early in November, and on New Year's Day I stood under the California palms with the seer, as he had foretold!

That's how I was literally shanghaied into Hollywood by Fate and Mammon. And, although I spent the most prosperous six months there I ever had spent in my life, I could hardly wait for the six months to elapse so that I could get on a train for New York. (And I might

(Continued on page 122)

"SHE CAN'T PLAY A NOTE"

"This'll be Funny" they shouted as she sat down to play — *but a minute later...*

"I GUESS we're stuck right here in the club for the afternoon," sighed Jane, as the rain began coming down in torrents.

"I suppose this means more bridge, and I'm tired of that," said John Thompson. "Can't we find something unusual to do?"

"Well, here comes Sally Barrow. She might offer a solution to the problem," suggested Jimmy Parsons.

Poor Sally! Unfortunately she was considerably overweight. Nevertheless the boys all *liked* Sally—she was so jolly and full of fun.

"Hello everybody," came Sally's cheery greeting, "What's new?"

"That's just it, Sally, we've just about reached the end of our rope," replied John.

"Would it surprise you if I played a tune or two for you on the piano?"

"You play, Sally? Don't be funny!" The very idea of Sally having talent in any direction struck everybody as a joke. However, Sally didn't mind being laughed at—as long as John Thompson didn't join in the laughter. Sally liked John—more than she cared to admit.

Sally walked nonchalantly over to the piano. Carelessly, she played a few chords. Then, just as if she had played for years, Sally broke into the latest Broadway hit. Her listeners couldn't believe their ears! Sally continued to play one lively tune after another.

Finally she rose from the piano. John Thompson was at her side immediately.

"Where did you learn? Who was your teacher?" John asked.

Sally's Secret

"You may laugh when I tell you," Sally explained, "But I learned to play at home, without a teacher. You see, I happened to see a U. S. School of Music advertisement. It offered a Free Demonstration Lesson so I wrote for it. When it came and I saw how easy it all was, I sent for the complete course. Why, I was playing simple tunes by note right from the start. It was just as simple as A-B-C to follow the clear print and picture illustrations that came with the lessons. Now I can play many classics by note and and most all the popular music."

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FASHION NEWS—*Continued from page 53*

in knowing that this and other fall dresses will have no high waistlines. The Autumn waistline is absolutely natural—that is, resting on the hips, just at the out-curve below the normal waist. Women have quite rightly rebelled about the high line. It was impossible for corset manufacturers to make a corset to suit every individual figure so that this high line could be worn. And after a woman had experimented with several different kinds of corsets and brassieres unsuccessfully, she refuses to go on.

Now you have your dress and your coat. But there is still another feature of this ensemble. It is a buttoned-on skirt, of the same color and material as the coat. This can be buttoned on over the dress for the morning, for sports, or for an informal luncheon, and removed for the afternoon or for an informal tea, making it possible to start out early in the day and carry through until the dinner hour with the minimum of effort.

Raymonda Brown has beauty plus ability—she's a dancer under contract to Fox Movietone.

At this time of the year, summer evening coats are beginning to seem quite passé and insufficient. And we are casting longing eyes around for new wraps for nights of delicious dancing and other pleasuring.

Evening coats hold first place of all autumn fashions. More care and artistry have been lavished on them than any other single article of wearing apparel. Gorgeous is the only word that will describe them. In an endless variety of color, weight and fabric, the outstanding feature about them is the sleeve. One which I created for Mrs. George Fitzmaurice had large, puffy sleeves, somewhat like the old leg-of-mutton type. Another gave the effect of a cape. And there is still a third type of evening wrap which is draped like a blouse. Isn't that novel? One, a short ermine jacket, with roll collar, fitted in at the waist, and widening out over the hips where it ends abruptly, takes you back somewhat to the days of tippet and muff. But ah, how carefully you must watch your furrier to see that the cut gives one the last touch of modernity instead of making it look as though the coat had been taken out of great-aunt's old tin trunk in the attic!

And now to evening dresses! Invitations to the first formal dance of the season will make even the freshest of one's last summer's dinner dresses seem like so many wispy rags.

For this part of the wardrobe, one must be extremely careful. The dresses that molded the figure from the bust to the knees are now quite *outré*. New months, new modes—that's the answer. Nor will such a large slice be cut out of the backs of evening gowns. Society ladies are deciding not to show so many of the vertebrae as they did last winter.

So that you may have your evening gowns exactly right, I should suggest that the skirt fullness begin at the hip line or a bit above. And that if you must have an extremely low back, a scarf or cape be used to cover this expanse. The sleeves, will, of course, puff out from the shoulder, giving the waist that slim look of quaintness which is so flattering.

The colors will be black, white, antique ivory, garnet-red, and all pastel shades. In this connection, it is interesting to know that the velvet and the satin manufacturers have not been sitting out under the trees this summer sipping long, cool drinks out of tall glasses. They, too, have been unusually busy. All the old gowns and court dresses resting in museums and private collections have been unearthed and studied as carefully as the new contract bridge rules, with the result that there is a new Lyons velvet, exactly like the stiff old velvet we used to see in ancient oil paintings, but as soft now as baby's breath. All the antique satins and velvets have been so carefully analyzed that now they can be perfectly imitated and we have old-ivory, old-gold satin, old-garnet, old-ashes-of-roses velvet, and a breath-taking gamut of other colors and fabrics.

One of the bright sides of the new modes is that the great designers like Molyneux, Lanvin, Worth and Chanel are working on a classic basis instead of working on fads. Many of the most stunning evening gowns will be Greek gowns. One which I created for Hedda Hopper is of old-ivory satin. The entire material, pleated in small pleats, is cut exactly like a Greek costume, "V" neck, and with two bands running from shoulder to hip and crossing at the waist to give a "V" effect at top and bottom. The swirl of the pleats, the gleam of the perfectly simulated antique satin, the subtlety of the cut, and the grace of the completed model combine to make an evening gown of incomparable beauty. I think it is the loveliest one I have designed for the coming season. Naturally, it takes a distinguished type to carry off such sheer natural beauty of line as this dress imposes.

Another evening dress which I designed for Claire Luce remains in my memory. It was of pale lemon organdy, tight-bodiced, puffed-sleeved, wide-skirted, trimmed at the bottom with alternating bands of the material and real Valenciennes lace. Usually for Miss Luce, I do something more sophisticated but this gave the perfect setting for her *jeune fille* beauty.

In modeling your clothes after screen stars, you are safe in following Lilyan Tashman, Kay Francis, Constance and Joan Bennett, Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford, Ina Claire, Madge Kennedy, Evelyn Brent, Ruth Chatterton, Bebe Daniels and Claire Luce. Naturally, there are others, but of these dozen I am sure, as I have designed clothes for them and have carefully studied their style flairs. Without exception, they understand clothes values.

(*Continued on page 123*)

"SALLY," "SUNNY," AND MARILYN

Continued from page 31

won't be tragic. There won't be any high emoting so far as I'm concerned."

Which recalls the fact that Miss Miller is probably the only feminine player in the world who has never cherished an ambition to play *Juliet*. She laughingly admitted this in New York last Spring to an interviewer, who was duly astonished.

In a word, she is utterly without pretension. A certain motion picture magazine published an article some time ago declaring that Marilyn was extremely ritzy and haughty on her last visit to Hollywood when she was making "Sally." The present writer, finding this very hard to believe, asked Miss Miller if it was really true that she high-hatted various people.

"No!" she declared very vigorously. "I couldn't be that way if I wanted to." And then, with laughter in her eyes, she added: "Even if I started out to be that way, I couldn't keep it up."

And that is simply the case. She must always be her natural self. It is the characteristic that will always prevent her, as she admits herself, from becoming an emotional actress. She always displays the one personality—is always the one and only Marilyn Miller.

She has simply loads of friends—and of the most amazing variety of types. A sort of cross-section of them appeared at the Grand Central Station in New York to bid her good-bye when she recently started West, bound for Hollywood and the new screen edition of "Sunny."

At least three dozen people were on hand. Some were actors; some were Broadway playboys of purest ray serene; there was at least one aunt, as well as three or four children who, one gathered, were nephews and nieces. Also, there were people whom it was quite impossible to classify—not to forget one of the secretaries, who was not to accompany Marilyn to California. Tears—yes, tears!—were in the eyes of the secretary, which made it quite evident that she, too, is human outside office hours.

The aunt, the children and the secretary were kissed good-bye. And—"I certainly do hate to see that girl go!" said the aunt.

The Broadway playboys looked as though they heartily agreed.

One of the nicest things about Marilyn Miller is that she doesn't knock. You may know her well for a very long time indeed without hearing her say one word against anybody. This is rare in the theatrical world—including, by all means, the motion picture world.

But she does cherish a rather strong resentment against the Gerry Society, which made it impossible for her to appear in New York as a child actress and dancer. All the Millers—parents and youngsters—were on the stage, and Marilyn made her debut at the age of five as Miss Sugarplum. In many cities, however, organizations devoted to child welfare prevented her appearance; and she says that she used to insist on her mother dressing her for the stage even when she was not allowed to perform; and then she would stand in the wings and cry, a forlorn little spangled figure.

"We were better taken care of, better clothed and better educated than most children," she declares; and it is quite apparent that she has not forgiven those child welfare societies to this day.

She likes parties; she likes to go to the legitimate theater and to the movies; she likes books—that is, within the limits of fiction, for Marilyn is anything but a highbrow. But most of all, one may be quite sure, she likes to dance. The strains of a hurdy-gurdy outside the window are enough to set her feet tapping and her body swaying.

She likes Paris and London, where she often goes, but where she has never appeared professionally since, at the age of fifteen, she was the sensation of the Embassy Club in London. But she is a very staunch American. Not long ago a motion picture critic in New York asked her if she didn't prefer the European cities to those of her native land.

Marilyn replied emphatically in the negative. "Of course, they're wonderful and I love to go there, but this"—and with one sweep of the arm she seemed to include the whole of the U. S. A.—"this is my own!"

She likes beautiful clothes and knows how to select them. If the half-dozen best-dressed women in America could be authoritatively chosen, Marilyn Miller would certainly be one of them.

She practices dancing every day. She is fond of outdoor sports, but not of walking for its own sake. If it is necessary to go two blocks, she will make the journey in her town-car.

Her choice of words in conversation is excellent. So, be it recorded, is her choice of subjects. She has never smoked and she drinks only wine, and very little of that. She is a daughter of Dixie, and extremely proud of it.

Loyal to her friends, she is also likely to be devastatingly frank with them. Recently a musical comedy actress who had played with her in some of her greatest stage successes was starred in a show which came as near to Broadway as a try-out theater in Brooklyn, and there died dismally. Before the demise of this ill-fated entertainment, Marilyn went over to Brooklyn in a driving rainstorm to see her girl friend perform. After the show she went behind the scenes and was asked by the heroine: "Well, how did I do?"

The reply was characteristically honest. "Mary, you were terrible!"

They are still friends.

Whenever a new show or picture of hers appears, Marilyn has a fit of blue devils and steels herself against certain failure. But there hasn't been a failure yet.

She is a girl of sharply alternating moods. When she is sad she is very, very sad; and when she is gay she giggles—there's no other word for it.

So often people of the theater and the screen are disappointing when one meets them in the flesh. But if you have liked "Sally" on stage and screen, and "Sunny" and "Rosalie" on the stage, you are certain to like Marilyn Miller if you are ever fortunate enough to make her acquaintance.

For she is "Sally," "Sunny" and "Rosalie;" and they are Marilyn Miller!

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WHY I DON'T LIKE HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 119

say, in parenthesis, that I have never heard any one in Hollywood say, "Well, I'm going to New York tonight!" that almost every person within hearing didn't say, "Wish I were going with you!")

Well, my intuitions were, as usual, right. I didn't like Hollywood before I saw it; I liked it less after living and prospering there, and I like it less and less the more I think about it.

Why? Why didn't I like Hollywood?

Because the whole town is underdone, half-baked and over-done. There is nothing normal in the place—not even the weather. In fact, there is no weather in Hollywood—there is only sunshine.

This sunshine so permeates and soaks everything and everybody until solid, acid, rough-hewn, multi-moody human nature has quite disappeared. Everybody's face, I thought immediately after my arrival, was a compound of mush and sunshine.

Take any person of character—male or female—who has lived in one of the big four-seasonal cities and after a year's residence in Hollywood he or she will look like a piece of angel-cake.

This change is brought about by the lack of variety in the life of the place, the laziness superinduced by the limp, breezeless air; the total absence of all signs of struggle and battle, and the gradual mummification of the mind, grooved into four subjects—motion pictures, talking motion pictures, singing motion pictures, motion pictures.

In this Arcadian vacuum all creative work is impossible. Los Angeles (and Hollywood is only a post-office station in Los Angeles) is the only large city in America that has never to my knowledge contributed a single writer, painter, poet, sculptor or musician to the country. What mental activity there is in this city is in the post-office station, Hollywood—and this mental activity is purely imitative and adaptive.

I disliked Hollywood because it is a purely manufactured, over-night city where I, like all the rest of the workers out there, went only to get the fat pickings.

There is no song, *Take Me Back to Dear Old Hollywood!* Merely to write it would cause a colossal guffaw from coast to coast. Why? I leave it to the secret session of each Hollywooder with himself why *Take Me Back to Dear Old Hollywood!* will never be written except as a satire.

And I say this more in sorrow than in anger, for I love, and have always boosted and always will boost, the motion picture when it is good—that is, artistic, uncompromising with life as it is, or when it presents some fine piece of sophistication or ideal beauty.

The 'trouble' with the motion picture is Hollywood. I felt like a barely galvanized corpse when I was there, for it is a place where they dull diamonds and polish pebbles, to borrow a phrase from Ingersoll.

The minute I returned to New York I began to create. Ideas began to pullulate in my brain. It was springtime again in my psyche, while in Hollywood it was always as dry and sterile as the San Gabriel River, in whose basin the boys play baseball and little girls gather daisies.

Hollywood is the Pathos of Emptiness.

But would I return to Hollywood? Sure. But I will dictate the contract, the conditions and the length of time. It's a great town out of which to carry fat drafts on New York.

THE STAGE IN REVUE—*Continued from page 93*

drama will grow narrower and narrower. But this very fact will spur on, fecundate, as it were, the eggs in the brain of those men and women who desire to produce for the speaking stage alone. Men like O'Neill, Bourdet, Pangol, Pirandello, George Kelly and others do not care a near-beer whether their stuff ever gets on the Hollywood circuit or not.

There is in man a Dramatic Instinct, a love of the Play, of the Theater for itself alone. It is an immanent, indestructible instinct, and this instinct will always find its outlet and its audiences.

The talkies, by cleaning up for screen production the vast litter of Broadway plays that are salable to movie audiences, will leave the theater more and more to its legitimate business: the production of plays that do not make their appeal to anything or anybody but audiences that want to see live human beings on the stage in plays that are taboo to the Haysian Hierarchy: for instance, "The Green Pastures," "Lysistrata," and "Lost Sheep."

There will never be any substitute for a human being in the arts or anywhere else.

You can hear the Philharmonic Orchestra over the radio. But Carnegie Hall is jammed to the doors just the same.

You can hear Paderewski on your phonograph record. But try to get in Carnegie Hall when the man in person appears!

All the Caruso records in the world never kept a person out of the Metropolitan Opera House when he was going to sing. And so on.

The same law applies to the talkies. Announce John Barrymore or George Arliss on Broadway in a great non-talkie play and he is a sell out for months.

Therefore, I thank the talkies: they are going eventually to leave to us the Stage as it was and as it ought to be: an art with its own laws and its own destiny.

I lately took my test try-out (as auditor-spectator) on some talkies. I was bitterly opposed to them at first. A moving picture should be, I believed, just what it is called—a moving picture; in a word, a picture that moves, that is seen and not heard. But I stood on the track shouting in vain—for the big bullgine of Progress ran over me and blew me a whistling laugh as it screeched onward.

Picking up my scattered members, I selected three talkies to see whether I would remain an old fogy or not.

Well, chillun, I kind o' went talkie!

I'm sort of afraid to go see any more because, like the teetotaler and the bottle, I might get to like the stuff if I didn't keep from smellin' 'round it!

"Journey's End" was my first try-out. It fascinated me from beginning to end. Of course, it isn't a moving picture at all. It is a sheer, ninety per cent talkie. I liked it better than the play.

This talkie is a revelation—was to me—of the possibility of how vividly emotions

(*Continued on page 126*)

MAUREEN FROM DUBLIN — *Continued from page 66*

Ireland," said I. "Is it so different from Hollywood?"

"Not really different," said Maureen, thoughtfully. "The boys act differently. They are more noisy over here. And very casual. They think nothing of calling up at the last moment when they want you to go some place. Over there life is more formal. But Dublin itself is just like any other place. Just a smaller New York, really."

And she found no orgies and all that here?

But Maureen just scoffed. A pooh and tush for orgies! I fished around for more bright questions. "What do you like to do most?" and "where do you like to do it?" I considered a neat pair.

"I really don't care," said Maureen. "If I like some one it doesn't matter where we go. I'm happy any place as long as I like the person I am with."

"Ah, and whom *do* you like?" said I, the old busybody pouncing on a clue.

"That would be telling," said canny Maureen, as indeed it would. "I have just lots of boy friends. I like them all. You know, I never know when I am in love and when it is just infatuation," she sighed dreamily. And then she went right on to admit that she thought Frank Albertson was 'a darling,' that Lew Ayres is charming, and she admires Ronald Colman and Fredric March; and George O'Brien is handsome, and oh, so is John Garrick! And Frank Borzage is wonderful, and Will Rogers is a 'dear.' And if that isn't just about liking them all, I'd like to know whose feelings are hurt!

Then we got around to the climate. Everybody does sooner or later.

"It's wonderful!" Maureen is enthusiastic. "In Ireland it is grey and foggy, but here with the beautiful palm trees, oranges growing, lovely flowers, it is divine! Of course, I do miss the green countryside. Nowhere in the world is the grass as green as in Ireland. If they could only move some of the greensward of Ireland to Hollywood, it would be perfect. (Boosters, please note.)

"I like the outdoor life here, and hope that my whole family will come over here to live. Mother came over with me and was here three months but has gone back now. It was such a joke on us, but when we came over we brought our heavy underwear because we didn't know what kind of climate they had here.

"I get a little homesick sometimes, of course, but I expect my father to visit me this summer and hope I shall be able to persuade him to buy a home and stay here. For I like my work and hope to go on and on.

"I can understand how an actress who has outlived her time should still continue to want to act. I am afraid that I will feel that way, too. I will never want to give it up."

Maureen will tell you promptly that she admires Janet Gaynor more than any actress and always has. Is this prophetic? And next Greta Garbo, of course. She used to adore Rudolph Valentino. And always had a sneaking yen for the stage, although being a well-brought-up Irish girl with a father a major in the army, with brothers and sisters and happy home life, she never thought she would realize her yearnings. And then just like lightning it struck. One night in a Dublin cafe, Frank Borzage, director for Fox, discovered her and that was the beginning of the trail that led to Hollywood and to the part of the ingenue in John McCormack's picture, "Song of my Heart," to the rôle of Will Rogers' daughter in "So This Is London;" and soon will lead to the singing featured lead in the million dollar musical picture, "Just Imagine," by De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, which she is doing now. And which may lead, so rumor says, the old gossip, to Gaynor's place co-starring with Charles Farrell.

Perhaps. But that's Maureen. Such a little gain-er. She's gained hearts and fan mail which she threatens to frame, she likes them so.

FASHION NEWS — *Continued from page 120*

Again we must remember: It is smart to be thrifty. It is not necessary for you to spend huge sums of money on tennis clothes, golf jerseys, and morning dresses for home and garden. American manufacturers have solved a great merchandising problem. By buying hundreds and hundreds of bales of silk in China, by cutting thousands and thousands of dresses all in one model, they have worked out a number of dresses which may be procured for from fifteen to twenty dollars, in nearly every city and town.

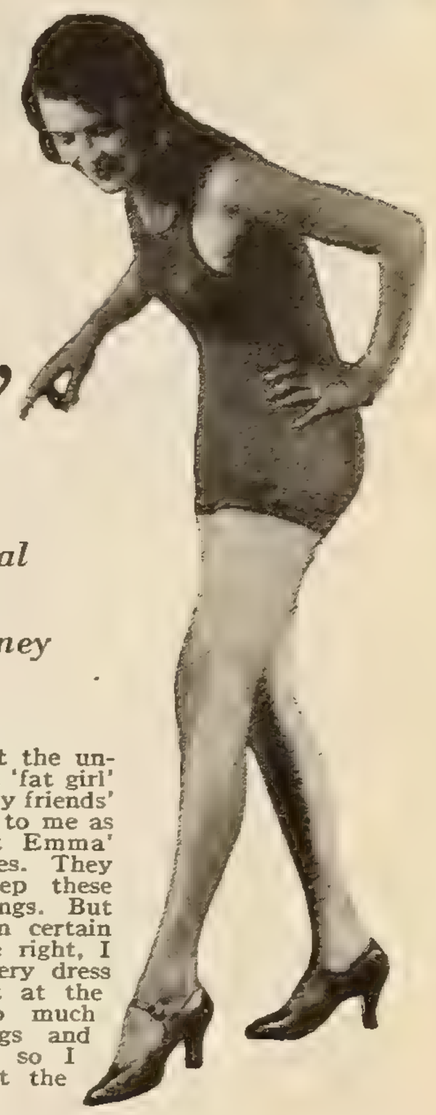
Many women on Park Avenue go in for such clothes at times when it is unnecessary for them to have distinguished models, that is, as I have said before, for sports or morning wear.

And here is an interesting anomaly which I have discovered since I have been dressing women: It is not the rich woman who wastes her money. It is rather the woman who must buy her clothes on a limited budget. Instead of planning far ahead and getting a few good clothes which she can wear month after month, the woman pressed for money goes out frantically and buys one article of dress without waiting to realize what relationship it will have to the rest of her wardrobe. The result is chaos. Consequently, in summing up the basic points of perfect grooming, we should remember to plan the wardrobe as scientifically as a physician performs a diagnosis: we should bar over-dressing, we should buy splendid materials, and we should keep on until we can find a dressmaker who can so wield her shears that our bad points are eliminated and our good points are emphasized!

Do not forget, this is a dressmaker's season. For great originality, one must go to a really clever designer. Worth, Chanel and the others are cutting their clothes so subtly, so intricately that it is practically impossible for the wholesalers to imitate them. For your simple frocks, it is safe to trust to the fifteen dollar dress. But for a smart street or afternoon ensemble, for dinner dresses, evening gowns, and evening coats—costumes that will give you your rightful place among the smartly gowned, individual designing seems to be the only possibility.

And it is every woman's duty to be as beautiful as possible. Today, more than at any other age. For mechanical America today reminds me very much of Ravel's *La Valse*, where heavenly beauty strives with hellish uproar. It is only to women that men can look for surcease from this uproar, and it is every woman's duty to bring the maximum quantity and quality of beauty to the individual who depends upon her for happiness, so that our men may snatch occasional moments "of gold out of an age of steel!"

They Used to Call Me "FAT EMMA"



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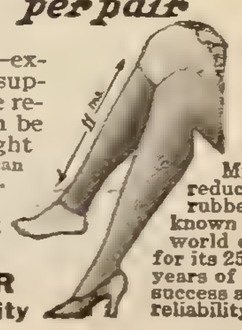

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HOLLYWOOD GOES GOLF-CRAZY

Continued from page 55

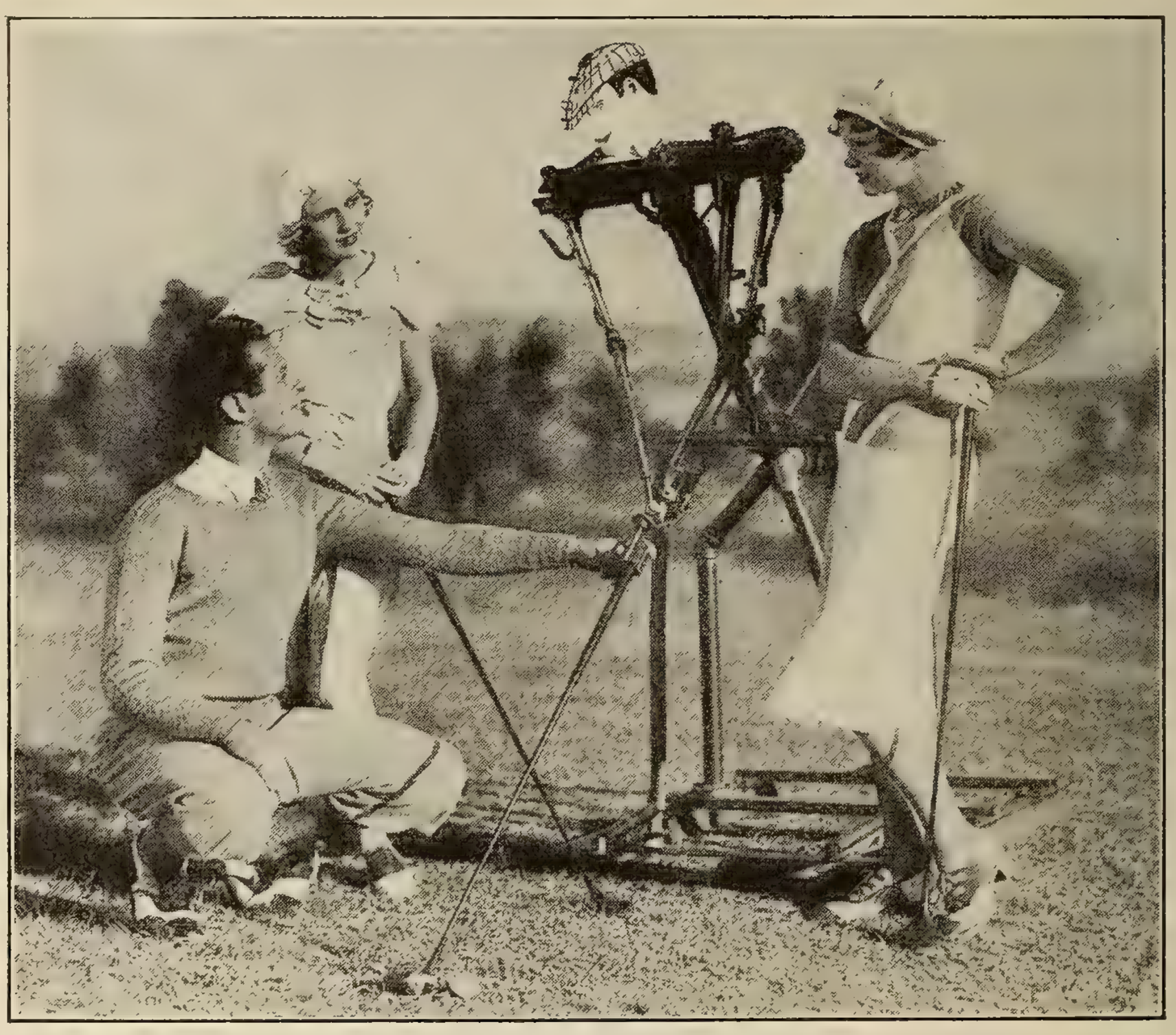
and play sometimes until after one in the cool fresh air. It's great fun."

On the other hand, some players, not yet caught in the meshes of its fascination, are against it. "It's a menace to the picture business and the theater, and anything that is a menace to the theater is taboo with me," declared Hedda Hopper, stoutly.

There have been all sorts of rumors about an effort to stop them for that reason. It was said that those powerful enough were trying to stop them through an ordinance on the ground that they used too much light and made too much noise. But it didn't seem to work. In the first place, the charge wasn't true; and in the second, it was awkward because so many people who wanted the sport stopped for business reasons were as hipped about it as anyone else. What can you do in a case like that? The wise ones turned the menace into a boom. They began building little golf courses in front of all their theaters so that people, instead of having to stand in tedious waiting lines for the doors to open or the second show to go on, may have their game of golf in the meantime. Was that smart or not? It is said that West Coast Theaters are arranging for sixty of these courses to be opened in connection with their theaters, and Fox theaters throughout the country are adopting the same plan. In this way, like the oyster, they turn their grievance into a pearl.

Just how much the miniature golf craze is to blame for the slacking up of theater attendance is a question. There are several things that might be a truer reason. First, the infantile paralysis scare which still seems serious in and about Los Angeles. If it becomes too menacing it is possible that the Board of Health will close all doors of amusement to the public until it is wiped out, as they have done before when an epidemic is on. Then the sudden and intense heat and bad ventilation which is to be found in so many theaters, and then the run of poor program pictures we have had. The novelty of talking pictures has about worn off and the public may find it uninspiring to sit through five or six poor pictures night after night in the hope of finding a good one. Yet the producers can't be blamed too much. It is pretty hard to know just what will please several millions of people. Any woman who has tried to cater to the tastes of her family in the culinary line will bear me out on that. If they are well brought up and unselfish they won't fight about it but it is a rare thing that a family of four or six will all agree on meals. And if you can't always please six people think what it is like to try to please six millions!

Miniature golf looks as though it would hold its own to some extent no matter what happens, for people are beginning to go in for them in their own yards. Sue Carol and Nick Stuart have planned a five-hole course which will be laid out on the terrace of their new home just above Los Feliz Boulevard. Harold Lloyd has a real course on his beautiful estate but there is talk of adding a pee-wee. He usually plays at the Tom Thumb back of the Hollywood Plaza Hotel. Bob Montgomery, Jeanette MacDonald, Buster Collier, Leila Hyams, Anita Page, Alice White, Arthur Lake, Sally Blane, Eddie Nugent, Lila Lee, Dorothy Jordan and dozens of others are addicts. Ben and Bebe Lyon were putt-ing away on a Melrose course and Fred Niblo was master of ceremonies at a dinner given at the Beverly Hills Hotel where, at the end of the speeches, he was asked to announce that the committee would adjourn to the golf



More proof of the golf craze! Robert Montgomery, Dorothy Jordan and Dorothy McNulty practicing with the mechanical golfer while on location for "Love in the Rut."

course! And there ladies and gentlemen in their soup and fish and chiffons pranced about the putting green laid out in the hotel grounds.

On Roland Square, Ruth Roland's real estate headquarters at Fairfax and Wilshire Boulevard, there is a course right next her office where Ruth may often be seen playing.

"The game gives you a chance to think. Just as a game of tennis or real golf is often indulged in to clear one's brain and relax one's nerves. These are more easily reached and don't take so much time to play, and one does get a certain stimulation out of them."

Not that a real golf player would demean himself, or rather some real golf players, for as we said, Harold Lloyd is crazy about the game. But Dick Barthelmess declared he had never played and so help him he never would. Just the same he was heard discussing the subject on the set the other day with Frank Lloyd and a few others with greater enthusiasm than bespeaks a negative mind.

The courses are good places to catch the latest romances, too. Betty Compson and Hugh Trevor go playing a lot, and Dorothy Lee and Jimmy Fidler, to whom she is engaged.

It seems to be quite the thing to wind up a bridge party with a putt-putt game or even a dance or visit to one of the night clubs. Even the colored districts have them and are patronized by such celebrities as Stepin Fetchit and Nina Mae McKinney.

Ralph Graves and James Warner Bellah are trying to talk themselves into investing in one. "A fifteen hundred a week profit isn't bad on a seven thousand dollar investment," declared Jay. "There ought to be one on the top of every office building in the country," said Ralph, pounding the table. "Think what half an hour would mean to people sitting at desks all day cramped and without sufficient exercise. There wouldn't be half as much indigestion and undernourished nerves."

How did it all start? Well, there have been plenty of editorials written on that. In that part of New York City called Tudor City on Forty-second Street and the east river, a miniature regulation golf course was laid out for the amusement of the tenants. That was three years ago. Bert Wheeler played a game on top of a Chicago store that memory tells him was six years ago. But the idea of miniature golf, as such, seems to have originated in the mind of Garnet Carter of Tennessee, about two years ago. He called his brain child the Tom Thumb golf course and found it grew to be more popular than his regulation golf course. He decided to build more and got a patent out on all the Tom Thumb hazards from which he is reaping an enormous royalty now that the thing has skyrocketed. There are Tom Thumb courses all over the country.

It is no wonder they have caught everyone's fancy. Even if one doesn't play the game it is fun to sit and watch. The better courses have comfortable chairs on the side lines and there seem to be plenty of onlookers, or people waiting for a turn. They sing out cheers for the winners and advice to the less fortunate ones.

They remind me of Japanese gardens, they are so tiny and so orderly. Some have rocky caves, streams of water, mill wheels, hills of sod all mixed up in the most delightful playground imaginable.

Maybe it won't last, though many think it will. Time will prove that point. In the meantime, we are all having a swell time, so, yours for more and better junior courses!

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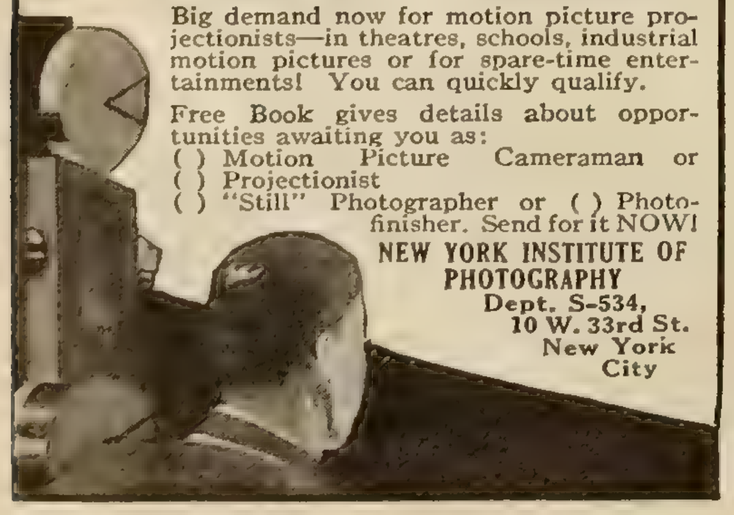

FAMOUS FIGURES — *Continued from page 34*

instead of the iron but just as constricting. Not satisfied with this, a busk is usually inserted in front of the bodice from neck to stomach. These busks were no doubt uncomfortable, but ladies in those days might be eased by the tender sentiments carved on them. Busks, in the Elizabethan days, of whalebone or wood were carved by the ladies' admirers and covered with hearts and flowers and the initials of the recipient and the donor. The busk down the front of the dress assured a rigid and perpendicular expression to the body if not the face.

The French Revolution is another period much dramatized in books, theater and film. In 1793 the feminine world discarded underwear. This does not sound exactly new to us, considering our own sheer tendencies. The French, however, do things more thoroughly and, at this time, a chemise seems to be the chief garment of the royal wardrobes. Public appearance by many genteel women so clad in much less than the members of the Folies Bergere now wear, caused a riot. Eight ounces of clothing was considered a modest maximum. Cold cream, powder and rouge weigh that much these days, not to mention our scanties.

Think of the 13 inch waist line, the large panniers which emphasized hip lines, the full bosoms of the Victorian era, and compare these lines with the standard of commercial measurement that is registered in Washington, D. C., as the proportions of the average figure.

Size 14 has a bust of 32, waist of 27, hips of 35 inches; size 16 has a bust of 34, waist of 28, hips of 37 inches; size 18 has a bust of 36, waist of 30, and hip measurement of 39! Not so long ago "a perfect 36" was considered the ideal figure. 34 is now fast supplanting it in popular opinion.

There are a few stars who have faced the costume question and solved it to their own historical advantage. Corinne Griffith made a charming picture as Lady Hamilton in "The Divine Lady." Had she been absolutely authentically dressed she would have worn a whalebone corset six inches high of twenty whalebones similar to the one Lady Hamilton ordered from Paris from the famous Lacroix, the corsetiere, who charged the exorbitant price of 20 louis d'or for his masterpiece.

Norma Talmadge as Du Barry reveals shoulders and low neck in the style of Louise XV. Had she been authentically dressed she would have worn a very tightly laced corset which comes to a point over the stomach. The slim waistline pushed flesh upward toward her bosom and downward to the hips. The pannier skirt made the hips larger and the open neck was made to expose as much of the bosom as possible or practical.

Joan Bennett felt the delights of wearing the bustle styles in "Disraeli." Her costumes were authentically correct and very charming. In this period so much more 'dress' was put on, and so little taken off, that the modern figure could be well shaped into the silhouette if padded and bustled. Marion Davies charmed thousands in "Yolanda" and "Beverly of Graustark" and "The Florodora Girl." Joan Crawford in "Great Day," Ann Harding in "The Girl of the Golden West" offer costume pictures that show how styles have changed, not to mention waistlines.

There has always been a great hubbub about waistlines and corsets. In the nineties, doctors got their greybeards together and wrote treatises on the evils of tight lacing and its injury to the liver. Societies were founded to do away with the wasp waist. Corsets, according to an Illinois law promulgated, but never passed, "could be had only on a medical certificate." Bootlegging one's figure seemed to be in the near-future for that state.

A great deal has been said of the gay nineties and the hour glass styles. Figures were camouflaged by 'false fronts' and the straight line corset. Figures are easily curbed and curved, providing the proper means are employed. An outstanding figure, fashionable through many decades, was the beautiful Lily Langtry, the Jersey Lily. Her fame was made in curves, but she lived to straighten them to the long lines of the Gibson Girl and then to flatten her chest and adapt her waist to the boyish figure. A photograph taken shortly before her death shows the beautiful Lily Langtry just as smartly dressed in the clothes of 1929 as the skirt and waist styles of 1900. The change in silhouette is not, however, brought about in a minute. What one does with whalebone cannot be done with elastic and vice versa. Figures today have a subtleness that is persuaded by the softest, firmest of materials. Rubber corsets, bones that are resilient, nets, satins, and firm materials are used to give 1930 proportions. These garments in the years to come will join the other figure molding devices and become museum pieces.

After the Gibson Girl, came the boyish form, and now what? Today, the making of styles rests not with royal queens but with those far more powerful queens in Hollywood who have the world at their feet. Every century will have its famous figures. But for the sake of the future films it is to be hoped that Hollywood will not devise a Medici corset, an Elizabethan ruff, or a whalebone monstrosity. If history must repeat itself it should be done in good form!

THE STAGE IN REVUE — *Continued from page 122*

and psychic states can be impressed on our consciousness by means of close-ups, intelligent acting and talented direction, all of which this great talkie has. Never before have the minds of fictitious characters been laid bare with so breath-taking a reality.

A talkie like "Journey's End' revives the hypnotic state of our minds when we were children and were deep in a tale of adventure or a fairy story.

Another talkie that I liked was Arliss in "Disraeli." I also liked this better than the stage play, making allowance for metallic voices and the absence of the living human being. But, then, Arliss is in a class by himself—unmatchable.

I strolled into the Little Picture House on East 50th Street one evening to see Maurice Chevalier in "Innocents of Paris." This is a cosy little place that selects its talkies for a discriminating set of patrons.

I can see very well why all the women have gone talkie after seeing and hearing Maurice. *Il a le It!* He is certainly a fascinating fellow, and it is worth the price of admission to hear him sing *Valentino.*

No, the talkies can never hurt the real drama. And although I am now sneaking into the talkies—hoping Mencken and my other highbrow friends will not see me—and enjoying some of them, they could not for a moment wean me from the legitimate stage.

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MISS MIDGET

Continued from page 83

the grace and charm that a less tomboyish youngster would occupy the chair in the accepted fashion. She never wears stockings. She prefers short sox and low heeled shoes. Her taste in clothes is good but moderate. Sport things please her more than suits and fluffy garments.

Dorothy has played several 'dumb girl' rôles on the screen but she is in reality a fast thinker. She is extremely fair. Her friends, for the most part, are former school chums. The sudden appearance of a big weekly pay check has not turned her head. Among her closest pals are a young married couple who are saving their money, a girl who once was very wealthy but whose family fortune was lost, and several young girls and boys who are working in prologues or stage choruses. Dorothy prefers these, who were friends in times of adversity, to those she might have for companions now that she is a popular young screen actress earning thirty thousand dollars a year.

She is economical by nature. Half of her weekly pay check goes into a savings account. It is never touched. If her expenses for the week are such that nothing is left of her spending money, she still refuses to touch that savings account—she goes without money that week. I have seen Miss Lee go several days with no more than fifteen cents in her pocket-book. Not a rarity for me or perhaps for you, but how many persons earning thirty thousand a year would so deny themselves?

She has several hobbies. For a time she collected dogs—stuffed dogs. In her home she had more than two hundred canines of one sort or another. Big woolly ones; little glass ones; funny dogs with long legs that walked when pulled by a string; odd little terriers that growled and barked when wound up. Friends and admirers, aware of her craze, swelled her kennels with contributions. She has dogs from nearly every big city in the United States.

Now she is collecting elephants. Her mother expressed the fond hope that Dorothy won't suddenly decide upon a live one. No one would be less surprised than her mother, though, if that should happen. At any rate, the elephant collection is just beginning. The craze for these animals will continue several weeks. Then it will be something else.

One reason she will be successful is that so many people are anxious to help her. Because of her sweetness and her unaffected charm, she has friends in every department of the studio. The wardrobe department bends double efforts to please her with every dress. The cameramen like her and study her lighting with extreme care. The publicity department welcomes her with open arms and at every opportunity, members of the staff do things to bring Dorothy to the attention of the public. The recording department workers do every thing possible to perfect her recordings of songs and lines. The players with whom she appears (principally Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey) like her and insert little scenes and bits destined to win her laughs or applause when the picture is completed.

And take my word for it—if any of you big, husky men who think you are all-around athletes visit Hollywood and feel exceptionally active, call on me. I'll see if I can arrange for a day with Miss Lee. I'll promise you that when the sun goes down, you'll be wondering why you ever felt so ambitious. And while you are wondering, Dorothy will probably be pleading:

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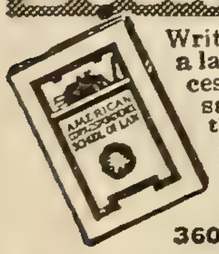

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JUST AN OLD SPANISH CUSTOM IN HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 91

were long as we left for home.

"As a Scotchman," remarked Patsy, "Frank Lloyd is a very good Spaniard!"

"OH, the picture stars have found a new playground!" exclaimed Patsy. "It's just like a magic bit out of the old Spanish days in Los Angeles—Olvera Street, just off the Plaza. James Warner Bellah, who writes for the movies and for magazines, is giving a big party down there in honor of his wife, the former Bernice Vert, actress and dancer, who has just arrived from the east; and we're invited."

We went down there with Robert Chisholm, star of "Sweet Adeline" in New York, and now in Hollywood playing in pictures.

"Everybody is giving parties down here these days," Patsy remarked.

Just then we caught sight of Olvera Street, and stopped to gasp!

The street was bright with lights, and in their flare we gazed at a scene that was like a tiny piece of old Mexico.

There were gay little bazaars on either side of the brick-paved street—outdoor bazaars covered with bright awnings, and showing for sale lovely pottery, dolls, sweets, and all presided over by picturesque figures, the Mexican men in sombreros and zerapes, and the women with shawls over their heads.

This street isn't desecrated by automobiles. A fountain at its entrance skilfully turns traffic aside, and the other end of the little street is walled in. If you ride in, you ride in on horseback.

On one side of the street is the ancient Olvera home, a picturesque old adobe, full of memories, quaint furniture, old paintings and photographs, and the cooking utensils and apparatus of another day. In the back yard is an old garden with a well.

Mr. Bellah had taken over the whole street for the evening, so that it was doubly like going into another world, and we enjoyed in peace our visit to the Olvera home, the quaint, perfectly appointed but tiny puppet theater with its ancient dolls, the bazaars and the cafe.

Casa La Golondrina is the picturesque title of the café where the supper was to be enjoyed.

Our host, who has sought his material all over the world, was quick to see the possibilities in the ancient adobe wine cellar that Señora Consuella Bonzo has so cleverly made over into a cafe.

We had arrived a little early, but very soon the guests began to arrive.

Monte Blue and his wife were among the first to arrive, and we sat down with our host and hostess, at a little table on the verandah, where you eat if you like, to await other guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Bellah soon found it necessary to leave us in order to take their places at the entrance, in order to greet new comers.

Harry Langdon and Mrs. Langdon, who had been lounging about the street, so interested, they said, that they nearly forgot the party, put in an appearance, whereupon we went inside to sit down at the long table to await the others.

Glen Tryon and his beautiful wife came soon after and there were Belle Bennett and Fred Windermere, Tom Miranda, the scenario writer, and his wife; the noted violinist, Duce de Karejerto, June Collyer, Allison Skipworth, Mr. and Mrs. Finis Fox, Marceline and Alice Day and their mother, Mr. and Mrs. William K. Howard, Lionel Belmore, Philip Ryder and Aimée Torriani, Ailene Carlyle, and just dozens of others.

Charming entertainers in Spanish costume sang, danced, and played the guitar for us, and there was, besides, a Spanish orchestra.

Elise Bartlett and Eric Snowden, of the Civic Repertory Theater, arrived late. Elise bore a bag filled with tamales, tortillas and Mexican cookies which she had bought at the bazaars outside.

"We were so late that I thought there would be nothing left," she laughingly explained, but we decided she just couldn't resist the quaint vendors outdoors, squatting over the little braziers where they were cooking their food.

Glenn Tryon and Fred Windermere got as far away, in their conversation, as yachts.

"Dear, dear," said Lillian Tryon to Belle Bennett, "it used to be bull fiddles and now it's yachts. I do wish Glenn would become interested in a Pekinese or something small that you could have around the house with comfort!"

Presently, Glenn, who speaks and understands Spanish, went over to the performer on the bull fiddle in the orchestra and coaxed the instrument away from him. Grabbing a sombrero, Glenn sawed away for dear life, and really did a very good job of it.

Glenn was once a member of the bandit Pancho Villa's band of marauders down in Mexico. He joined with a pearl-handled pistol! The truth of the matter was he got fed up with civilization and the show business, and went down there to join the Mexican army, but stumbled into Villa's camp instead, and thought it wise to join. But he got away the first opportunity.

He had a great time at the party, hobnobbing with the orchestra members and the pretty Spanish dancers.

June Collyer called over to Harry Langdon to inquire what he was eating, and Harry to the surprise of everybody answered in perfectly good Spanish, "Taquito de gallina con ahuacate, tambien chile rellens con queso y salse."

"Oh, you speak bill-of-fare Spanish!" June kidded him.

But he replied again in Spanish, words not on the bill-of-fare at all, and June had to acknowledge herself beaten.

We caught Monte Blue vainly trying to eat his rolled toasted tortillas with his fork until the cute little waitress who had charge of his table showed him how to gather them up, with beans rolled in them, and eat them from his fingers.

After dinner we prevailed on Robert Chisholm to sing, which he did superbly, followed by Philip Ryder, singing the theme song from "Adios," the picture in which he is appearing. Allison Skipworth recited, and Georgie Grandee played the piano.

Nearly all the picture stars have some side line, and we found that Belle Bennett is shortly to open a café. It is to be called Grandmother's Café, and many things in it will be objects which had belonged to her grandmother, including a spinning wheel, a collection of old dolls, and some quaint old furniture. All the appointments were to be of another day.

"Except, I hope," said Patsy, "that you'll have a modern cooking range and that there'll be steam heat on cold days."

Some of the guests departed around two o'clock in the morning, after which the rest of us danced until daylight began to peer through the deep-embrasured windows.

"That was surely a good-natured orchestra," remarked Patsy.

"Oh, yes, not ever starting anything until *manana*, they are quite willing to keep on until another *manana*." observed Bob Chisholm.

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DARE THE STARS TRY AGAIN FOR HAPPINESS?

Continued from page 114

assisting in lifting the moving picture industry from a cheap, tuppenny-ha'penny trade to a profession to which the finest artists in the world are proud to bring their talents. For a long time Mary and Doug lived with the utmost dignity and restraint. Only recently have they dared to be themselves, when Doug sailed abroad alone for the golf tournament and Mary remained at home to go on with her work—as wives have a habit of doing. No matter what ultimately comes out of their relationship to each other, I think they should be entitled not only to our gratitude but to our special consideration, for they have contributed more to films than any other couple in screen history.

But while we are talking about second marriages, there is one important point we shouldn't overlook. It is my belief that every normal individual, no matter how often married, really at the bottom of his heart longs to be monogamous—that is, longs to find the one woman, his true mate, to whom he can be faithful so long as he lives. Dr. H. S. Jennings, Professor of Zoology at Johns Hopkins University, in his recent book—"The Biological Basis of Human Nature," comes out flat-footedly for monogamy. He is convinced that it is the fulfillment of biological laws. He shows us that not only humans practice monogamy but that eagles and hawks, as well as certain animals, continue permanent monogamous matings for life.

I agree heartily with the doctor that monogamy is the ideal form of existence. But monogamy means living with one's mate throughout life. And many of us are born, grow up, procreate and die, without ever finding that mate. In the old days before civilization, a man could trust his instincts in choosing his woman. But now our instincts have become blunted. Now we are civilized, bound around with clothes and conventions, and so generally enmeshed in culture and customs that many of us wouldn't know our true mates if we fell over them. Particularly is this true of young people. What chance has a well-brought-up young girl or a callow-sheltered youth of finding out at twenty the person who will satisfy them and make life still worth living at forty? For this and other reasons marital mistakes are being made day after day, with resultant tragedy, heartache, and despair. Tolerance, tolerance, and still more tolerance is the only way for any of us to regard the attempts at repairing these mistakes that moving picture stars make, as well as the efforts of our own neighbors and friends. The lodestar of happiness attracts us all. And as long as we have breath left in our bodies, we will grope our way towards it. The desire for love is at least as strong as the desire for food. And it is useless to lay down any one law for millions of human beings to follow. Dr. Jennings says again that each individual is different. That fundamentally we are all the products of our *genes*—that is, the important part of the egg cell, and this determines whether we are likely to develop into Shakespeares or just into ordinary human creatures. We will all react differently to the same given situation. Therefore, the best we can do is to build up our own code of doing as we would be done by, trusting to be guided to a road we may walk down peacefully, happily, honorably—until the sunrise of another existence clears the mists of human uncertainties from our eyes.

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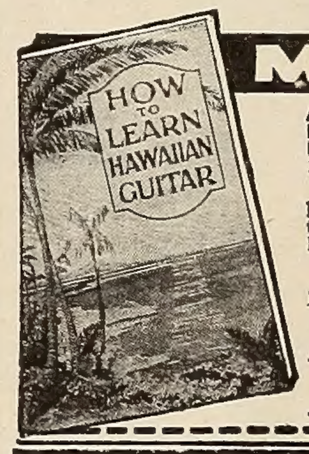

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The VITAGRAPH TANK, VITAPHONE, THE OLD DAYS, *and* THE NEW

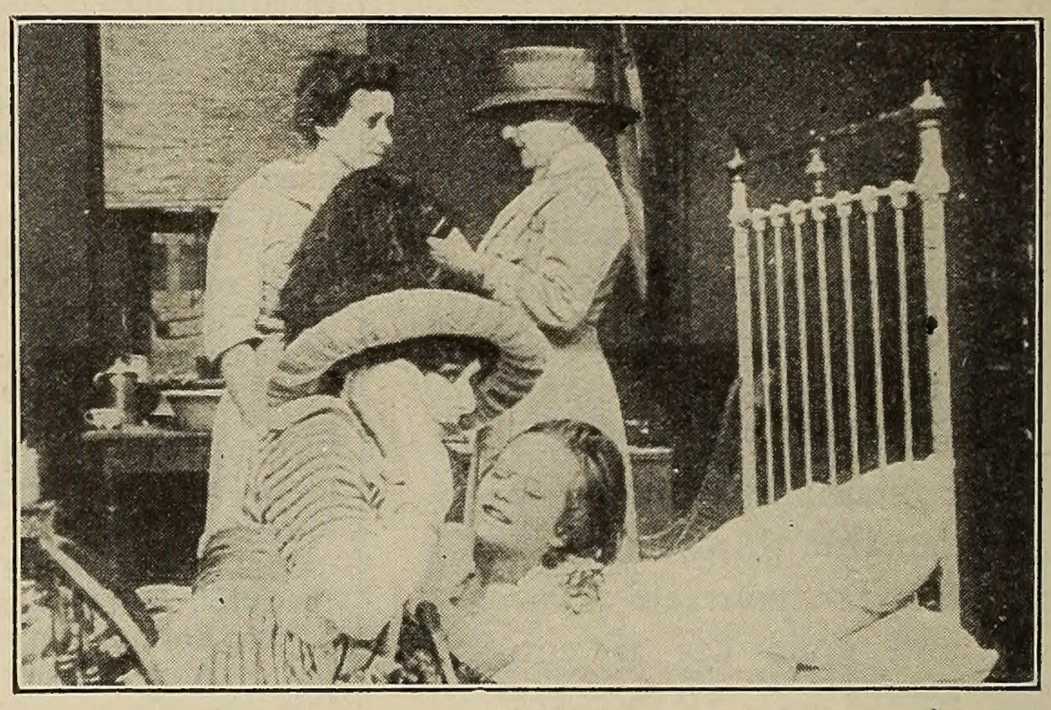
THE old Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn has gone thoroughly Vitaphone under Warner Bros. ownership, and hums today with talkie activity. But a landmark of the past still stands, eloquent of the movie yesterday.

The landmark is the Vitagraph tank. It looks like a miniature swimming pool, perhaps four feet deep, some sixteen feet long and twelve feet wide. Water no longer laps its concrete sides. Yet years ago it served as the Red Sea for Vitagraph's production of "Moses." Its waters parted at the patriarch's command, and after *Moses* had led his followers across in safety, its waves engulfed the army of the Egyptians with finality, if with pre-De Mille finesse.

Elephants have wallowed in the tiny Vitagraph tank, camouflaged as a jungle river. It was the ocean for bathing beauties of the John Bunny-Flora Finch era. But its chief claim to movie immortality lies in its service as the Red Sea.

The Vitagraph tank deserves a place in a Movie Museum. It is as significant, in its way, as Lindy's *"Spirit of St. Louis,"* now in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington.

And what a world of meaning was wrapped up in the change of one syllable when Vitagraph became Vitaphone! The linguistic ancestors of these two words are Latin and Greek. Taking *photograph,* father of the motion picture, we find it is derived from two Greek words—*photos,* meaning light, and *grapho,* meaning to write. When you take a picture, you write light on a plate or a strip of film.



A scene from an old Vitagraph picture, "The Song of the Sea Shell." The lady with the big feathered hat is Anita Stewart and the child is Dolores Costello, now Mrs. John Barrymore.

Coming to the word *phonograph,* we find that it, too, is Greek in origin. The syllable *graph,* signifying to write, remains, but it is now hitched to *phono,* from another Greek forefather, *phone,* meaning sound. So *phonograph,* a common garden variety word, has beauty in its meaning—***to write sound.***

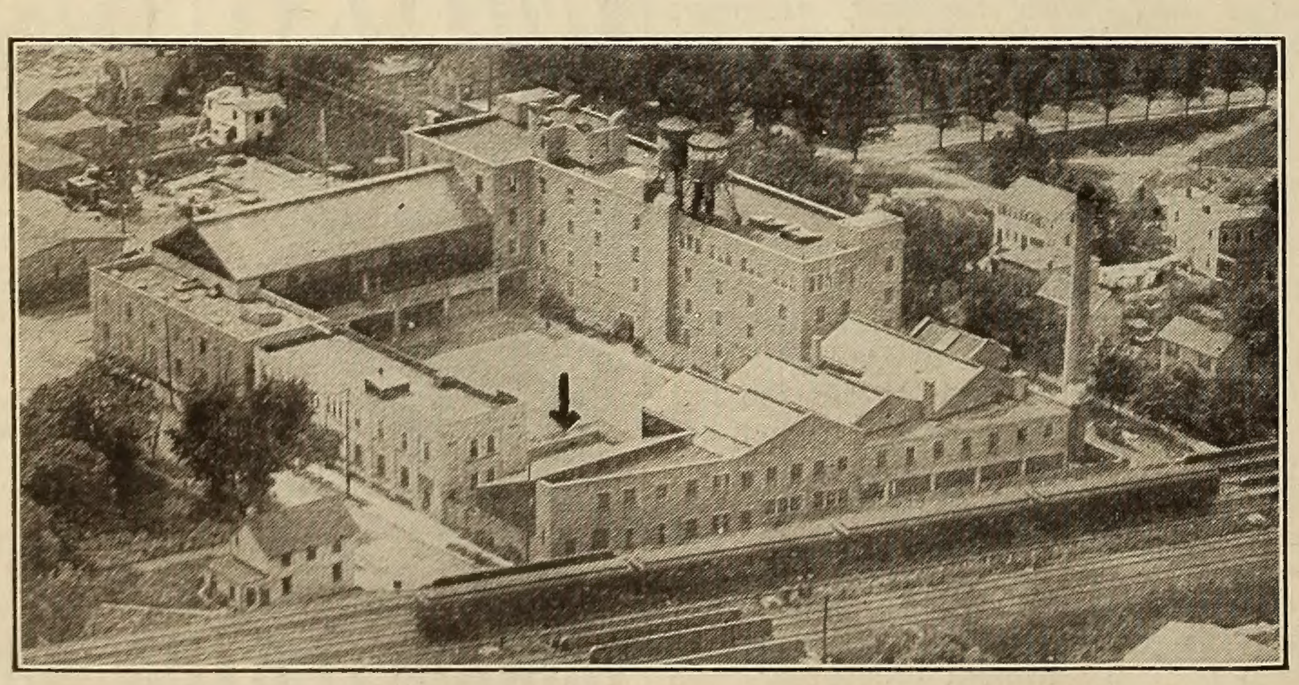
Now enters Vitagraph. The Brooklyn fathers of this trade name stuck by the Greek, *graph,* but went to the Latin for *Vita.* You're right—*Vita* means life. Really descriptive of a motion picture—Vitagraph—***to write life.***

And then sound came to the movies. Warner Brothers, pioneers in this new, articulate era, had appropriately taken over Vitagraph, pioneer of the silent long, long ago. What to call the new talkie child?

They named it Vitaphone. To speak life. Life in sound. Mr. Webster himself couldn't have done better.

Around the old Vitagraph tank in Brooklyn is this melting pot of languages and the arts, entertaining the Brooklynites, the Argentines, the Greeks, and others of us too numerable to mention.

THE PUBLISHERS.



The old Vitagraph studio is now Warner Brothers' modern Vitaphone studio. The arrow points to the only remaining landmark—the Vitagraph tank which served as the 'ocean' for bathing beauty pictures.

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